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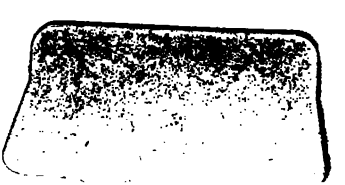

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Esther Johnson (Stella)

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THE WORKS OF

JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

Volume II.

Edited by TEMPLE SCOTT

With a Biographical Introduction

By Rt. Hon. W. E. H. LECKY, M.P.

Journal to Stella

Vol. I.

Edited by FREDERICK RYLAND, M. A.

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PREFACE.

AS explained in the Introduction, twenty-five of the Letters which form the "Journal to Stella" still exist in manuscript. These MS. originals have been very carefully examined, and the text here given of Numbers I. and XLI. to LXV. (except LIV.) accurately represents what Swift actually wrote, so far as this can be deciphered. All previous editions have been based on the corrupt text printed by Hawkesworth in 1766, and they are full of additional errors, omissions, and wanton alterations.

Even in these twenty-five I have, as a rule, thought it better to print in full most of the words which Swift indicated by abbreviations. For the sake of comparison, however, I have printed two letters (Nos. I. and XLI.) exactly as they appear in the holographs now in the British Museum.

Swift's handwriting was excessively minute, he crowded nearly thirty words into a line and over seventy lines into a small folio page, he used many abbreviations, and obliterations often occur. Under the circumstances it will easily be understood that differences of opinion may occur as to the true reading of the MS. I have in all cases examined the readings given by John Forster at the end of his unfinished "Life of Swift," although I have not been always able to accept them.

Of the remaining forty letters the original manuscripts no longer remain, and accordingly the first edition of these letters, published by Deane Swift in 1768, is here followed.

The Notes, though short, will, it is hoped, prove quite sufficient to enable the general reader to understand the text.

For valuable assistance in collating the first forty Letters, for the full Index, and for many useful suggestions, I am indebted to Miss Constance Jacob.

The facsimile letter given after the Introduction is a very faithful representation of the appearance of the shorter letters, such as those Swift wrote during and after his illness in the spring of 1712. They occupy a small quarto page, about half the size of his usual paper. The Arabic figures in the left-hand upper corner are Swift's own, for he numbered all his letters to MD, and they did the same with theirs. The Roman figures in the middle were apparently added when the letter was filed, and the figures at the right hand corner indicate the folio in the British Museum volume. The indorsement on the left, which gives the date of receipt (July 8), is Stella's, and it will be seen how closely her hand [redacted]embles the Dean's. The other indorsement (July 1) is probably Swift's. The seal is an exact copy of that on the original letter.

The first of the two portraits of Stella here given has been reproduced from the original through the courtesy of its owner, Sir Frederick R. Falkiner. It is the one which Scott mentions ("Life of Swift," p. 239, *note*) as "the only portrait of Stella known to exist," being then in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Berwick. Mr. G. Villiers Briscoe, of Bellinter, has the original of another portrait of Stella, and to his kind permission the publishers are indebted for its present reproduction. An engraving of this portrait appeared as a frontispiece to Sir William Wilde's "Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life" (1849). Sir William referred to it as being "originally in the possession of the distinguished Charles Ford, of Woodpark, where Stella was constantly in the habit of visiting, and where she spent several months in 1723,

when probably it was painted, Stella being then about forty-two. It remained, along with an original picture of Swift, at Woodpark for many years, with an unbroken thread of tradition attached to it, until it came, with the property and effects of the Ford family, into the possession of the Preston family." Since then it passed into the possession of Mr. Preston's heir, the present owner.

PUTNEY,
June, 1897.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN 1700 Swift had received the benefices of Laracor, Agher and Rathbeggan; but nearly every year he managed to spend several months in London. With his personal concerns he for several years combined a matter of ecclesiastical diplomacy. He had been accredited by the Irish Archbishops to negotiate with the Queen's ministers for the restoration to ecclesiastical purposes of the First Fruits of Irish benefices. This burdensome tax on the clergy, formerly called Annates, which had been paid to the Pope before the Reformation had since then been paid to the Crown. In England Anne had already surrendered it, and its proceeds were applied to the augmentation of poor livings. In Ireland the abuse yet lingered. For several years Swift made proposals to Godolphin but without effect. The Whigs would do nothing. When, however, Swift landed in England in September, 1710, the date at which the Journal commences, he found that the ministry of Godolphin had fallen, and that the country was on the eve of a general election. In October he received a formal commission from the Primate and Archbishop King, of Dublin, empowering him to conduct the affair of the First Fruits, and now having to deal with a cabinet which was naturally well-disposed towards the clergy who had done so much for them, he soon brought his suit to a successful issue.

It is not necessary to describe the way in which the ambitious middle-aged Irish parson made himself necessary both to the political plans and the social amusements of Harley and St. John. The general reader who has not the reign of Anne at his finger-ends, may turn for the main facts to Mr. Lecky's general Introduction to this edition of Swift. The details, which, as usual, are more interesting than the main facts, are made sufficiently clear in the Journal itself.

Swift had left behind him in Dublin two dear friends, Mrs. Esther Johnson and her companion Mrs. Rebecca Dingley. Both were unmarried, although, according to the custom of the time, called Mistress.[1] The former, as is well known, had been an inmate of Sir William Temple's home, while Swift was secretary, and owed much of her education to the man whose life was so strangely linked to hers. The guess that she was an illegitimate child of Temple has no positive evidence in its favour; and Macaulay is certainly wrong in suggesting that she was a lady's maid to Temple's sister, Lady Giffard. After Temple's death, on the advice of Swift, she came to live in Ireland, where part of her property, in all only about £1,500 in value, was situated. The sickly child had grown up into a beautiful woman. In that strange note written by Swift on the evening of her death, so impressive in its mixture of matter-of-fact analysis and tender memory, he tells us that "her hair was blacker than a raven, and every feature of her face in perfection." She was "one of the most beautiful, graceful and

[1] "Miss" was a familiar abbreviation applied only to young girls or used in the dyslogistic sense in which we now sometimes use the word "mistress."

agreeable young women in London, only a little too fat." Swift trusted her as he trusted no one else. Her greatest charm for him was her unfailing good sense. "I cannot call to mind," he says, "that I ever once heard her make a wrong judgment of persons, books or affairs. Her advice was always the best, and with the greatest freedom mixed with the greatest decency. She had a gracefulness somewhat more than human, in every motion, word and action. Never was so happy a conjunction of civility, freedom, easiness and sincerity." She was "the truest, most virtuous, and valuable friend that I, or perhaps any other person, was ever blessed with."[1]

The relations between Mrs. Johnson and Dr. Swift have been the despair of judicious biographers. There is, however, no need for us to discuss the vexed question of the marriage, as this, if it occurred at all, did not take place till after the date at which the Journal closes. What Lord Orrery tells us of their behaviour after the alleged marriage is still more true of their behaviour before it. "Nothing appeared in their behaviour inconsistent with decorum or beyond the limit of Platonic love."[2] "It would be difficult," he adds, "to prove that they had ever been together without some third person."

To the two ladies Swift wrote very regularly, giving a full and minute account of his life in London, his political and literary occupations, the gossip of the town and so forth. The letters usually take the shape of a journal; written for the most part when he came home to his lodgings at night, on folio sheets in pale

[1] "On the Death of Mrs. Johnson."

[2] "Remarks on Dr. Swift," p. 16 (1752).

ink, and in the smallest of handwriting. He seems to have posted up this journal with the most scrupulous exactness, and to have greatly valued his quarter of an hour's conversation with his life-long companions. In form the letters are addressed to both the ladies, but this is obviously only a compliance with that extraordinary self-denying ordinance which regulated all Swift's relations with Stella.

The journal was preserved by Mrs. Johnson and came back into the Dean's hands, apparently after her death. The first forty letters were given, in 1738, to Mrs. Whiteway, a sort of cousin who kept house for Dr. Swift; they were enclosed in "a parcel of papers," which it seems she did not trouble to open till sixteen or seventeen years later, when the Dean had already been dead ten years.

It is conjectured that the remaining twenty-five had been mislaid by Swift, and that they were not given to Mrs. Whiteway. At any rate, when Swift died they were found and retained by Dr. Lyon, a clergyman in whose charge Swift had been placed during his last dreadful years of bodily and mental decay. Possibly they had been given to Lyon; more probably he had found them amongst the Dean's papers, and thought he had as much right to them as anybody else. He gave them to a friend named Wilkes, who sold them to the booksellers, and they were published in 1766 as part of the tenth volume of Dr. Hawkesworth's fine quarto edition of Swift's writings, begun in 1745. Hawkesworth, however, took great liberties with the text. He suppressed or altered most of Swift's endearing "little language," and he made other changes. Fortunately all the original

manuscripts of the twenty-five letters (XLI.-LXV.) except one (LIV.),[1] remain in the British Museum, to which they were presented together with further correspondence of Swift, Addison, Prior, and other contemporaries, by the booksellers, Robert Davis, Piccadilly; Thomas Davies, Covent Garden; L. Davis and Reymers, Holborn; and J. Dodsley, Pall Mall. The MSS. contain many erasures, most of them apparently made by Swift himself, perhaps before giving the letters away, if he did give them away, or when he consulted them to refresh his memory while writing his "Four Last Years of the Queen's Reign," and other memoirs.

Two years after the publication of the first batch of letters, that is in 1768, three further volumes (xii.-xiv.) were added to Hawkesworth's edition of Swift, containing, along with other correspondence, the first forty letters written to Esther Johnson and Mrs. Dingley. These, it will be remembered, had been given to Mrs. Whiteway. They were by her handed over to her son-in-law, Deane Swift, of Goodrich, in Herefordshire, who was a second cousin of Dr. Swift. He prepared them for the press and furnished a few notes, some interesting, but others (like his "Essay upon the Life of Dr. Swift") a miracle of well-meaning insipidity. The originals of these forty letters (except the first) have entirely disappeared; although it is possible that they may still exist unrecognized in some dusty bureau. From a comparison of the text of these forty letters, printed by Deane Swift (vol. xii. of Hawkesworth's edition), with the manuscripts of the

[1] The loss of this one is partly compensated by the preservation of the first letter of the whole series (Sept. 2nd, 1710).

other twenty-five, we can see that the editor must have mutilated them to a greater extent even than Hawkesworth ventured to do. A literary flavour has been given them. They are more vivacious and more graceful, and much less childish in their play. The writer is made to unbend with more regard for his character as a wit. In the case of both batches of letters nearly all the "little language" is omitted, or modified; but Deane Swift is clearly less conservative than the other editor.

It must be remembered that Dr. Swift himself began the work of editing by irregularly erasing here and there words written in the little language. There can be no doubt from the colour of the ink, and the method of obliteration adopted, that many of the erasures in the manuscripts are his own. His scribbled curves differ from the heavy straight lines with which other and probably later erasures are made. But as a rule, Hawkesworth, or whoever corrected for the press, in volume x. did not trouble to delete words in the MSS. He simply dropped them, or altered them, in the printed copy.

It will be noticed that the name Stella does not occur in the letters here printed from the originals. The name was apparently not used by Swift till some years later; nor does it occur in letters XLI.-LXV. as printed in 1766. Deane Swift, however, substitutes it for Swift's MD and other symbols, in the volumes issued in 1768; and in his edition of 1784, Thomas Sheridan completes the matter by printing all the letters together under the familiar title of the "Journal to Stella."

To the "little language" the late John Forster attached an exaggerated importance. However in-

teresting it may have been to Swift and Stella, the elaborate reproduction of the babble of the nursery becomes tiring to the reader who takes the Journal in gross. The specimens of it given in the later letters here printed from the MSS., will probably reconcile most readers to the loss of the rest. If Hawkesworth and Deane Swift had confined themselves to cutting out "Nite deelest logues," and substituting "you" for "oo," and omitting the extraordinary strings of alphabetical symbols at the end of each letter,[1] their responsibility would have been small. But they have done much more. They have printed carelessly, and even introduced fresh little language of their own. "To avoid perplexing the reader," says the egregious Deane Swift, "it was thought more advisable to use the word *Presto* for Swift, which is borrowed from the Duchess of Shrewsbury [an Italian lady,] who, not recollecting the Dr.'s name, called him D. Presto (which is the Italian for Swift), *vide* Letter XXVII.... Instead of *Ppt*, Stella is printed for Mrs. Johnson, and so for D, Dingley; but as MD stands for both Dingley and Stella it was thought more convenient to let it remain a cypher in its original state." Having substituted Stella for Ppt, he goes the length of inventing "Stellakins," and so on, absolute coinages of his own, and not of "the Dr."

In the little language proper, as opposed to the use of mere alphabetical symbols, some acquaintance with the speech of the nursery will help the judicious

[1] The use of these, and the oddities of handwriting, suggest a mental twist likely to lead to insanity. Specialists in mental disease are well aware of the significant character of such eccentricities.

student to find equivalents for "oo," "zis," "im," and so forth. As a rule *l* is substituted for *r*, and *r* for *l*; thus we have "deelest logues" for "dearest rogues," "rettle" (which Forster *will* print "rattle") for "letter," "flom" for "from," "vely" for "very," and so on. Occasionally *d* appears as *g*, thus "givar" means "devil;" while *g* becomes *d*, as "dallars" for "girls" (or "gals"). In his derivations Swift is like the old philologists, and unlike the modern ones, for he pays little attention to the transmutation of vowels.

Among the more difficult and abnormal formations are "tonvelsasens," in which John Forster, by a stroke of genius, recognized "conversation;" and "deerichar" or "richar," which it has been suggested is derived from "dear" and "charming" with a euphonic vowel inserted, but which possibly represents "dear little" or "little," in accordance with the general rule of substituting *r* for *l*, the *ch* representing *tt*; while the mysterious word "lele"—with which many times repeated he sometimes brings a letter to a close—stands apparently for "there, there."

Among the groups of alphabetical letters the following are the most important: *MD*, my dears, that is Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley; and *D* or *DD*, meaning Dingley and Dear Dingley. Stella's companion was also indicated by *ME* (Madam Elderly), while Stella herself is usually *Ppt*, apparently Poppet, or Poor Pretty Thing. *FW*, it seems, stands usually for Farewell, but sometimes may mean, Foolish Wenches. Swift designates himself by *Pdfr* (or filled in, Podefar) or *FR*, meaning, apparently, Poor Dear Foolish Rogue, or simply Foolish Rogue.

At the end of the Letters here corrected from the

manuscript will be found groups of these and other capitals. They doubtless had an earnest intensity of meaning for this strange, grim, middle-aged lover and his mistress, but for us they are dumb, and like shrivelled petals found between the leaves of some old romance we can only dimly wonder what was the message they carried to the eyes which brightened as they saw them.

NOTE.—LADY LUCY. I am very glad to say that I have at length succeeded in identifying the "Lady Lucy" alluded to on page 8, which at the time the sheet went to press I was unable to do. All the biographers of Swift, including Scott, Forster, and Craik, consider that the full name is Lady Lucy Stanhope. But at that time, as my note shows (pp. 8-9), there is no evidence to prove that any Lady Lucy Stanhope existed. Swift's Lady Lucy was, in point of fact, Katherine, the wife of Sir Berkeley Lucy, Baronet, son of Sir Kingsmill Lucy, of Facombe and Netley. Her father was Charles Cotton, of Beresford, the friend of Walton and the translator of Montaigne. Her elder sister, Olivia (or Olive) married Dean Stanhope, whose daughter was Swift's "Moll Stanhope," a madcap and a beauty, who afterwards married William Burnet, son of the Bishop of Salisbury; and she had two other sisters, one of whom, Mary, married Mr. Augustine Armstrong, of Great Ormond Street, and was therefore the Mrs. Armstrong several times alluded to in the Journal. Lady Lucy died in the year 1740. It may be added that Swift probably came to know the Lucys through their relationship to the Berkeleys. Sir Berkeley Lucy's mother was Theophila, second daughter of George, Earl of Berkeley. After the death of Sir Kingsmill, she married Robert Nelson, the author of the "Festivals and Fasts."

JOURNAL TO STELLA

To Mrs Dingley, att her
Lodgings over against St Mary's
Church near Capel Street
Ireland Dublin

JOURNAL TO STELLA

LETTER I.[1]

To Mrs Dingley, at Mr Curry's House over against the Ram in Capel Street, Dublin. Ireland.
Endorsed by Esther Johnson:—"Sepr 9. Received."
Endorsed by Swift:—"MD received this Sepr 9."
And again] "Letter to Irld from Sept. 1710, begun soon after the Change of Ministry. Nothing in this."

Chester, Sept. 2. 1710.

JO[2] will give you an Account of me till I got into the Boat, after which the Rogues made a new bargain, & forced me to give them 2 Crowns, and talked as if we should not be able to overtake any ship; but in half an Hour we got to the Yacht; for the Ships lay by [to] wait for my Ld L.t.y Steward. We made our Voyage in 15 hours just, last night I came to this Town, and shall leave it, I believe, on Monday. The first man I mett in Chester was Dr Raymond,[3] He and Mrs Raymond were here about levying a Fine, in order to have Power to sell their Estate. I got a Fall off my Horse, riding here from Parkgate, but no Hurt, the Horse understanding Falls very well, and lying quietly till I got up.

[1] This first letter is reproduced exactly as it stands in the original MS. See Preface.

[2] Joseph Beaumont, a tradesman at Trim. He was a man of ability, and had introduced some improvement in linen weaving, on account of which he had a claim on the Irish Government. Swift assisted him in getting this paid.

[3] Vicar of Trim, a town twenty miles from Dublin, near which was Swift's living of Laracor.

My Duty to the Bp of Cl.[1] I saw him returning from Dunlary; but he saw not me. I take it ill He was not at Convocation, and that I have not His Name to my Powers. I beg y will hold yr Resolution of going to Trim, and riding there as much as y can. Let the Bp of Clogher remind the Bp of Killala[2] to send me a Letter, with one inclosed to the Bp of Lichfield.[3] Let all who write to me inclose to Rich[d] Steele, Esq[r] at his Office at the Cockpitt,[4] near Whitehall. But not MD. I will pay for their Lettrs at S[t] James's Coffee house, that I may have them the sooner. My Ld Mountjoy[5] is now in the hum[r] that we should begin our Journey this afternoon, so that I have stole here again to finish this Lettr, w[ch] must be short or long accordingly. I write this Post to Mrs Wesley,[6] and will tell her that I have taken care she may have her Bill of 115[ll] whenever she pleases to send for it, and in that Case I desire you will send it her inclosed and sealed, and have it ready so in case she should send for it, otherwise keep it, I will say no more till I hear whether I go to day or no, if I do the Lett[r] is almost at an end. My Coz[n] Abigail is grown prodigiously old.—God almighty bless poo deerichar MD; &, for God sake, be merry, and gett oo health.—I am perfectly resolved to return as soon as I have done my Commission, whether it succeeds or no. I neer went to Engd with so little desire in my Life. If Mrs Curry[7] makes any difficulty about the Lodgings, I will quitt them and pay her from July 9 last, and M[rs] Brent[8] must write to Parvisol[9] with orders accordingly. The Post is come from London a[d] just going out, so I have only time to pray Gd to bess poor richr MD FW FW FW MD ME ME ME.

[1] Dr. St. George Ashe, Bishop of Clogher, who had been Swift's tutor at Trinity College, Dublin.
[2] Dr. William Lloyd.
[3] Dr. John Hough, formerly Bishop of Oxford.
[4] The Cockpit at Whitehall was a set of apartments built on the site of an old cockpit. This was converted into the Privy Council offices during the reign of William III.; but the old name remained until the present century.
[5] William Stewart, second Viscount, died, 1727.
[6] Wife of Swift's friend, Garret Wesley, who lived near Laracor.
[7] Landlady of Esther Johnson and Mrs. Dingley.
[8] Swift's housekeeper.
[9] Swift's steward and tithe-agent at Laracor.

LETTER II.

London, September 9, Saturday, 1710.

I got here last Thursday, after five days travelling, weary the first, almost dead the second, tolerable the third, and well enough the rest; and am now glad of the fatigue, which has served for exercise; and I am at present well enough. The Whigs were ravished to see me, and would lay hold on me as a twig while they are drowning, and the great men making me their clumsy apologies, &c. But my Lord-Treasurer[1] received me with a great deal of coldness, which has enraged me so, I am almost vowing revenge. I have not yet gone half my circle; but I find all my acquaintance just as I left them. I hear my Lady Giffard[2] is much at court, and Lady Wharton was ridiculing it t' other day; so I have lost a friend there. I have not yet seen her, nor intend it; but I will contrive to see Stella's mother[3] some other way. I writ to the Bishop of Clogher from Chester; and I now write to the Archbishop of Dublin. Every thing is turning upside down; every Whig in great office will, to a man, be infallibly put out; and we shall have such a winter as has not been seen in England. Every body asks me, how I came to be so long in Ireland, as naturally as if here were my being; but no soul offers to make it so: and I protest I shall return to Dublin, and the canal at Laracor, with more satisfaction than I ever did in my life. The Tatler[4] expects every day to be turned out of his employment; and the Duke of Ormond, they say, will be Lieutenant of Ireland. I hope you are now peaceably in Presto's[5] lodgings: but I resolve to turn you out by Christmas: in which time I shall either do my business, or find it not to be done. Pray be

[1] The Earl of Godolphin.

[2] She was sister of Sir William Temple. Some unpleasantness had occurred between Swift and Lady Giffard about the publication of Sir William's "Memoirs."

[3] Mrs. Bridget Johnson, mother of Esther Johnson, was living with Lady Giffard as companion. The name Stella was not given by Swift to Esther Johnson until later than the time of the Diary. (See Introduction, p. xv.)

[4] Steele lost the Gazetteership in October.

[5] See Introduction, p. xv.

at Trim by the time this letter comes to you, and ride little Johnson, who must needs be now in good case. I have begun this letter unusually on the post night, and have already written to the Archbishop, and cannot lengthen this. Henceforth I will write something every day to MD, and make it a sort of journal: and when it is full, I will send it whether MD writes or no: and so that will be pretty: and I shall always be in conversation with MD, and MD with Presto. Pray make Parvisol pay you the ten pounds immediately; so I ordered him. They tell me I am growing fatter, and look better; and, on Monday, Jervas[1] is to retouch my picture. I thought I saw Jack Temple and his wife pass by me to-day in their coach; but I took no notice of them. I am glad I have wholly shaken off that family. Tell the Provost[2] I have obeyed his commands to the Duke of Ormond; or let it alone, if you please. I saw Jemmy Leigh[3] just now at the coffeehouse, who asked after you with great kindness: he talks of going in a fortnight to Ireland. My service to the Dean,[4] and Mrs Walls,[5] and her Archdeacon. Will Frankland's[6] wife is near bringing to bed, and I have promised to christen the child. I fancy you had my Chester letter the Tuesday after I writ. I presented Dr Raymond to Lord Wharton at Chester. Pray let me know when Joe gets his money. It is near ten, and I hate to send by the bellman. MD shall have a longer letter in a week, but I send this only to tell I am safe in London; and so farewell, &c.

LETTER III.

London, Sept. 9, 1710.

After seeing the Duke of Ormond, dining with Dr Cockburn,[7] passing some part of the afternoon with Sir Matthew

[1] A fashionable portrait painter of the day.
[2] Dr. Benjamin Pratt, afterwards Provost of Trinity College, Dublin.
[3] A Westmeath landlord who "loved London dearly."
[4] Dr. Sterne, Dean of St. Patrick's.
[5] The wife of Archdeacon Walls, rector of Castle Knock, near Trim.
[6] Son of Sir Thomas Frankland, the English Postmaster-General, and himself Comptroller of the Post Office.
[7] Swift's physician.

Dudley[1] and Will Frankland, the rest at St James's Coffee-house, I came home and writ to the Archbishop of Dublin and MD, and am going to bed. I forgot to tell you, that I begged Will Frankland to stand Manley's[2] friend with his father in this shaking season for places. He told me his father was in danger to be out; that several were now soliciting for Manley's place; that he was accused of opening letters; that Sir Thomas Frankland would sacrifice every thing to save himself; and in that I fear Manley is undone, &c.

10. To-day I dined with Lord Mountjoy at Kensington; saw my mistress, Ophy Butler's wife, who is grown a little charmless. I sat till ten in the evening with Addison and Steele; Steele will certainly lose his Gazetteer's place, all the world detesting his engaging in parties. At ten I went to the coffeehouse, hoping to find Lord Radnor,[3] whom I had not seen. He was there; for an hour and a half we talked treason heartily against the Whigs, their baseness and ingratitude. And I am come home rolling resentments in my mind, and framing schemes of revenge: full of which, (having written down some hints,) I go to bed. I am afraid MD dined at home, because it is Sunday; and there was the little half-pint of wine; for God's sake be good girls, and all will be well. Ben Tooke[4] was with me this morning.

11. Seven morning. I am rising to go to Jervas to finish my picture, and 'tis shaving day, so good morrow MD; but don't keep me now, for I can't stay; and pray dine with the Dean, but don't lose your money. I long to hear from you, &c.—Ten at night. I sat four hours this morning to Jervas, who has given my picture quite another turn, and now approves it entirely: but we must have the approbation of the town. If I were rich enough, I would get a copy of it, and bring it over. Mr Addison and I dined together at his lodgings, and I sat with him part of this evening; and I am now come home to write an hour. Patrick[5] observes,

[1] A Whig. Afterwards Commissioner of Customs.
[2] Isaac Manley, a Whig, Postmaster-General in Ireland.
[3] Charles Robartes, third Earl of Radnor, who died in 1723. He was a discontented Whig.
[4] A London bookseller who had published the "Tale of a Tub" for Swift. He frequently cashed Swift's remittances, and transacted similar business for him.
[5] Swift's servant.

that the rabble here are much more inquisitive in politics than in Ireland. Every day we expect changes, and the Parliament to be dissolved. Lord Wharton[1] expects every day to be out: he is working like a horse for elections; and, in short, I never saw so great a ferment among all sorts of people. I had a miserable letter from Joe last Saturday, telling me Mr Pratt[2] refuses payment of his money. I have told it Mr Addison, and will to Lord Wharton; but I fear with no success. However, I will do all I can.

12. To-day I presented Mr Ford[3] to the Duke of Ormond; and paid my first visit to Lord President,[4] with whom I had much discourse; but put him always off when he began of Lord Wharton in relation to me, till he urged it: then I said, he knew I never expected any thing from Lord Wharton, and that Lord Wharton knew that I understood it so. He said, that he had written twice to Lord Wharton about me, who both times said nothing at all to that part of his letter. I am advised not to meddle in the affair of the First-Fruits till this hurry is a little over, which still depends, and we are all in the dark. Lord President told me he expects every day to be out, and has done so these two months. I protest upon my life, I am heartily weary of this town, and wish I had never stirred.

13. I went this morning to the city to see Mr. Stratford the Hamburgh merchant, my old school-fellow; but calling at Bull's[5] on Ludgate Hill, he forced me to his house at Hampstead to dinner among a deal of ill company; among the rest Mr. Hoadley,[6] the Whig clergyman, so famous for acting the contrary part to Sacheverell: but to-morrow I design again to see Stratford. I was glad, however, to be at Hampstead, where I saw Lady Lucy[7] and Moll Stanhope.

[1] Thomas, Earl of Wharton (created Marquis in 1714), was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1708 to 1710; Swift called him "the most universal villain I ever knew;" and not without some reason.

[2] Vice-Treasurer of Ireland.

[3] Charles Ford, of Woodpark, near Dublin, friend of Swift, Pope, Prior, and other Tory wits. He became Gazetteer in 1712.

[4] Lord Somers.

[5] A haberdasher in Ludgate Hill, a relation of Bishop Bull, mentioned Sept. 19th. He was a strong Whig.

[6] Benjamin Hoadley, afterwards Bishop of Winchester.

[7] No light is thrown on the identity of Lady Lucy and Moll Stanhope

I hear very unfortunate news of Mrs. Long;[1] she and her comrade have broke up house, and she is broke for good and all, and is gone to the country: I should be extremely sorry if this be true.

14. To-day I saw Patty Rolt,[2] who heard I was in town; and I dined with Stratford at a merchant's in the city, where I drank the first Tokay wine I ever saw; and it is admirable, yet not to the degree I expected. Stratford is worth a plumb, and is now lending the Government forty thousand pounds: yet we were educated together at the same school and university. We hear the Chancellor is to be suddenly out, and Sir Simon Harcourt to succeed him: I am come early home, not caring for the coffeehouse.

15. To-day Mr. Addison, Colonel Freind,[3] and I, went to see the million lottery[4] drawn at Guildhall. The jackanapes of blue-coat boys gave themselves such airs in pulling out the tickets, and showed white hands open to the company, to let us see there was no cheat. We dined at a country-house near Chelsea,[5] where Mr. Addison often retires; and to-night at the coffeehouse, we hear Sir Simon Harcourt is

by Deane Swift, Scott, Forster or Craik. We know from the "Journal" that Lady Lucy lived at Hampstead, that she was a Whig, and that her sister was named Mrs. Armstrong. It is not quite clear, though probable, that Moll Stanhope was her daughter. They were probably relatives of Dr. George Stanhope, Dean of Canterbury. See p. 208, below. I know of no member of the Stanhope family living in 1710 who was called Lucy. The future Lucy Lady Stanhope, was still Miss Pitt, she was not married till 1713 and did not become Lady Stanhope till 1717, when General Stanhope was created a Viscount.

[1] Anne Long, a famous beauty and toast at the Kit Cat Club. The "comrade" was Mrs. Barton, another Whig beauty, the niece of Sir Isaac Newton and widow of Colonel Barton, a lady whom, Swift tells us, he "loves better than anyone here, and sees seldomer."

[2] A cousin of Swift's, afterwards Mrs. Lancelot. She lodged with Mr. Dryden Leach, a printer, who was also a cousin. (See below, Oct. 26th, 1710.)

[3] Mr. Craik says: "This may have been a kinsman of Swift's intimate friend, Dr. Robert Freind, of Westminster School, and Dr. John Freind, the physician. But it is more likely to have been a misprint for 'Froud' or 'Frowde,' a literary aspirant introduced by Addison to Swift, and the author of two forgotten tragedies."

[4] See the "Tatler," No. 203.

[5] Sandford Manor House, near Sandy-End, Fulham, where Nell Gwynne had lived. It is now part of the Imperial Gas Company's premises.

made Lord Keeper; so that now we expect every moment the Parliament will be dissolved; but I forgot that this letter will not go in three or four days, and that my news will be stale, which I should therefore put in the last paragraph. Shall I send this letter before I hear from MD, or shall I keep it to lengthen? I have not yet seen Stella's mother, because I will not see Lady Giffard; but I will contrive to get there when Lady Giffard is abroad. I forgot to mark my two former letters; but remember this is Number 3, and I have not yet had Number 1 from MD; but I shall by Monday, which I reckon will be just a fortnight after you had my first. I am resolved to bring over a great deal of china. I loved it mightily to-day. What shall I bring?

16. Morning. Sir John Holland,[1] Comptroller of the Household, has sent to desire my acquaintance; I have a mind to refuse him, because he is a Whig, and will, I suppose be out among the rest; but he is a man of worth and learning. Tell me, do you like this journal way of writing? Is it not tedious and dull?

Night. I dined to-day with a cousin, a printer, where Patty Rolt lodges, and then came home, after a visit or two; and it has been a very insipid day. Mrs Long's misfortune is confirmed to me; bailiffs were in her house; she retired to private lodgings; thence to the country, nobody knows where: her friends leave letters at some inn, and they are carried to her; and she writes answers, without dating them from any place. I swear it grieves me to the soul.

17. To-day I dined six miles out of town, with Will Pate,[2] the learned woollen draper. Mr Stratford went with me: six miles here is nothing: we left Pate after sunset, and were here before it was dark. This letter shall go on Thursday, whether I hear from MD or no. My health continues pretty well; pray God, Stella may give me a good account of hers: and I hope you are now at Trim, or soon designing it. I was disappointed to-night; the fellow gave me a letter, and I hoped to see little MD's hand; and it was only to invite me to a venison pasty to-day: so I lost my pasty into the bargain. Pox on these declining courtiers! Here is Mr

[1] He had taken a leading part in the impeachment of Sacheverell.

[2] Said to have been educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Swift wrote an epitaph for him.

Brydges,[1] the Paymaster-General, desiring my acquaintance; but I hear the Queen sent Lord Shrewsbury to assure him he may keep his place; and he promises me great assistance in the affair of the First-Fruits.[2] Well, I must turn over this leaf to-night, though the side would hold another line; but pray consider this is a whole sheet: it holds a plaguy deal, and you must be content to be weary; but I will do so no more. Sir Simon Harcourt is made Attorney-General, and not Lord-Keeper.

18. To-day I dined with Mr Stratford at Mr Addison's retirement near Chelsea; then came to town; got home early, and began a letter to the Tatler,[3] about the corruptions of style and writing, &c.; and having not heard from you, am resolved this letter shall go to-night. Lord Wharton was sent for to town in mighty haste, by the Duke of Devonshire; they have some project in hand; but it will not do, for every hour we expect a thorough revolution, and that the Parliament will be dissolved. When you see Joe, tell him, Lord Wharton is too busy to mind any of his affairs; but I will get what good offices I can from Mr Addison, and will write to-day to Mr Pratt; and bid Joe not to be discouraged, for I am confident he will get the money under any government; but he must have patience.

19. I have been scribbling this morning, and I believe shall hardly fill this side to-day, but send it as it is; and it is good enough for naughty girls that won't write to a body, and to a good boy like Presto. I thought to have sent this to-night, but was kept by company, and could not; and, to say the truth, I had a little mind to expect one post more for a letter from MD. Yesterday at noon died the Earl of Anglesea, the great support of the Tories; so that employment of Vice-Treasurer of Ireland is again vacant. We were to have been great friends, and I could hardly have a loss that could grieve me more. The Bishop of Durham[4] died the same day. The Duke of Ormond's daughter was to visit me to-day at a third place by way of advance, and I am

[1] Afterwards first Duke of Chandos, the builder of Cannons.
[2] See Introduction, p. ix.
[3] See No. 230 (Sept. 28th, 1710).
[4] The prelate who died on Sept. 19th was not the Bishop of Durham, but the Bishop of St. David's (Dr. George Bull).

to return it to-morrow. I have had a letter from Lady Berkeley, begging me for charity to come to Berkeley Castle, for company to my lord, who has been ill of a dropsy; but I cannot go, and must send my excuse to-morrow. I am told, that in a few hours there will be more removals.

20. To-day I returned my visits to the Duke's daughters; the insolent drabs[1] came up to my very mouth to salute me; then I heard the report confirmed of removals; my Lord President Somers; the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Steward; and Mr Boyle, Secretary of State, are all turned out to-day. I never remember such bold steps taken by a court: I am almost shocked at it, though I did not care if they were all hanged. We are astonished why the Parliament is not yet dissolved, and why they keep a matter of that importance to the last. We shall have a strange winter here between the struggles of a cunning provoked discarded party, and the triumphs of those in power; of both which I shall be an indifferent spectator, and return very peaceably to Ireland, when I have done my part in the affair I am intrusted with, whether it succeeds or not. To-morrow I change my lodgings in Pall Mall for one in Bury Street, where I suppose I shall continue while I stay in London. If any thing happens to-morrow, I will add it.

Robin's Coffeehouse.[2]—We have great news just now from Spain; Madrid taken and Pampeluna. I am here ever interrupted.

21. I have just received your letter, which I will not answer now; God be thanked all things are so well. I find you have not yet had my second: I had a letter from Parvisol, who tells me he gave Mrs Walls a bill of twenty pounds for me, to be given to you; but you have not sent it. This night the Parliament is dissolved: great news from Spain; King Charles and Stanhope are at Madrid, and Count Staremberg has taken Pampeluna. Farewell. This is from St James's Coffeehouse. I will begin my answer to your letter to-night; but not send it this week. Pray, tell me whether you like this journal way of writing.—I do not like your reasons for not going to Trim. Parvisol

[1] The Ladies Betty and Mary Butler were great favourites with Swift.

[2] In Exchange Alley.

tells me he can sell your horse. Sell it, with a pox? Pray let him know that he shall sell his soul as soon. What? sell any thing that Stella loves, and may sometimes ride? It is hers, and let her do as she pleases: pray let him know this by the first that you know goes to Trim. Let him sell my gray and be hanged.

LETTER IV.

London, Sept. 21, 1710.

Here I must begin another letter, on a whole sheet, for fear saucy little MD should be angry, and think *much* that the paper is too *little*. I had your letter this night, as I told you just and no more in my last; for this must be taken up in answering yours, sauce-box. I believe I told you where I dined to-day; and to-morrow I go out of town for two days to dine with the same company on Sunday; Molesworth[1] the Florence envoy, Stratford, and some others. I heard to-day that a gentlewoman from Lady Giffard's house had been at the coffeehouse to inquire for me. It was Stella's mother, I suppose. I shall send here a penny-post letter to-morrow, and contrive to see her without hazarding seeing Lady Giffard, which I will not do until she begs my pardon.

22. I dined to-day at Hampstead with Lady Lucy, &c. and when I got home found a letter from Joe, with one inclosed to Lord Wharton, which I will send to his excellency, and second it as well as I can; but to talk of getting the Queen's order is a jest. Things are in such a combustion here, that I am advised not to meddle yet in the affair I am upon, which concerns the clergy of a whole kingdom; and does he think any body will trouble the Queen about Joe? We shall, I hope, get a recommendation from the Lord-Lieutenant to the trustees for the linen business, and I hope that will do; and so I will write to him in a few days, and he must have patience. This is an answer to part of your letter as well as his. I lied, it is to-morrow I go to the country; and I won't answer a bit more of your letter yet.

23. Here is such a stir and bustle with this little MD of

[1] John Molesworth, Envoy Extraordinary to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. He afterwards held other diplomatic appointments.

ours; I must be writing every night; I cannot go to bed without a word to them; I cannot put out my candle till I have bid them good-night; O Lord, O Lord! Well, I dined the first time, to-day, with Will Frankland and his fortune; she is not very handsome. Did I not say I would go out of town to-day? I hate lying abroad and clutter; I go to-morrow in Frankland's chariot, and come back at night. Lady Berkeley[1] has invited me to Berkeley Castle, and Lady Betty Germain[2] to Drayton in Northamptonshire, and I will go to neither. Let me alone, I must finish my pamphlet. I have sent a long letter to Bickerstaff:[3] let the Bishop of Clogher smoke if he can.[4] Well, I will write to the Bishop of Killala; but you might have told him how sudden and unexpected my journey was though. Deuce take Lady S——; and if I know D——y, he is a rawboned faced fellow, not handsome, nor visibly so young as you say; she sacrifices two thousand pounds a year, and keeps only six hundred. Well, you have had all my land journey in my second letter, and so much for that. So, you have got into Presto's lodgings; very fine, truly! We have had a fortnight of the most glorious weather on earth, and still continues: I hope you have made the best of it. Ballygall[5] will be a pure good place for air, if Mrs. Ashe makes good her promise. Stella writes like an emperor: I am afraid it hurts your eyes; take care of that pray, pray Mrs. Stella. Cannot you do what you will with your own horse? Pray do not let that puppy Parvisol sell him. Patrick is drunk about three times a week, and I bear it, and he has got the better of me; but one of these days I will positively turn him off to the wide world, when none of you are by to intercede for him.—Stuff—how can I get her husband into the Charter-house?—get a——into the Charter-house.—Write constantly! Why, sirrah, don't I write every day, and sometimes twice a day to MD? Now I have answered

[1] Wife of the Earl of Berkeley, who had been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Swift had been chaplain to her husband when in Ireland.

[2] Lady Betty Germain was the Earl of Berkeley's daughter, and a special favourite of Swift's.

[3] "The Tatler, or the Lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire." The long letter is No. 230 already mentioned.

[4] To "smoke" is to notice, to perceive.

[5] A village near Dublin.

all your letter, and the rest must be as it can be; send me my bill. Tell Mrs. Brent what I say of the Charter-house. I think this enough for one night; and so farewell till this time to-morrow.

24. To-day I dined six miles out of town at Will Pate's with Stratford, Frankland, and the Molesworths, and came home at night, and was weary and lazy. I can say no more now, but good night.

25. I was so lazy to-day that I dined at next door,[1] and have sat at home since six, writing to the Bishop of Clogher, Dean Sterne, and Mr Manley: the last, because I am in fear for him about his place, and have sent him my opinion, what I and his other friends here think he ought to do. I hope he will take it well. My advice was, to keep as much in favour as possible with Sir Thomas Frankland, his master here.

26. Smoke how I widen the margin by lying in bed when I write. My bed lies on the wrong side for me, so that I am forced often to write when I am up. Manley, you must know, has had people putting in for his place already; and has been complained of for opening letters. Remember that last Sunday, September 24, 1710, was as hot as Midsummer. This was written in the morning; it is now night, and Presto in bed. Here's a clutter, I have gotten MD's second letter, and I must answer it here. I gave the bill to Tooke, and so—Well, I dined to-day with Sir John Holland the Comptroller, and sat with him till eight; then came home and sent my letters, and writ part of a lampoon,[2] which goes on very slow, and now I am writing to saucy MD; no wonder, indeed, good boys must write to naughty girls. I han't seen your mother yet; my penny-post letter, I suppose, miscarried: I will write another. Mr S—— came to see me; and said M—— was going to the country next morning with her husband, (who I find is a surly brute,) so I could only desire my service to her.

27. To-day all our company dined at Will Frankland's, with Steele and Addison too. This is the first rainy day since I came to town; I can't afford to answer your letter

[1] Probably at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's.

[2] "The Virtues of Sid Hamet's Rod," a satire on Godolphin. (See Aldine edition of Swift's "Poetical Works," iii. 10.)

yet. Morgan,[1] the puppy, writ me a long letter to desire I would recommend him for purse-bearer, or secretary to the next Lord Chancellor that would come with the next governor. I will not answer him; but beg you will say these words to his father, Raymond,[2] or any body that will tell him; that Dr. Swift has received his letter, and would be very ready to serve him, but cannot do it in what he desires, because he has no sort of interest in the persons to be applied to. These words you may write, and let Joe, or Mr Warburton,[3] give them to him: a pox on him! However, it is by these sort of ways that fools get preferment. I must not end yet, because I cannot say good night without losing a line, and then MD would scold; but now, good night.

28. I have the finest piece of Brazil tobacco for Dingley that ever was born. You talk of Leigh; why, he won't be in Dublin these two months: he goes to the country, then returns to London, to see how the world goes here in Parliament. Good night, sirrahs; no, no, not night; I writ this in the morning, and looking carelessly I thought it had been of last night. I dined to-day with Mrs Barton alone at her lodgings, where she told me for certain that Lady S—— was with child when she was last in England, and pretended a tympany, and saw every body; then disappeared for three weeks, her tympany was gone, and she looked like a ghost, &c. No wonder she married when she was so ill at containing. Conolly[4] is out, and Mr Roberts in his place, who loses a better here, but was formerly a commissioner in Ireland. That employment cost Conolly three thousand pounds to Lord Wharton; so he has made an ill bargain in his life.

29. I wish MD a merry Michaelmas. I dined with Mr Addison, and Jervas the painter, at Addison's country place; and then came home, and writ more to my lampoon. I made a Tatler since I came; guess which it is, and whether

[1] Apparently Marcus Antonius Morgan, steward to the Bishop of Kildare (Craik).

[2] "Dr. Raymond he only called his father, because he espoused Mr. Morgan's interest with all his power." (Note in original edition.)

[3] Swift's curate at Laracor.

[4] A Commissioner of the Revenue, afterwards Speaker of the Irish House of Commons.

the Bishop of Clogher smokes it. I saw Mr Sterne to-day; he will do as you order, and I will give him chocolate for Stella's health. He goes not these three weeks. I wish I could send it some other way. So now to your letter, brave boys. I don't like your way of saving shillings: nothing vexes me but that it does not make Stella a coward in a coach. I don't think any lady's advice about my ear signifies twopence; however, I will, in compliance to you, ask Dr Cockburn. Radcliffe I know not, and Bernard I never see. Walls will certainly be stingier for seven years, upon pretence of his robbery. So Stella puns again; why, 'tis well enough; but I'll not second it, though I could make a dozen: I never thought of a pun since I left Ireland. —Bishop of Clogher's bill? why, he paid it me; do you think I was such a fool to go without it? As for the four shillings, I will give you a bill on Parvisol for it on t' other side this paper; and pray tear off the two letters I shall write to him and Joe, or let Dingley transcribe and send them; though that to Parvisol, I believe, he must have my hand for.—No, no, I'll eat no grapes; I eat about six the other day at Sir John Holland's; but would not give sixpence for a thousand, they are so bad this year. Yes, faith, I hope in God Presto and MD will be together this time twelvemonth; what then? Last year, I suppose, I was at Laracor; but next I hope to eat my Michaelmas goose at my little gooses' lodgings. I drink no *aile* (I suppose you mean *ale*,) but yet good wine every day, of five and six shillings a bottle. O Lord, how much Stella writes; pray don't carry that too far, young women, but be temperate to hold out. To-morrow I go to Mr Harley.[1] Why small hopes from the Duke of Ormond? he loves me very well, I believe, and would, in my turn, give me something to make me easy; and I have good interest among his best friends. But I don't think of any thing further than the business I am upon: you see I writ to Manley before I had your letter, and I fear he will be out. Yes, Mrs Owl, Blighe's corpse came to Chester when I was there, and I told you so in my letter, or forgot it. I lodge in Bury Street, where I removed

[1] Since the dismissal of Godolphin's ministry in August, Harley had been Chancellor of the Exchequer.

a week ago. I have the first floor, a dining-room and bed-chamber, at eight shillings a week; plaguy deep, but I spend nothing for eating, never go to a tavern, and very seldom in a coach; yet after all it will be expensive. Why do you trouble yourself, Mrs Stella, about my instrument? I have the same the Archbishop gave me; and it is as good now the bishops are away. The Dean friendly! The Dean be pox't: a great piece of friendship indeed, what you heard him tell the Bishop of Clogher; I wonder he had the face to talk so: but he lent me money, and that's enough. Faith I would not send this these four days, only for writing to Joe and Parvisol. Tell the Dean that when the bishops send me any packets, they must not write to me at Mr Steele's; but direct for Mr Steele, at his office at the Cockpit; and let the enclosed be directed for me; that mistake cost me eighteenpence t' other day.

30. I dined with Stratford to-day, but am not to see Mr Harley till Wednesday: it is late, and I send this before there is occasion for the bell; because I would have Joe have his letter, and Parvisol too: which you must so contrive as not to cost them double postage. I can say no more, but that I am, &c.

LETTER V.

London, Sept. 30, 1710.

Have not I brought myself into a fine premunire to begin writing letters in whole sheets? and now I dare not leave it off. I can't tell whether you like these journal letters: I believe they would be dull to me to read them over; but, perhaps, little MD is pleased to know how Presto passes his time in her absence. I always begin my last the same day I ended the former. I told you where I dined to-day at a tavern with Stratford: Lewis,[1] who is a great favourite of Harley's, was to have been with us; but he was hurried to Hampton Court, and sent his excuse, and that next Wednesday he would introduce me to Harley. 'Tis good to see what a lamentable confession the Whigs all make me of my

[1] Erasmus Lewis, secretary to the Earl of Dartmouth, one of the new Secretaries of State. He was one of Swift's best and closest friends.

ill usage; but I mind them not. I am already represented to Harley as a discontented person, that was used ill for not being Whig enough; and I hope for good usage from him. The Tories dryly tell me, I may make my fortune, if I please; but I do not understand them, or rather, I *do* understand them.

Oct. 1. To-day I dined at Molesworth's, the Florence envoy; and sat this evening with my friend Darteneuf,[1] whom you have heard me talk of; the greatest punner of this town next myself. Have you smoked the Tatler that I writ? it is much liked here, and I think it a pure one. To morrow I go with Delaval the Portugal envoy, to dine with Lord Halifax near Hampton Court. Your Manley's brother, a Parliament man here, has gotten an employment; and I am informed uses much interest to preserve his brother: and, to-day, I spoke to the elder Frankland to engage his father, (Postmaster here,) and I hope he will be safe, although he is cruelly hated by all the Tories of Ireland. I have almost finished my lampoon, and will print it, for revenge on a certain great person. It has cost me but three shillings in meat and drink since I came here, as thin as the town is. I laugh to see myself so disengaged in these revolutions. Well, I must leave off, and go write to Sir John Stanley, to desire him to engage Lady Hyde, as my mistress, to engage Lord Hyde in favour of Mr. Pratt.

2. Lord Halifax was at Hampton Court at his lodgings, and I dined with him there with Methuen[2] and Delaval, and the late Attorney General. I went to the drawing-room before dinner, (for the Queen was at Hampton Court,) and expected to see nobody; but I met acquaintance enough. I walked in the gardens, saw the cartoons of Raphael, and other things, and with great difficulty got from Lord Halifax, who would have kept me to-morrow to show me his house and park, and improvements. We left Hampton Court at sunset, and got here in a chariot and two horses time enough by starlight. That's something charms me mightily about

[1] Charles Darteneuf (properly Dartiquenave), who held several offices under government, and lived in St. James's Palace. He was well known as an epicure, and his favourite dish was ham-pie.

[2] Sir Paul Methuen, ambassador at Lisbon, who negotiated the famous commercial treaty with Portugal, 1703.

London; that you go dine a dozen miles off in October, stay all day, and return so quickly; you cannot do anything like this in Dublin. I writ a second penny-post letter to your mother, and hear nothing of her. Did I tell you that Earl Berkeley died last Sunday was se'nnight, at Berkeley Castle, of a dropsy? Lord Halifax began a health to me to-day: it was the resurrection of the Whigs, which I refused, unless he would add their reformation too: and I told him he was the only Whig in England I loved, or had any good opinion of.

3. This morning Stella's sister came to me with a letter from her mother, who is at Sheen; but will soon be in town, and will call to see me: she gave me a bottle of palsy water, a small one, and desired I would send it you by the first convenience, as I will; and she promised a quart bottle of the same; your sister looked very well, and seems a good modest sort of girl. I went then to Mr Lewis, first secretary to Lord Dartmouth, and favourite to Mr Harley, who is to introduce me to-morrow morning. Lewis had with him one Mr Dyet, a justice of peace, worth twenty thousand pounds, a commissioner of the Stamp office, and married to a sister of Sir Philip Meadows, envoy to the Emperor. I tell you this, because it is odds but this Mr Dyet will be hanged;[1] for he is discovered to have counterfeited stamped paper, in which he was a commissioner; and, with his accomplices, has cheated the Queen of a hundred thousand pounds. You will hear of it before this come to you, but may be not so particularly; and it is a very odd accident in such a man. Smoke Presto writing news to MD. I dined to-day with Lord Mountjoy at Kensington, and walked from thence this evening to town like an emperor. Remember that yesterday, October 2, was a cruel hard frost, with ice; and six days ago I was dying with heat. As thin as the town is, I have more dinners than ever, and am asked this month by some people, without being able to come for pre-engagements. Well, but I should write plainer, when I consider Stella can't read,[2] and Dingley is not so skilful at my ugly hand. I had, to-night, a letter from Mr Pratt, who tells me Joe will have his money when there are trustees appointed by the Lord-

[1] Dyet was acquitted, Jan. 11, 1711, on the ground that his crime was not a felony (as charged), but only a breach of trust.

[2] Stella's eyes were weak.

Lieutenant for receiving and disposing the linen fund; and whenever those trustees are appointed, I will solicit whoever is Lord-Lieutenant, and am in no fear of succeeding. So pray tell or write him word, and bid him not be cast down; for Ned Southwell [1] and Mr Addison both think Pratt in the right. Do not lose your money at Manley's to-night, sirrahs.

4. After I had put out my candle last night, my landlady came into my room, with a servant of Lord Halifax, to desire I would go dine with him at his house near Hampton Court; but I sent him word I had business of great importance that hindered me, &c. And, to-day, I was brought privately to Mr Harley, who received me with the greatest respect and kindness imaginable: he has appointed me an hour on Saturday at four, afternoon, when I will open my business to him; which expression I would not use if I were a woman. I know you smoked it; but I did not till I writ it. I dined to-day at Mr Delaval's, the envoy of Portugal, with Nic. Rowe the poet, and other friends; and I gave my lampoon to be printed. I have more mischief in my heart; and I think it shall go round with them all, as this hits, and I can find hints. I am certain I answered your 2d letter, and yet I do not find it here. I suppose it was in my 4th; and why N. 2d, 3d; is it not enough to say, as I do, 1, 2, 3? &c. I am going to work at another Tatler: I will be far enough but I say the same thing over two or three times, just as I do when I am talking to little MD; but what care I? they can read it as easily as I can write it: I think I have brought these lines pretty straight again. I fear it will be long before I finish two sides at this rate. Pray, dear MD, when I occasionally give you a little commission mixed with my letters, don't forget it, as that to Morgan and Joe, &c., for I write just as I can remember, otherwise I would put them all together. I was to visit Mr Sterne to-day, and gave him your commission about handkerchiefs: that of chocolate I will do myself, and send it him when he goes, and you will pay me when *the giver's bread*, &c. To-night I will read a pamphlet, to amuse myself. God preserve your dear healths.

[1] Clerk of the Council. He was the son of Sir Robert Southwell, formerly secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, and an early patron of Swift.

5. This morning Delaval came to see me, and we went to Kneller's,[1] who was not in town. In the way we met the electors for Parliamentmen: and the rabble came about our coach, crying a Colt, a Stanhope,[2] &c. We were afraid of a dead cat, or our glasses broken, and so were always of their side. I dined again at Delaval's; and in the evening, at the coffeehouse, heard Sir Andrew Fountaine[3] was come to town. This has been but an insipid sort of day, and I have nothing to remark upon it worth threepence: I hope MD had a better, with the Dean, the Bishop, or Mrs Walls. Why, the reason you lost four and eightpence last night but one at Manley's, was because you played bad games; I took notice of six that you had ten to one against you: Would any but a mad lady go out twice upon manilio,[4] basto, and two small diamonds? Then in that game of spades, you blundered when you had ten-ace; I never saw the like of you: and now you are in a huff because I tell you this. Well, here is two and eightpence halfpenny toward your loss.

6. Sir Andrew Fountaine came this morning, and caught me writing in bed. I went into the city with him; and we dined at the chophouse with Will Pate, the learned woollen-draper: then we sauntered at china-shops and booksellers; went to the tavern, drank two pints of white wine, and never parted till ten: and now I am come home, and must copy out some papers I intend for Mr. Harley, whom I am to see, as I told you, to-morrow afternoon: so that this night I shall say little to MD, but that I heartily wish myself with them, and will come as soon as I either fail, or compass my business. We now hear daily of elections; and, in a list I saw yesterday of about twenty, there are seven or eight more Tories than in the last Parliament; so that I believe they need not fear a majority, with the help of those who will vote as the court pleases. But I have been told, that Mr Harley himself would not let the Tories be too numerous, for fear they should be insolent, and kick against him; and for that

[1] Sir Godfrey Kneller, the painter.

[2] Sir Henry Dutton Cope and General Stanhope were the Whig candidates for Westminster.

[3] Formerly an official of the Viceregal Court at Dublin, and a friend of Swift there.

[4] Manilio was the second card and basto the third card at ombre.

reason they have kept several Whigs in employments, who expected to be turned out every day; as Sir John Holland the Comptroller, and many others. And so get you gone to your cards, and your claret and orange, at the Dean's, and I will go write.

7. I wonder when this letter will be finished: it must go by Tuesday, that is certain; and if I have one from MD before, I will not answer it, that's as certain too! 'Tis now morning, and I did not finish my papers for Mr Harley last night; for you must understand Presto was sleepy, and made blunders and blots. Very pretty that I must be writing to young women in a morning fresh and fasting, faith. Well, good morrow to you: and so I go to business, and lay aside this paper till night, sirrahs.—At night. Jack How[1] told Harley, that if there were a lower place in hell than another, it was reserved for his porter, who tells lies so gravely, and with so civil a manner. This porter I have had to deal with, going this evening at four to visit Mr Harley, by his own appointment. But the fellow told me no lie, though I suspected every word he said. He told me his master was just gone to dinner, with much company, and desired I would come an hour hence, which I did, expecting to hear Mr Harley was gone out; but they had just done dinner. Mr Harley came out to me, brought me in, and presented me to his son-in-law, Lord Doblane,[2] (or some such name,) and his own son, and among others, Will Penn the Quaker: we sat two hours, drinking as good wine as you do; and two hours more he and I alone; where he heard me tell my business: entered into it with all kindness; asked for my powers, and read them; and read likewise a memorial I had drawn up, and put it in his pocket to show the Queen; told me the measures he would take; and, in short, said every thing I could wish; told me he must bring Mr St John (Secretary of State) and me acquainted; and spoke so many things of personal kindness and esteem for me, that I am inclined half to believe what some friends have told me, that he would do every thing to bring me over. He has

[1] Paymaster of the Forces in the new Government; an extreme Tory.

[2] George Henry Hay, Viscount Dupplin, eldest son of the Earl of Kintoul.

desired to dine with me, (what a comical mistake was that,) I mean, he has desired me to dine with him on Tuesday; and after four hours being with him, set me down at St. James's Coffeehouse, in a hackney coach. All this is odd and comical if you consider him and me. He knew my christian name very well. I could not forbear saying thus much upon this matter, although you will think it tedious. But I will tell you; you must know, 'tis fatal[1] to me to be a scoundrel and a prince the same day: for being to see him at four, I could not engage myself to dine at any friend's; so I went to Tooke, to give him a ballad and dine with him; but he was not at home; so I was forced to go to a blind chophouse, and dine for tenpence upon gill ale, bad broth, and three chops of mutton; and then go reeking from thence to the first minister of state. And now I am going in charity to send Steele a Tatler, who is very low of late. I think I am civiller than I used to be; and have not used the expression of "*you in* Ireland" and "*we in* England," as I did when I was here before, to your great indignation.—They may talk of the *you know what;*[2] but, gad, if it had not been for that, I should never have been able to get the access I have had; and if that helps me to succeed, then that *same thing* will be serviceable to the church. But how far we must depend upon new friends, I have learnt by long practice, though I think, among great ministers, they are just as good as old ones. And so I think this important day has made a great hole in this side of the paper; and the fiddle faddles of to-morrow and Monday will make up the rest; and, besides, I shall see Harley on Tuesday before this letter goes.

8. I must tell you a great piece of refinement of Harley. He charged me to come to him often; I told him I was loth to trouble him in so much business as he had, and desired I might have leave to come at his levee; which he immediately refused, and said, That was not a place for friends to come to. 'Tis now but morning, and I have got a foolish trick; I must say something to MD when I wake, and wish them a good morrow; for this is not a shaving day, Sunday, so I have time enough: but get you gone, you rogues, I must go

[1] Fated, predestined.

[2] Probably the "Tale of a Tub," which Swift never formally owned.

write: yes, 'twill vex me to the blood if any of these long letters should miscarry: if they do I will shrink to half sheets again; but then what will you do to make up the journal? there will be ten days of Presto's life lost, and that will be a sad thing, faith and troth.—At night. I was at a loss to-day for a dinner, unless I would have gone a great way, so I dined with some friends that board hereabout, as a spunger; and this evening Sir Andrew Fountaine would needs have me go to the tavern, where, for two bottles of wine, Portugal and Florence, among three of us, we had sixteen shillings to pay; but if ever he catches me so again, I'll spend as many pounds; and therefore I have put it among my extraordinaries; but we had a neck of mutton dressed *à la Maintenon*, that the dog could not eat; and it is now twelve o'clock, and I must go sleep. I hope this letter will go before I have MD's third. Do you believe me? and yet, faith, I long for MD's third too; and yet I would have it to say, that I writ five for two. I am not fond at all of St. James's Coffeehouse,[1] as I used to be. I hope it will mend in winter; but now they are all out of town at elections, or not come from their country houses. Yesterday I was going with Dr Garth[2] to dine with Charles Main, near the Tower, who has an employment there; he is of Ireland: the Bishop of Clogher knows him well; an honest good-natured fellow, a thorough hearty laugher, mightily beloved by the men of wit; his mistress is never above a cook-maid. And so good night, &c.

I dined to-day at Sir John Stanley's; my Lady Stanley is one of my favourites: I have as many here as the Bishop of Killala has in Ireland. I am thinking what scurvy company I shall be to MD when I come back: they know every thing of me already: I will tell you no more, or I shall have nothing to say, no story to tell, nor any kind of thing. I was very uneasy last night with ugly, nasty, filthy wine, that turned sour on my stomach. I must go to the tavern! O, but I told you that before. To-morrow I dine at Harley's, and will finish this letter at my return; but I can write no more now, because of the Archbishop: faith 'tis true; for I am going now to write to him an account of what I have

[1] Mainly a Whig house.

[2] The physician and author of the "Dispensary."

done in the business with Harley:[1] and, faith, young women, I'll tell you what you must count upon, that I never will write one word on the third side in these long letters.

10. Poor MD's letter was lying so huddled up among papers I could not find it: I mean poor Presto's letter. Well, I dined with Mr Harley to-day, and hope some things will be done; but I must say no more: and this letter must be sent to the post-house, and not by the bellman. I am to dine again there on Sunday next; I hope to some good issue. And so now, as soon as ever I can in bed, I must begin my sixth to MD, as gravely as if I had not written a word this month: fine doings, faith. Methinks I don't write as I should, because I am not in bed: see the ugly wide lines. God Almighty ever bless you, &c.

Faith, this is a whole treatise; I will go reckon the lines on the other sides. I have reckoned them.[2]

LETTER VI.

London, Oct. 10, 1710.

So, as I told you just now in the letter I sent half an hour ago, I dined with Mr Harley to-day, who presented me to the Attorney-General, Sir Simon Harcourt, with much compliment on all sides, etc. Harley told me he had shown my memorial to the Queen, and seconded it very heartily; and he desires me to dine with him again on Sunday, when he promises to settle it with her majesty, before she names a governor; and I protest I am in hopes it will be done, all but the forms, by that time, for he loves the church: this is a popular thing, and he would not have a governor share in it; and, besides, I am told by all hands, he has a mind to gain me over. But in the letter I writ last post (yesterday) to the Archbishop, I did not tell him a syllable of what Mr Harley said to me last night, because he charged me to keep it secret; so I would not tell it to you, but that before this goes, I hope the secret will be over. I am now writing

[1] See Swift's letter to Archbishop King, dated 10th October, 1710.

[2] "Seventy-three lines in folio upon one page, and in a very small hand." (Note in original edition.)

my poetical Description of a Shower in London,[1] and will send it to the Tatler. This is the last sheet of a whole quire I have written since I came to town. Pray, now it comes into my head, will you, when you go to Mrs Wall, contrive to know whether Mrs Wesley be in town, and still at her brother's, and how she is in health, and whether she stays in town? I writ to her from Chester, to know what I should do with her note; and I believe the poor woman is afraid to write to me; so I must go to my business, &c.

11. To-day at last I dined with Lord Montrath, and carried Lord Mountjoy and Sir Andrew Fountaine with me; and was looking over them at ombre till eleven this evening like a fool: they played running ombre half crowns: and Sir Andrew Fountaine won eight guineas of Mr Coote:[2] so I am come home late, and will say but little to MD this night. I have gotten half a bushel of coals, and Patrick, the extravagant whelp, had a fire ready for me; but I picked off the coals before I went to bed. It is a sign London is now an empty place; when it will not furnish me with matter for above five or six lines in a day. Did you smoke in my last how I told you the very day and the place you were playing ombre? But I interlined and altered a little, after I had received a letter from Mr Manley, that said you were at it in his house, while he was writing to me; but without his help I guessed within one day. Your town is certainly much more sociable than ours. I have not seen your mother yet, &c.

12. I dined to-day with Dr Garth and Mr. Addison, at the Devil Tavern, by Temple Bar, and Garth treated; and 'tis well I dine every day, else I should be longer making out my letters: for we are yet in a very dull state, only inquiring every day after new elections, where the Tories carry it among the new members six to one. Mr. Addison's election has passed easy and undisputed; and I believe if he had a mind to be chosen king he would hardly be refused. An odd accident has happened at Colchester: one Captain Lavallin coming from Flanders or Spain, found his wife

[1] "Tatler," No. 238, Oct. 17, 1710.

[2] Henry Coote, brother to Lord Montrath. Misprinted Cotte in Scott's edition.

with child by a clerk of Doctors' Commons, whose trade, you know, it is to prevent fornications; and this clerk was the very same fellow that made the discovery of Dyet's counterfeiting the stamp paper. Lavallin has been this fortnight hunting after the clerk to kill him; but the fellow was constantly employed at the Treasury about the discovery he made: the wife had made a shift to patch up the business, alleging that the clerk had told her her husband was dead, and other excuses; but t' other day somebody told Lavallin his wife had intrigues before he married her: upon which he goes down in a rage, shoots his wife through the head, then falls on his sword; and, to make the matter sure, at the same time discharges a pistol through his own head, and died on the spot, his wife surviving him about two hours; but in what circumstances of mind and body is terrible to imagine. I have finished my poem on the Shower, all but the beginning, and am going on with my Tatler. They have fixed about fifty things on me since I came: I have printed but three. One advantage I get by writing to you daily, or rather you get, is, that I remember not to write the same things twice; and yet I fear I have done it often already: but I'll mind and confine myself to the accidents of the day; and so get you gone to ombre, and be good girls, and save your money, and be rich against Presto comes, and write to me now and then: I am thinking it would be a pretty thing to hear sometimes from saucy MD; but do not hurt your eyes, Stella, I charge you.

13. O Lord, here is but a trifle of my letter written yet; what shall Presto do for prittle prattle to entertain MD? The talk now grows fresher of the Duke of Ormond for Ireland, though Mr Addison says he hears it will be in commission, and Lord Galway[1] one. These letters of mine are a sort of journal, where matters open by degrees; and, as I tell true or false, you will find by the event whether my intelligence be good; but I don't care twopence whether it be or no.—At night. To-day I was all about St. Paul's, and up at the top, like a fool, with Sir Andrew Fountaine and two more; and spent seven shillings for my dinner like a puppy: this is the second time he has served me so; but I

[1] A general, who lost the battle of Almanza, 1707.

will never do it again, though all mankind should persuade me; unconsidering puppies! There's a young fellow here in town we are all fond of, and about a year or two come from the university, one Harrison,[1] a little pretty fellow, with a great deal of wit, good sense, and good nature; has written some mighty pretty things; that in your 6th "Miscellanea," about the Sprig of an Orange, is his: he has nothing to live on but being governor to one of the Duke of Queensberry's sons for forty pounds a-year. The fine fellows are always inviting him to the tavern, and make him pay his club. Henley[2] is a great crony of his: they are often at the tavern at six or seven shillings reckoning, and always make the poor lad pay his full share. A colonel and a lord were at him and me the same way to-night: I absolutely refused, and made Harrison lag behind, and persuaded him not to go to them. I tell you this, because I find all rich fellows have that humour of using all people without any consideration of their fortunes; but I will see them rot before they shall serve me so. Lord Halifax is always teazing me to go down to his country house, which will cost me a guinea to his servants, and twelve shillings coach-hire; and he shall be hanged first. Is not this a plaguy silly story? But I am vexed at the heart; for I love the young fellow, and am resolved to stir up people to do something for him: he is a Whig, and I'll put him upon some of my cast Whigs; for I have done with them, and they have, I hope, done with this kingdom for our time. They were sure of the four members for London above all places, and they have lost three in the four.[3] Sir Richard Onslow, we hear, has lost for Surrey: and they are overthrown in most places. Lookee, gentlewomen, if I write long letters I must write you news and stuff, unless I send you my verses; and some I dare not; and those on the Shower in London I have sent to the Tatler, and you may see them in Ireland. I fancy you will smoke me in the Tatler I am

[1] William Harrison was a young Oxford man whose fortune Swift determined to make. He attempted to continue the "Tatler."

[2] Anthony Henley, son of Sir Robert Henley, was a man of fortune and fashion, who wrote a little in the "Tatler," and to whom Garth dedicated the "Dispensary."

[3] Scott points out the Whigs lost all four places.

going to write; for I believe I have told you the hint. I had a letter sent me to-night from Sir Matthew Dudley, and found it on my table when I came in. Because it is extraordinary I will transcribe it from beginning to end. It is as follows—["Is the devil in you? Oct. 13, 1710."] I would have answered every particular passage in it, only I wanted time. Here's enough for to-night, such as it is, &c.

14. Is that tobacco at the top of the paper,[1] or what? I do not remember I slobbered. Lord, I dreamed of Stella, &c. so confusedly last night, and that we saw Dean Bolton[2] and Sterne go into a shop; and she bid me call them to her, and they proved to be two parsons I knew not; and I walked without till she was shifting, and such stuff, mixed with much melancholy and uneasiness, and things not as they should be, and I know not how; and it is now an ugly gloomy morning.—At night. Mr Addison and I dined with Ned Southwell, and walked in the Park; and at the coffee-house I found a letter from the Bishop of Clogher, and a packet from MD. I opened the Bishop's letter; but put up MD's, and visited a lady just come to town, and am now got into bed, and going to open your little letter: and God send I may find MD well, and happy, and merry, and that they love Presto as they do fires. O, I will not open it yet! yes I will! no I will not; I am going; I can't stay till I turn over:[3] what shall I do? my fingers itch: and I now have it in my left hand; and now I will open it this very moment.—I have just got it, and am cracking the seal, and cannot imagine what is in it; I fear only some letter from a Bishop, and it comes too late: I shall employ no body's credit but my own. Well, I see though—Pshaw, 'tis from Sir Andrew Fountaine: what, another! I fancy that's from Mrs Barton; she told me she would write to me; but she writes a better hand than this: I wish you would inquire; it must be at Dawson's[4] office at the Castle. I fear this is from Patty Rolt, by the scrawl. Well, I will read MD's

[1] "The upper part of the letter was a little besmeared with some such stuff; the mark is still on it." (Note in original edition.)

[2] Dean of Derry. He had been Swift's predecessor in the parish of Laracor, as well as fellow chaplain with him to the Earl of Berkeley.

[3] "That is to the next page, for he is now within three lines of the bottom of the page." (Note in original edition.)

[4] Secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland.

letter. Ah, no; it is from poor Lady Berkeley, to invite me to Berkeley Castle this winter; and now it grieves my heart: she says she hopes my lord is in a fair way of recovery: poor lady. Well, now I go to MD's letter: faith it is all right; I hoped it was wrong. Your letter, N. 3, that I have now received, is dated Sept. 26, and Manley's letter, that I had five days ago, was dated Oct. 3, that's a fortnight's difference: I doubt it has lain in Steele's office, and he forgot. Well, there's an end of that: he is turned out of his place; and you must desire those who send me packets, to enclose them in a paper, directed to Mr Addison, at St James's Coffeehouse: not common letters, but packets: the Bishop of Clogher may mention it to the Archbishop when he sees him. As for your letter, it makes me mad: sliddikins, I have been the best boy in Christendom, and you come with your two eggs a-penny.—Well; but stay, I'll look over my book; adad, I think there was a chasm between my N. 2 and N. 3.[1] Faith, I won't promise to write to you every week; but I'll write every night, and when it is full I will send it; that will be once in ten days, and that will be often enough: and if you begin to take up the way of writing to Presto, only because it is Tuesday, a Monday bedad, it will grow a task; but write when you have a mind.—No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,—Agad, agad, agad, agad, agad, agad; no, poor Stellakins. Slids, I would the horse were in your—chamber. Have I not ordered Parvisol to obey your directions about him? and han't I said in my former letters, that you may pickle him, and boil him if you will? What do you trouble me about your horses for? Have I any thing to do with them!—Revolutions a hindrance to me in my business; revolutions—to me in my business? if it were not for the revolutions I could do nothing at all; and now I have all hopes possible, though one is certain of nothing; but to-morrow I am to have an answer, and am promised an effectual one. I suppose I have said enough in this and a former letter how I stand with new people; ten times better than ever I did with the old; forty times more caressed. I am to dine to-morrow at Mr Harley's; and if he continues as he has

[1] Swift's letters to Esther Johnson were all numbered.

begun, no man has been ever better treated by another. What you say about Stella's mother, I have spoken enough to it already. I believe she is not in town; for I have not yet seen her. My lampoon is cried up to the skies; but nobody suspects me for it, except Sir Andrew Fountaine: at least they say nothing of it to me. Did not I tell you of a great man who received me very coldly? that's he; but say nothing; 'twas only a little revenge: I'll remember to bring it over. The Bishop of Cloger has smoked my "Tatler," about shortening of words, &c. But, God so! &c.

15. I will write plainer, if I can remember it; for Stella must not spoil her eyes, and Dingley can't read my hand very well; and I am afraid my letters are too long: then you must suppose one to be two, and read them at twice. I dined to-day with Mr Harley: Mr Prior dined with us. He has left my memorial with the Queen, who has consented to give the First-Fruits and Twentieth parts,[1] and will, we hope, declare it to-morrow in the cabinet. But I beg you to tell it to no person alive; for so I am ordered, till in public; and I hope to get something of greater value. After dinner came in Lord Peterborow: we renewed our acquaintance, and he grew mightily fond of me. They began to talk of a paper of verses called Sid Hamet. Mr Harley repeated part, and then pulled them out, and gave them to a gentleman at the table to read, though they had all read them often: Lord Peterborow would let nobody read them but himself: so he did; and Mr Harley bobbed me at every line to take notice of the beauties. Prior rallied Lord Peterborow for author of them; and Lord Peterborow said, he knew them to be his; and Prior then turned it upon me, and I on him. I am not guessed at all in town to be the author; yet so it is: but that is a secret only to you. Ten to one whether you see them in Ireland; yet here they run prodigiously. Harley presented me to Lord President of Scotland,[2] and Mr Benson,[3] Lord of the Treasury. Prior

[1] "The twentieth parts are 12*d.* in the £1 paid annually out of all ecclesiastical benefices as they were valued at the Reformation. They amount to about £500 per annum; but of little or no value to the Queen after the offices and other charges are paid, though of much trouble and vexation to the clergy" (Swift's "Memorial to Mr. Harley").

[2] Hew Dalrymple, Lord President of the Court of Session.

[3] Robert Benson was made a Commissioner of the Treasury in August,

and I came away at nine, and sat at the Smyrna[1] till eleven, receiving acquaintance.

16. This morning early I went in a chair, and Patrick before it, to Mr Harley, to give him another copy of my memorial, as he desired; but he was full of business, going to the Queen, and I could not see him; but he desired I would send up the paper, and excused himself upon his hurry. I was a little baulked, but they tell me it is nothing. I shall judge by my next visit. I tipt his porter with a half-crown; and so I am well there for a time at least; I dined at Stratford's in the city, and had burgundy and tokay: came back a-foot like a scoundrel; then went with Mr Addison, and supped with Lord Mountjoy, which made me sick all night. I forgot that I bought six pounds of chocolate for Stella, and a little wooden box; and I have a great piece of Brazil tobacco for Dingley, and a bottle of palsy water for Stella; all which, with the two handkerchiefs that Mr Sterne[2] has bought, and you must pay him for, will be put in the box directed to Mrs Curry's, and set [? sent] by Dr Hawkshaw, whom I have not seen: but Sterne has undertaken it. The chocolate is a present, madam, for Stella. Don't read this, you little rogue, with your little eyes; but give it to Dingley, pray now; and I will write as plain as the skies: and let Dingley write Stella's part, and Stella dictate to her, when she apprehends her eyes, &c.

17. This letter should have gone this post, if I had not been taken up with business, and two nights being late out, so it must stay till Thursday. I dined to-day with your Mr Sterne, by invitation, and drank Irish wine;[3] but, before we parted, there came in that prince of puppies, Colonel Edgworth;[4] so I went away. This day came out the Tatler, made up wholly of my Shower, and a preface to it. They say 'tis the best thing I ever writ, and I think so too. I suppose the Bishop of Clogher will show it you. Pray tell

1710, and Chancellor of the Exchequer in June, 1711, when Harley became a peer and Lord Treasurer.

[1] A coffee house in Pall Mall.

[2] Enoch Sterne, collector of Wicklow and clerk to the Irish House of Lords.

[3] Claret. Good wine was cheap in Ireland.

[4] Colonel Ambrose Edgworth, a great dandy of the day.

me how you like it. Tooke is going on with my Miscellany.[1] I'd give a penny the letter to the Bishop of Killaloe[2] was in it: 'twould do him honour. Could not you contrive to say you hear they are printing my things together; and that you wish the bookseller had that letter among the rest? but don't say anything of it as from me. I forgot whether it was good or no; but only having heard it much commended, perhaps it may deserve it. Well, I have to-morrow to finish this letter in, and then I'll send it next day. I am so vexed that you should write your third to me, when you had but my second, and I had written five, which now I hope you have all: and so I tell you, you are saucy, little, pretty, dear rogues, &c.

18. To-day I dined, by invitation, with Stratford and others, at a young merchant's in the city, with hermitage and tokay, and staid till nine, and am now come home. And that dog Patrick is abroad, and drinking, and I can't get my nightgown. I have a mind to turn that puppy away: he has been drunk ten times in three weeks. But I han't time to say more; so good night, &c.

19. I am come home from dining in the city with Mr Addison, at a merchant's: and just now, at the coffeehouse, we have notice that the Duke of Ormond was this day declared Lord-Lieutenant at Hampton Court, in Council. I have not seen Mr Harley since; but hope the affair is done about First-Fruits. I will see him, if possible, to-morrow morning: but this goes to-night. I have sent a box to Mr Sterne, to send to you by some friend; I have directed it for Mr Curry, at his house; so you have warning when it comes, as I hope it will soon. The handkerchiefs will be put in some friend's pocket, not to pay custom. And so here ends my sixth, sent when I had but three of MD's: now I am beforehand, and will keep so; and God Almighty bless dearest MD, &c.

[1] The volume of "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse" was published by Morphew, not by Tooke, in 1711. See below, p. 129.

[2] This letter is lost.

LETTER VII.

London, Oct. 19, 1710.

O faith, I am undone! this paper is larger than the other, and yet I am condemned to a sheet; but since it is MD, I did not value though I were condemned to a pair. I told you in a letter to-day where I had been, and how the day past; and so, &c.

20. To-day I went to Mr Lewis, at the Secretary's office, to know when I might see Mr Harley; and by and by comes up Mr Harley himself, and appoints me to dine with him to-morrow. I dined with Mrs Vanhomrigh, and went to wait on the two Lady Butlers; but the porter answered, they were not at home; the meaning was, the youngest, Lady Mary, is to be married to-morrow to Lord Ashburham, the best match now in England, twelve thousand pounds a-year, and abundance of money. Tell me how my Shower is liked in Ireland: I never knew any thing pass better here. I spent the evening with Wortley Montague and Mr Addison, over a bottle of Irish wine. Do they know any thing in Ireland of my greatness among the Tories? Every body reproaches me of it here; but I value them not. Have you heard of the verses about the Rod of Sid Hamet? Say nothing of them for your life. Hardly anybody suspects me for them, only they think nobody but Prior or I could write them. But I doubt they have not reached you. There is likewise a ballad, full of puns, on the Westminster election,[1] that cost me half an hour: it runs, though it be good for nothing. But this is likewise a secret to all but MD. If you have them not, I will bring them over.

21. I got MD's fourth to-day at the coffeehouse. God Almighty bless poor Stella, and her eyes and head: What shall we do to cure them, poor dear life? Your disorders are a pull back for your good qualities. Would to Heaven I were this minute shaving your poor dear head, either here or there. Pray do not write, nor read this letter, nor any thing else, and I will write plainer for Dingley to read, from henceforward, though my pen is apt to ramble when I think

[1] The verses are lost.

who I am writing to. I will not answer your letter until I tell you that I dined this day with Mr Harley, who presented me to the Earl of Stirling, a Scotch lord; and in the evening came in Lord Peterborow. I staid till nine before Mr Harley would let me go, or tell me any thing of my affair. He says, the Queen has now granted the First-Fruits and Twentieth-parts; but he will not yet give me leave to write to the Archbishop, because the Queen designs to signify it to the Bishops in Ireland in form, and to take notice, that it was done upon a memorial from me, which Mr Harley tells me he does to make it look more respectful to me, &c. And I am to see him on Tuesday. I know not whether I told you, that, in my memorial which was given to the Queen, I begged for two thousand pounds a-year more, though it was not in my commission; but that Mr Harley says cannot yet be done, and that he and I must talk of it farther: however, I have started it, and it may follow in time. Pray say nothing of the First-Fruits being granted, unless I give leave at the bottom of this. I believe never any thing was compassed so soon, and purely done by my personal credit with Mr Harley, who is so excessively obliging, that I know not what to make of it, unless to show the rascals of the other party that they used a man unworthily, who had deserved better. The memorial given to the Queen from me speaks with great plainness of Lord Wharton. I believe this business is as important to you as the Convocation disputes from Tisdall.[1] I hope in a month or two all the forms of settling this matter will be over, and then I shall have nothing to do here. I will only add one foolish thing more, because it is just come into my head. When this thing is made known, tell me impartially whether they give any of the merit to me or no; for I am sure I have so much, that I will never take it upon me.—Insolent sluts! because I say Dublin, Ireland,[2] therefore you

[1] "These words, notwithstanding their great obscurity at present, were very clear and intelligible to Mrs. Johnson; they referred to conversations which passed between her and Dr. Tisdall seven or eight years before; when the Doctor, who was not only a learned and faithful divine but a zealous Church Tory, frequently entertained her with Convocation disputes. This gentleman in the years 1703 and 1704 paid his addresses to Mrs. Johnson." (Note in original edition.)

[2] Swift's letters are so addressed (see, *e.g.*, p. 3 above).

must say London, England: that is Stella's malice.—Well, for that I will not answer your letter till to-morrow day; and so, and so, I will go write something else, and it won't be much; for 'tis late.

22. I was this morning with Mr. Lewis, the Under-Secretary to Lord Dartmouth, two hours talking politics, and contriving to keep Steele in his office of stamped paper: he has lost his place of Gazetteer, three hundred pounds a-year, for writing a Tatler, some months ago, against Mr. Harley, who gave it him at first, and raised the salary from sixty to three hundred pounds. This was devilish ungrateful; and Lewis was telling me the particulars: but I had a hint given me, that I might save him in the other employment; and leave was given me to clear matters with Steele. Well, I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley, and in the evening went to sit with Mr. Addison, and offer the matter at distance to him, as the discreeter person; but found party had so possessed him, that he talked as if he suspected me, and would not fall in with any thing I said. So I stopped short in my overture, and we parted very dryly; and I shall say nothing to Steele, and let them do as they will; but if things stand as they are, he will certainly lose it, unless I save him; and therefore I will not speak to him, that I may not report to his disadvantage. Is not this vexatious? and is there so much in the proverb of proffered service? When shall I grow wise? I endeavour to act in the most exact points of honour and conscience, and my nearest friends will not understand it so. What must a man expect from his enemies? This would vex me, but it shall not; and so I bid you good night, &c.

23. I know 'tis neither wit nor diversion to tell you every day where I dine, neither do I write it to fill my letter; but I fancy I shall, some time or other, have the curiosity of seeing some particulars how I passed my life when I was absent from MD this time; and so I tell you now that I dined to-day at Molesworth's, the Florence envoy, then went to the coffeehouse, where I behaved myself coldly enough to Mr Addison, and so came home to scribble. We dine together to-morrow and next day by invitation; but I shall alter my behaviour to him, till he begs my pardon, or else we shall grow bare acquaintance. I am weary of friends, and friendships are all monsters, but MD's.

24. I forgot to tell you, that last night I went to Mr. Harley's hoping—faith, I am blundering, for it was this very night at six; and I hoped he would have told me all things were done and granted; but he was abroad, and came home ill, and was gone to bed, much out of order, unless the porter lied. I dined to-day at Sir Matthew Dudley's with Mr Addison, &c.

25. I was to-day to see the Duke of Ormond; and coming out, met Lord Berkeley of Stratton, who told me, that Mrs. Temple, the widow, died last Saturday, which, I suppose, is much to the outward grief and inward joy of the family. I dined to-day with Mr Addison, and Steele, and a sister of Mr Addison, who is married to one Mons. Sartre, a Frenchman, prebendary of Westminster, who has a delicious house and garden; yet I thought it was a sort of a monastic life in those cloisters, and I liked Laracor better. Addison's sister is a sort of a wit, very like him. I am not fond of her, &c.

26. I was to-day to see Mr Congreve, who is almost blind with cataracts growing on his eyes; and his case is, that he must wait two or three years, until the cataracts are riper, and till he is quite blind, and then he must have them couched; and besides he is never rid of the gout, yet he looks young and fresh, and is as cheerful as ever. He is younger by three years or more than I, and I am twenty years younger than he. He gave me a pain in the great toe, by mentioning the gout. I find such suspicions frequently, but they go off again. I had a second letter from Mr Morgan; for which I thank you: I wish you were whipped for forgetting to send him that answer I desired you in one of my former, that I could do nothing for him of what he desired, having no credit at all, &c. Go, be far enough, you negligent baggages. I have had also a letter from Parvisol, with an account how my livings are set, and that they are fallen, since last year, sixty pounds. A comfortable piece of news! He tells me plainly that he finds you have no mind to part with the horse, because you sent for him at the same time you sent him my letter; so that I know not what must be done. It is a sad thing that Stella must have her own horse, whether Parvisol will or not! So now to answer your letter that I had three or four days ago. I am not now in bed, but am come home by eight; and it being warm, I write up. I

never writ to the Bishop of Killala, which, I suppose, was the reason he had not my letter. I have not time, that is the short of it.—As fond as the Dean[1] is of my letter, he has not written to me. I would only know whether Dean Bolton paid him the twenty pounds; and for the rest he may kiss ——. And that you may ask him, because I am in pain about it, that Dean Bolton is such a whipster. 'Tis the most obliging thing in the world in Dean Sterne to be so kind to you. I believe he knows it will please me, and makes up, that way, his other usage. No, we have had none of your snow, but a little one morning; Yet I think it was great snow for an hour or so, but no longer. I had heard of Will Crowe's[2] death before, but not the foolish circumstance that hastened his end. No, I have taken care that Captain Pratt shall not suffer by Lord Anglesea's death. I will try some contrivance to get a copy of my picture from Jervas. I'll make Sir Andrew Fountaine buy one as for himself, and I'll pay him again and take it, that is, provided I have money to spare when I leave this.—Poor John! is he gone? and Madame Parvisol has been in town? Humm. Why, Tighe[3] and I, when he comes, shall not take any notice of each other; I would not do it much in this town, though we had not fallen out.—I was to-day at Mr. Sterne's lodging; he was not within, and Mr Leigh is not come to town, but I will do Dingley's errand when I see him. What do I know whether china be dear or no? I once took a fancy of resolving to go mad for it, but now it is off: I suppose I told you so in some former letter. And so you only want some salad dishes, and plates, and, &c. Yes, yes, you shall. I suppose you have named as much as will cost five pounds.—Now to Stella's little postscript; and I am almost crazed that you vex yourself for not writing. Can't you dictate to Dingley, and not strain your little dear eyes? I am sure 'tis the grief of my soul to think you are out of order. Pray be quiet, and if you will write, shut your eyes, and write just a line, and no

[1] Dean Sterne of St. Patrick's.

[2] William Crowe is mentioned as being a sufferer from the injustice of the Earl of Wharton in Swift's "Short Character of the Earl of Wharton." He had been Recorder of Blessington, county Wicklow. Cf. Swift's "Poetical Works" (Aldine), iii. 1.

[3] A Privy Councillor and member of the Irish Parliament, a violent Whig, and an enemy of Swift.

more, thus, *How do you do, Mrs. Stella?* That was written with my eyes shut. Faith, I think it is better than when they are open: and then Dingley may stand by, and tell you when you go too high or too low.—My letters of business, with packets, if there be any more occasion for such, must be enclosed to Mr Addison, at St. James's Coffeehouse: but I hope to hear, as soon as I see Mr Harley, that the main difficulties are over, and that the rest will be but form.—Take two or three nutgalls, take two or three——galls, stop your receipt in your—— I have no need on't. Here is a clutter! Well, so much for your letter, which I will now put up in my letter-partition in my cabinet, as I always do every letter as soon as I answer it. Method is good in all things. Order governs the world. The Devil is the author of confusion. A general of an army, a minister of state; to descend lower, a gardener, a weaver, &c. That may make a fine observation, if you think it worth finishing; but I have not time. Is not this a terrible long piece for one evening? I dined to-day with Patty Rolt at my cousin Leach's, with a pox, in the city: he is a printer, and prints the Postman, oh oh, and is my cousin, God knows how, and he married Mrs Baby Aires of Leicester; and my cousin Thompson was with us: and my cousin Leach offers to bring me acquainted with the author of the Postman, and says, he does not doubt but the gentleman will be glad of my acquaintance, and that he is a very ingenious man, and a great scholar, and has been beyond sea. But I was modest, and said, may be the gentleman was shy, and not fond of new acquaintance; and so put it off: and I wish you could hear me repeating all I have said of this in its proper tone, just as I am writing it. It is all with the same cadence with oh hoo, or as when little girls say, I have got an apple, miss, and I won't give you some. It is plaguy twelvepenny weather this last week, and has cost me ten shillings in coach and chair hire. If the fellow that has your money will pay it, let me beg you to buy Bank Stock with it, which is fallen near thirty per cent., and pays eight pounds per cent., and you have the principal when you please: it will certainly soon rise. I would to God Lady Giffard would put in the four hundred pounds she owes you,[1] and take the

[1] Part of a legacy left by Sir W. Temple to Esther Johnson.

five per cent. common interest, and give you the remainder. I will speak to your mother about it when I see her. I am resolved to buy three hundred pounds of it for myself, and take up what I have in Ireland; I have a contrivance for it, that I hope will do, by making a friend of mine buy it as for himself, and I will pay him when I get in my money. I hope Stratford will do me that kindness. I'll ask him to-morrow or next day.

27. Mr Rowe the poet desired me to dine with him to-day. I went to his office, (he is Under-Secretary in Mr Addison's place that he had in England,) and there was Mr Prior; and they both fell commending my Shower beyond any thing that has been written of the kind: there never was such a Shower since Danae's, &c. You must tell me how it is liked among you. I dined with Rowe; Prior could not come: and after dinner we went to a blind tavern, where Congreve, Sir Richard Temple,[1] Eastcourt,[2] and Charles Main,[3] were over a bowl of bad punch. The knight sent for six flasks of his own wine for me, and we staid till twelve. But now my head continues pretty well, I have left off my drinking, and only take a spoonful mixed with water, for fear of the gout, or some ugly distemper; and now, because it is late, I will, &c.

28. Garth and Addison and I dined to-day at a hedge tavern; then I went to Mr Harley, but he was denied, or not at home; so I fear I shall not hear my business is done before this goes. Then I visited Lord Pembroke,[4] who is just come to town, and we were very merry talking of old things, and I hit him with one pun. Then I went to the ladies Butler, and the son of a whore of a porter denied them; so I sent them a threatening message by another lady, for not excepting me always to the porter. I was weary of the coffee-

[1] Afterwards created Lord Cobham; a great friend of Pope.

[2] Richard Eastcourt (Estcourt) was an actor, and one of the founders of the Beef-steak Club. At the beginning of 1711 he opened "The Bumper" Tavern in St. James's Street, Westminster. (See "Spectator," No. 264, 358, 468.)

[3] A friend of Gay, who calls him

"Wondering Maine, so fat with laughing eyes."

[4] Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1707. He was as fond of puns as Swift himself.

house, and Ford desired me to sit with him at next door, which I did, like a fool, chattering till twelve, and now am got into bed. I am afraid the new ministry is at a terrible loss about money: the Whigs talk so it would give one the spleen: and I am afraid of meeting Mr Harley out of humour. They think he will never carry through this undertaking. God knows what will come of it. I should be terribly vexed to see things come round again; it will ruin the church and clergy for ever; but I hope for better. I will send this on Tuesday, whether I hear any farther news of my affair or not.

29. Mr Addison and I dined to-day with Lord Mountjoy; which is all the adventures of this day.—I chatted a while to-night in the coffeehouse, this being a full night; and now am come home to write some business.

30. I dined to-day at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and sent a letter to poor Mrs Long, who writes to us, but is God knows where, and will not tell any body the place of her residence. I came home early, and must go write.

31. The month ends with a fine day; and I have been walking, and visiting Lewis, and concerting where to see Mr Harley. I have no news to send you. Aire, they say, is taken, though the Whitehall letters this morning say quite the contrary: 'tis good if it be true. I dined with Mr Addison and Dick Stuart, Lord Mountjoy's brother; a treat of Addison's. They were half fuddled, but not I; for I mixed water with my wine, and left them together between nine and ten; and I must send this by the bellman, which vexes me, but I will put it off no longer. Pray God it does not miscarry. I seldom do so; but I can put off little MD no longer. Pray give the under note to Mrs. Brent.

I'm a pretty gentleman; and you lose all your money at cards, sirrah Stella. I found you out; I did so.

I am staying before I can fold up this letter, till that ugly D is dry in the last line but one. Do not you see it? O Lord, I am loth to leave you, faith—but it must be so, till next time. Pox take that D; I will blot it to dry it.

LETTER VIII.

London, October 31, 1710.

So, now I have sent my seventh to your fourth, young women; and now I will tell you what I would not in my last, that this morning, sitting in my bed, I had a fit of giddiness: the room turned round for about a minute, and then it went off, leaving me sickish, but not very: and so I passed the day as I told you; but I would not end a letter with telling you this, because it might vex you: and I hope in God I shall have no more of it. I saw Dr. Cockburn to-day, and he promises to send me the pills that did me good last year, and likewise has promised me an oil for my ear, that he has been making for that ailment for somebody else.

Nov. 1. I wish MD a merry new year.[1] You know this is the first day of it with us. I had no giddiness to-day, but I drank brandy, and have bought a pint for two shillings. I sat up the night before my giddiness pretty late, and writ very much; so I will impute it to that. But I never eat fruit, nor drink ale, but drink better wine than you do, as I did to-day with Mr Addison at Lord Mountjoy's: then went at five to see Mr Harley, who could not see me for much company; but sent me his excuse, and desired I would dine with him on Friday; and then I expect some answer to this business, which must either be soon done, or begun again; and then the Duke of Ormond and his people will interfere for their honour and do nothing. I came home at six, and spent my time in my chamber, without going to the coffee-house, which I grow weary of; and I studied at leisure, writ not above forty lines, some inventions of my own, and some hints, and read not at all, and this because I would take care of Presto, for fear little MD should be angry.

2. I took my four pills last night, and they lay an hour in my throat, and so they will do to-night. I suppose I could swallow four affronts as easily. I dined with Dr Cockburn to-day, and came home at seven; but Mr Ford has been with me till just now, and 'tis near eleven. I have had no

[1] The financial year began for Swift, Esther Johnson, and Mrs. Dingley, on Nov. 1st.

giddiness to-day. Mr Dopping[1] I have seen, and he tells me coldly, my Shower is liked well enough; there is your Irish judgment. I writ this post to the Bishop of Clogher. 'Tis now just a fortnight since I heard from you. I must have you write once a fortnight, and then I'll allow for wind and weather. How goes ombre? does Mrs Walls win constantly, as she used to do; and Mrs Stoyte?[2] I have not thought of her this long time; how does she? I find we have a cargo of Irish coming for London: I am sorry for it; but I never go near them. And Tighe is landed; but Mrs Wesley, they say, is going home to her husband, like a fool. Well, little monkies mine, I must go write; and so good night.

3. I ought to read these letters I write, after I have done; for looking over thus much I found two or three literal mistakes, which should not be when the hand is so bad. But I hope it does not puzzle little Dingley to read, for I think I mend: but methinks when I write plain, I don't know how, but we are not alone, all the world can see us. A bad scrawl is so snug, it looks like a PMD.[3] We have scurvy Tatlers of late; so pray do not suspect me. I have one or two hints I design to send him, and never any more; he does not deserve it. He is governed by his wife most abominably, as bad as ——. I never saw her since I came; nor has he ever made me an invitation; either he dares not, or is such a thoughtless Tisdall fellow, that he never minds it. So what care I for his wit? for he is the worst company in the world, till he has a bottle of wine in his head. I cannot write straighter in bed, so you must be content.—At night in bed. Stay, let me see where is this letter to MD among these papers? oh! here. Well, I will go on now; but I am very busy, (smoke the new pen.) I dined with Mr Harley to-day, and am invited there again on Sunday. I have now leave to write to the Primate and Archbishop of Dublin, that the Queen has granted the First Fruits; but they

[1] Samuel Dopping was an Irish friend of Stella's, also of Addison.

[2] Wife of Alderman Stoyte, who was afterwards Lord Mayor of Dublin.

[3] "This cypher stands for Presto, Stella and Dingley; as much as to say, it looks like us three retired from the rest of the world." (Note in original edition.)

are to take no notice of it, till a letter is sent them by the Queen's order from Lord Dartmouth, Secretary of State, to signify it. The Bishops are to be made a corporation to dispose of the revenue, &c. and I shall write to the Archbishop of Dublin to morrow, (I have had no giddiness to-day.) I know not whether they will have any occasion for me longer to be here; nor can I judge till I see what letter the Queen sends to the Bishops, and what they will do upon it. If dispatch be used, it may be done in six weeks; but I cannot judge. They sent me to-day a new commission, signed by the Primate and Archbishop of Dublin, and promise me letters to the two Archbishops here; but mine a— for it all. The thing is done, and has been so these ten days; though I had only leave to tell it to-day. I had this day likewise a letter from the Bishop of Clogher, who complains of my not writing; and what vexes me, says he knows you have long letters from me every week. Why do you tell him so? 'Tis not right, faith: but I won't be angry with MD at a distance. I writ to him last post, before I had his, and will write again soon, since I see he expects it, and that Lord and Lady Mountjoy put him off upon me to give themselves ease. Lastly, I had this day a letter from a certain naughty rogue called MD, and it was N. 5, which I shall not answer to-night, I thank you. No, faith, I have other fish to fry; but to-morrow or next day will be time enough. I have put MD's commissions in a memorandum paper. I think I have done all before, and remember nothing but this to-day about glasses, and spectacles, and spectacle cases. I have no commission from Stella, but the chocolate and handkerchiefs; and those are bought, and I expect they will be soon sent. I have been with, and sent to, Mr. Sterne, two or three times to know, but he was not within. Odds my life, what am I doing? I must go write, and do business.

4. I dined to-day at Kensington, with Addison, Steele, &c., came home, and writ a short letter to the Archbishop of Dublin, to let him know the Queen has granted the thing, &c. I writ in the coffeehouse, for I staid at Kensington till nine, and am plaguy weary; for Colonel Proud[1] was very ill company, and I will never be of a party with him again:

[1] Forster thinks this a mistake for Colonel Frowd or Frowde. See note on p. 9 above.

and I drank punch, and that and ill company has made me hot.

5. I was with Mr Harley from dinner to seven this night, and went to the coffeehouse, where Dr D'Avenant[1] would fain have had me gone and drink a bottle of wine at his house hard by, with Dr Chamberlain; but the puppy used so many words, that I was afraid of his company; and, though we promised to come at eight, I sent a messenger to him, that Chamberlain was going to a patient, and therefore we would put it off till another time: so he, and the comptroller, and I, were prevailed on, by Sir Matthew Dudley, to go to his house, where I staid till twelve, and left them. D'Avenant has been teasing me to look over some of his writings that he is going to publish; but the rogue is so fond of his own productions, that I hear he will not part with a syllable; and he has lately put out a foolish pamphlet, called, The Third Part of Tom Double; to make his court to the Tories, whom he had left.

6. I was to-day gambling[2] in the city to see Patty Rolt, who is going to Kingston, where she lodges; but, to say the truth, I had a mind for a walk to exercise myself, and happened to be disengaged; for dinners are ten times more plentiful with me here than ever, or than in Dublin. I won't answer your letter yet, because I am busy. I hope to send this before I have another from MD: 'twould be a sad thing to answer two letters together, as MD does from Presto. But when the two sides are full, away the letter shall go, that's certain, like it or not like it; and that will be about three days hence, for the answering night will be a long one.

7. I dined to-day at Sir Richard Temple's, with Congreve, Vanbrugh, Lieutenant-General Farrington, &c. Vanbrugh, I believe I told you, had a long quarrel with me about those verses on his house;[3] but we were very civil and cold. Lady Marlborough used to tease him with them, which had

[1] Charles Davenant, son of Sir W. Davenant, the dramatist. He was Inspector-General of Imports and Exports, and wrote pamphlets on political learning, &c. He had been a Tory, and had turned Whig.

[2] Rambling.

[3] Vanbrugh, the dramatist, had turned architect, and had built himself a house at Whitehall, which moved the laughter of the wits. His buildings were ponderously ugly. See Swift's "Poetical Works" (Aldine), i. 74-80.

made him angry, though he be a good-natured fellow. It was a thanksgiving day, and I was at court, where the Queen passed by us with all Tories about her; not one Whig: Buckingham, Rochester, Leeds, Shrewsbury, Berkeley of Stratton, Lord Keeper Harcourt, Mr. Harley, Lord Pembroke, &c. and I have seen her without one Tory. The Queen made me a curtsy, and said, in a sort of familiar way to Presto, How does MD? I considered she was a Queen, and so excused her. I do not miss the Whigs at court; but have as many acquaintances there as formerly.

8. Here's ado and a clutter! I must now answer MD's fifth; but first you must know I dined at the Portugal envoy's to-day, with Addison, Vanbrugh, Admiral Wager, Sir Richard Temple, Methuen, &c. I was weary of their company, and stole away at five, and came home like a good boy, and studied till ten, and had a fire; O ho! and now am in bed. I have no fire-place in my bed-chamber; but 'tis very warm weather when one's in bed. Your fine cap, Madam Dingley, is too little, and too not: I'll have that fur taken off; I wish it were far enough; and my old velvet cap is good for nothing. Is it velvet under the fur? I was feeling, but cannot find: if it be, 'twill do without it, else I will face it; but then I must buy new velvet: but may be I may beg a piece. What shall I do? well, now to rogue MD's letter. God be thanked for Stella's eyes mending; and God send it holds; but faith you write too much at a time; better write less, or write it at ten times. Yes, faith, a long letter in a morning from a dear friend is a dear thing. I smoke a compliment, little mischievous girls, I do so. But who are those *wiggs* that think I am turned Tory? Do you mean Whigs? Which *wiggs*, and *wat* do you mean? I know nothing of Raymond, and only had one letter from him a little after I came here. (Pray remember Morgan.) Raymond is indeed like to have much influence over me in London, and to share much of my conversation. I shall no doubt introduce him to Harley, and Lord Keeper, and the Secretary of State. The Tatler upon Ithuriel's[1] spear is not mine, madam. What a puzzle there is between you and your judgment? In general you may be sometimes sure of things

[1] No. 237, probably by Addison.

as that about *style*, because it is what I have frequently spoken of; but guessing is mine a—; and I defy mankind if I please. Why, I writ a pamphlet when I was last in London, that you and a thousand have seen, and never guessed it to be mine. Could you have guessed the Shower in Town to be mine? How chance you did not see that before your last letter went? But I suppose you in Ireland did not think it worth mentioning. Nor am I suspected for the lampoon: only Harley said he smoked me, (have I told you so before?) and some others knew it. 'Tis called the Rod of Sid Hamet. And I have written several other things that I hear commended, and nobody suspects me for them; nor you shall not know till I see you again. What do you mean "That boards near me, that I dine with now and then?" I know no such person: I do not dine with boarders. What the pox! You know whom I have dined with every day since I left you, better than I do. What do you mean, sirrah? Slids, my ailment has been over these two months almost. Impudence, if you vex me, I will give ten shillings a-week for my lodging; for I am almost st—k out of this with the sink, and it helps me to verses in my Shower. Well, Madam Dingley, what say you to the world to come? What ballad? Why go look, it was not good for much: have patience till I come back; patience is a gay thing as, &c. I hear nothing of Lord Mountjoy's coming for Ireland. When is Stella's birthday? in March? Lord bless me, my turn at Christ Church;[1] it is so natural to hear you write about that, I believe you have done it a hundred times; it is as fresh in my mind, the verger coming to you; and why to you? would he have you preach for me? O, pox on your spelling of Latin. *Jonsonibus atque*, that's the way. How did the Dean get that name by the end? 'Twas you betrayed me: not I, faith; I'll not break his head. Your mother is still in the country, I suppose, for she promised to see me when she came to town. I writ to her four days ago, to desire her to break it to Lady Giffard, to put some money for you in the Bank, which was then fallen thirty *per cent.* Would to God mine had been here, I should have gained one hundred pounds, and got as good interest as in Ireland,

[1] This incident of Swift's preaching at Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, has escaped the notice of his biographers.

and much securer. I would fain have borrowed three hundred pounds; but money is so scarce here, there is no borrowing by this fall of stocks. 'Tis rising now, and I knew it would: it fell from one hundred and twenty-nine to ninety-six. I have not heard since from your mother. Do you think I would be so unkind not to see her, that you desire me in a style so melancholy? Mrs Raymond you say is with child: I am sorry for it, and so is, I believe, her husband. Mr Harley speaks all the kind things to me in the world; and I believe, would serve me, if I were to stay here; but I reckon in time the Duke of Ormond may give me some addition to Laracor. Why should the Whigs think I came to England to leave them? Sure my journey was no secret? I protest sincerely, I did all I could to hinder it, as the Dean can tell you, although now I do not repent it. But who the devil cares what they think? Am I under obligations in the least to any of them all? Rot 'em, for ungrateful dogs; I will make them repent their usage before I leave this place. They say here the same thing of my leaving the Whigs; but they own they cannot blame me, considering the treatment I have had. I will take care of your spectacles, as I told you before, and of the Bishop of Killala's; but I will not write to him, I han't time. What do you mean by my fourth, Madam *Dinglibus?* Does not Stella say you have had my fifth, Goody Blunder? you frighted me till I looked back. Well, this is enough for one night. Pray give my humble service to Mrs Stoyte and her sister, Kate is it or Sarah? I have forgot her name, faith. I think I will even (and to Mrs Walls and the archdeacon) send this to-morrow: no, faith, that will be in ten days from the last. I will keep it till Saturday, though I write no more. But what if a letter from MD should come in the mean time? why then I would only say, madam, I have received your sixth letter; your most humble servant to command, Presto; and so conclude. Well, now I will write and think a little, and so to bed, and dream of MD.

9. I have my mouth full of water, and was going to spit it out, because I reasoned with myself, how could I write when my mouth was full. Han't you done things like that, reasoned wrong at first thinking? Well, I was to see Mr Lewis this morning, and am to dine a few days hence, as he tells

me, with Mr Secretary St John; and I must contrive to see Harley soon again, to hasten this business from the Queen. I dine to-day at Lord Montrath's,[1] with Lord Mountjoy, &c. but the wine was not good, so I came away, staid at the coffeehouse till seven, then came home to my fire, the maidenhead of my second half bushel, and am now in bed at eleven, as usual. 'Tis mighty warm; yet I fear I shall catch cold this wet weather, if I sit an evening in my room after coming from warm places: and I must make much of myself, because MD is not here to take care of Presto; and I am full of business, writing, &c. and don't care for the coffeehouse; and so this serves for all together, not to tell it you over and over, as silly people do; but Presto is a wiser man, faith, than so, let me tell you, gentlewomen. See I am got to the third side; but, faith, I will not do that often: but I must say something early to-day, till the letter is done, and on Saturday it shall go; so I must save something till to morrow, till to-morrow and next day.

10. O Lord, I would this letter was with you with all my heart: if it should miscarry, what a deal would be lost? I forgot to leave a gap in the last line but one for the seal, like a puppy; but I should have allowed for night, good night: but when I am taking leave, I cannot leave a bit, faith; but I fancy the seal will not come there. I dined to-day at Lady Lucy's, where they ran down my Shower; and said Sid Hamet was the silliest poem they ever read, and told Prior so, whom they thought to be the author of it. Don't you wonder I never dined there before? But I am too busy, and they live too far off; and besides, I do not like women so much as I did. [MD you must know, are not women.] I supped to-night at Addison's with Garth, Steele, and Mr Dopping; and am come home late. Lewis has sent to me to desire I will dine with some company I shall like. I suppose it is Mr. Secretary St. John's appointment. I had a letter just now from Raymond, who is at Bristol, and says he will be at London in a fortnight, and leave his wife behind him; and desires any lodging in the house where I am: but that must not be. I shan't know what to do with him in town: to be sure I will not present him to any acquaintance

[1] Charles Coote, fourth Earl, died 1715.

of mine, and he will live a delicate life, a parson and a perfect stranger. Paaast twelvvve o'clock, and so good night, &c. O! but I forgot, Jemmy Leigh is come to town; says he has brought Dingley's things, and will send them by the first convenience. My parcel, I hear, is not sent yet. He thinks of going for Ireland in a month, &c. I cannot write to-morrow, because—what, because of the Archbishop; because I will seal my letter early; because I am engaged from noon till night; because of many kind of things; and yet I will write one or two words to-morrow morning, to keep up my journal constant, and at night I will begin the ninth.

11. Morning, by candle-light. You must know that I am in my night-gown every morning betwixt six and seven, and Patrick is forced to ply me fifty times before I can get on my night-gown; and so now I will take my leave of my own dear MD, for this letter, and begin my next when I come home at night. God Almighty bless and protect dearest MD. Farewell, &c.

This letter's as long as a sermon, faith.

LETTER IX.

London, Nov. 11, 1710.

I dined to-day, by invitation, with the Secretary of State Mr St John. Mr Harley came into us before dinner, and made me his excuses for not dining with us, because he was to receive people who came to propose advancing money to the government: there dined with us only Mr Lewis, and Dr Freind,[1] that writ Lord Peterborow's actions in Spain. I staid with them till just now, between ten and eleven, and was forced again to give my eighth to the bellman, which I did with my own hands, rather than keep it till next post. The Secretary used me with all the kindness in the world. Prior came in after dinner; and upon an occasion, he (the Secretary) said, the best thing he ever read is not yours, but Dr Swift's on Vanbrugh; which I do not reckon so very

[1] A physician who accompanied Lord Peterborough in Spain. He was an author and politician as well as a physician. He held a court appointment under George I.

good neither. But Prior was damped until I stuffed him with two or three compliments. I am thinking what a veneration we used to have for Sir William Temple, because he might have been Secretary of State at fifty; and here is a young fellow, hardly thirty, in that employment. His father is a man of pleasure, that walks the Mall, and frequents St James's Coffeehouse, and the chocolate-houses, and the young son is principal Secretary of State. Is there not something very odd in that? He told me, among other things, that Mr Harley complained he could keep nothing from me, I had the way so much of getting into him. I knew that was a refinement; and so I told him, and it was so: indeed it is hard to see these great men use me like one who was their betters, and the puppies with you in Ireland hardly regarding me: but there are some reasons for all this, which I will tell you when we meet. At coming home I saw a letter from your mother, in answer to one I sent her two days ago. It seems she is in town; but cannot come out in the morning, just as you said, and God knows when I shall be at leisure in an afternoon: for if I should send her a penny-post letter, and afterward not be able to meet her, it would vex me; and, besides, the days are short, and why she cannot come early in a morning before she is wanted, I cannot imagine. I will desire her to let Lady Giffard know that she hears I am in town, and that she would go to see me to inquire after you. I wonder she will confine herself so much to that old beast's humour. You know I cannot in honour see Lady Giffard, and consequently not go into her house. This I think is enough for the first time.

12. And how could you write with such thin paper? (I forgot to say this in my former.) Cannot you get thicker? Why, that's a common caution that writing-masters give their scholars; you must have heard it a hundred times. 'Tis this,

> If paper be thin,
> Ink will slip in;
> But if it be thick,
> You may write with a stick.

I had a letter to-day from poor Mrs Long, giving me an account of her present life, obscure in a remote country town, and how easy she is under it. Poor creature! 'tis

just such an alteration in life, as if Presto should be banished from MD, and condemned to converse with Mrs Raymond. I dined to-day with Ford, Sir Richard Levinge,[1] &c. at a place where they board hard by. I was lazy, and not very well, sitting so long with company yesterday. I have been very busy writing this evening at home, and had a fire: I am spending my second half bushel of coals; and now am in bed, and 'tis late.

13. I dined to-day in the city, and then went to christen Will Frankland's child; and Lady Falconbridge[2] was one of the godmothers: this is a daughter of Oliver Cromwell, and extremely like him by his pictures that I have seen. I staid till almost eleven, and am now come home and gone to bed. My business in the city was to thank Stratford for a kindness he has done me, which now I will tell you. I found bank stock was fallen thirty-four in the hundred, and was mighty desirous to buy it; but I was a little too late for the cheapest time, being hindered by business here; for I was so wise to guess to a day when it would fall. My project was this: I had three hundred pounds in Ireland; and so I writ Mr Stratford in the city, to desire he would buy me three hundred pounds in bank stock, and that he should keep the papers, and that I would be bound to pay him for them; and if it should rise or fall I would take my chance, and pay him interest in the mean time. I showed my letter to one or two people, who understand those things; and they said, money was so hard to be got here that no man would do it for me. However, Stratford, who is the most generous man alive, has done it: but it cost one hundred pounds and a half, that is ten shillings, so that three hundred pounds cost me three hundred pounds and thirty shillings. This was done about a week ago, and I can have five pounds for my bargain already. Before it fell it was one hundred and thirty pounds, and we are sure it will be the same again. I told you I writ to your mother to desire that Lady Giffard would do the same with what she owes you; but she tells your mother she has no money. I would to God all you

[1] Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench in Ireland. He was a Tory.

[2] Lady Falconberg (not Falconbridge) was Mary Cromwell, the Protector's youngest daughter. She died in 1712.

had in the world was there. Whenever you lend money, take this rule, to have two people bound, who have both visible fortunes; for they will hardly die together; and when one dies, you fall upon the other, and make him add another security: and if Rathburn (now I have his name) pays you in your money let me know, and I will direct Parvisol accordingly: however, he shall wait on you and know. So, ladies, enough of business for one night. Paaaaast twelvvve o'clock. I must only add, that, after a long fit of rainy weather, it has been fair two or three days, and is this day grown cold and frosty; so that you must give poor little Presto leave to have a fire in his chamber morning and evening too, and he will do as much for you.

14. What, has your Chancellor[1] lost his senses, like Will Crowe? I forgot to tell Dingley, that I was yesterday at Ludgate bespeaking the spectacles at the great shop there, and shall have them in a day or two. This has been an insipid day. I dined with Mrs Vanhomrigh, and came gravely home, after just visiting the coffee house. Sir Richard Cox,[2] they say, is sure of going over Lord Chancellor, who is as errant a puppy as ever eat bread: but the Duke of Ormond has a natural affection to puppies, which is a thousand pities, being none himself. I have been amusing myself at home till now, and in bed bid you good night.

15. I have been visiting this morning, but nobody was at home, Secretary St John, Sir Thomas Hanmer,[3] Sir Chancellor Coxcomb, &c. I attended the Duke of Ormond with about fifty other Irish gentlemen at Skinner's Hall, where the Londonderry Society laid out three hundred pounds to treat us and his grace with a dinner. Three great tables with the desert laid in mighty figure. Sir Richard Levinge and I got discreetly to the head of the second table, to avoid the crowd at the first: but it was so cold, and so confounded a noise with the trumpets and hautboys, that I grew weary, and stole away before the second course came on; so I can give

[1] Richard Freeman, Irish Lord Chancellor since 1707.

[2] Sir Richard Cox had been Irish Chancellor from 1703 to 1707. He died before resuming his office.

[3] A Tory, who was for a time associated with Swift in the production of political pamphlets. He separated himself from the Tory ministry in 1713, and was elected Speaker without opposition in 1714 in succession to Bromley, mentioned below.

you no account of it, which is a thousand pities. I called at Ludgate for Dingley's glasses, and shall have them in a day or two; and I doubt it will cost me thirty shillings for a microscope, but not without Stella's permission; for I remember she is a *virtuoso*. Shall I buy it or no? 'Tis not the great bulky ones, nor the common little ones, to impale a louse (saving your presence) upon a needle's point; but of a more exact sort, and clearer to the sight, with all its equipage in a little trunk that you may carry in your pocket. Tell me, sirrah, shall I buy it or not for you? I came home straight, &c.

16. I dined to-day in the city with Mr Manley, who invited Mr Addison and me, and some other friends, to his lodging, and entertained us very handsomely. I returned with Mr Addison, and loitered till nine in the coffeehouse, where I am hardly known by going so seldom. I am here soliciting for Trounce; you know him: he was gunner in the former yacht, and would fain be so in the present one: if you remember him, a good lusty fresh-coloured fellow. Shall I stay till I get another letter from MD before I close up this? Mr Addison and I meet a little seldomer than formely, although we are still at bottom as good friends as ever; but differ a little about party.

17. To-day I went to Lewis at the Secretary's office, where I saw and spoke to Mr Harley, who promised, in a few days, to finish the rest of my business. I reproached him for putting me on the necessity of reminding him of it, and rallied him, &c. which he took very well. I dined to-day with one Mr. Gore, elder brother to a young merchant of my acquaintance, and Stratford, and my other friend merchants dined with us, where I staid late, drinking claret and burgundy, and am just got to bed, and will say no more, but that it now begins to be time to have a letter from my own little MD; for the last I had above a fortnight ago, and the date was old too.

18. To-day I dined with Lewis and Prior at an eating-house, but with Lewis's wine. Lewis went away, and Prior and I sat on, where we complimented one another for an hour or two upon our mutual wit and poetry. Coming home at seven, a gentleman unknown stopped me in the Pall Mall, and asked my advice; said he had been to see

the Queen, (who was just come to town,) and the people in waiting would not let him see her; that he had two hundred thousand men ready to serve her in the war; that he knew the Queen perfectly well, and had an apartment at court, and if she heard he was there, she would send for him immediately; that she owed him two hundred thousand pounds, &c. and he desired my opinion whether he should go try again whether he could see her; or because, perhaps, she was weary after her journey, whether he had not better stay till to-morrow. I had a mind to get rid of my companion, and begged him of all love to wait on her immediately; for that, to my knowledge, the Queen would admit him; that this was an affair of great importance, and required despatch: and I instructed him to let me know the success of his business, and come to the Smyrna Coffeehouse, where I would wait for him till midnight; and so ended this adventure. I would have fain given the man half a crown; but was afraid to offer it him, lest he should be offended; for, besides his money, he said he had a thousand pounds a-year. I came home not early, and so, madams both, good night, etc.

19. I dined to-day with poor Lord Mountjoy, who is ill of the gout; and this evening I christened our coffeeman Elliot's child;[1] where the rogue had a most noble supper, and Steele and I sat among some scurvy company over a bowl of punch, so that I am come home late, young women, and can't stay to write to little rogues.

20. I loitered at home, and dined with Sir Andrew Fountaine at his lodging, and then came home: a silly day.

21. I was visiting all this morning, and then went to the Secretary's office, and found Mr. Harley, with whom I dined; and Secretary St. John, &c. and Harley promised in a few days to finish what remained of my business. Prior was of the company, and we all dine at the secretary's to-morrow. I saw Stella's mother this morning: she came early, and we talked an hour. I wish you would propose to Lady Giffard to take the three hundred pounds out of her hands, and give her common interest for life, and security that you will pay her: the Bishop of Clogher, or any friend, would be security

[1] Elliot was keeper of the St. James's Coffee House.

for you, if you gave them counter security; and it may be argued, that it will pass better to be in your hands than her's, in case of mortality, &c. Your mother says, if you write she'll second it; and you may write to your mother, and then it will come from her. She tells me Lady Giffard has a mind to see me, by her discourse; but I told her what to say with a vengeance. She told Lady Giffard she was going to see me: she looks extremely well. I am writing in my bed like a tiger, and so good night, &c.

22. I dined with Secretary St. John; and Lord Dartmouth, who is 'tother Secretary, dined with us, and Lord Orrery and Prior, &c. Harley called, but could not dine with us, and would have had me away while I was at dinner; but I did not like the company he was to have. We staid till eight, and I called at the coffee-house, and looked where the letters lie; but no letter directed for Mr Presto: at last I saw a letter to Mr Addison, and it looked like a rogue's hand, so I made the fellow give it me, and opened it before him, and saw three letters all for myself: so, truly, I put them in my pocket, and came home to my lodging. Well, and so you shall hear: well, and so I found one of them in Dingley's hand, and 'tother in Stella's, and the third in Domville's.[1] Well, so you shall hear: so, said I to myself, What now, two letters from MD together? But I thought there was something in the wind; so I opened one, and I opened 'tother; and so you shall hear, one was from Walls. Well, but 'tother was from our own dear MD; yes it was. O faith, have you received my seventh, young women, already? then I must send this to-morrow, else there will be old doings at our house, faith.—Well, I won't answer your letter in this: no faith, catch me at that, and I never saw the like. Well, but as to Walls, tell him, (with service to him and wife, &c.) that I have no imagination of Mr Pratt's losing his place: and while Pratt continues, Clements is in no danger; and I have already engaged Lord Hyde[2] he speaks of, for Pratt and twenty others; but if such a thing should happen, I will do what I can. I have above ten businesses of other people's now on

[1] An Irish country gentleman.

[2] Eldest son of the Earl of Rochester. He was joint Vice-Treasurer for Ireland.

my hands, and, I believe, shall miscarry in half. It is your sixth I now have received. I writ last post to the Bishop of Clogher again. Shall I send this to-morrow? Well, I will, to oblige MD. Which would you rather, a short letter every week, or a long one every fortnight? A long one; well, it shall be done, and so good night. Well, but is this a long one? No, I warrant you: too long for naughty girls.

23. I only ask, have you got both the ten pounds, or only the first; I hope you mean both. Pray be good housewives, and I beg you to walk when you can for health. Have you the horse in town? and do you ever ride him? how often? Confess. Ahhh, sirrah, have I caught you? Can you contrive to let Mrs Fenton[1] know, that the request she has made me in her letter, I will use what credit I have to bring about, although I hear it is very difficult, and I doubt I shall not succeed. Cox is not to be your Chancellor: all joined against him. I have been supping with Lord Peterborow, at his house, with Prior, Lewis, and Dr. Freind. 'Tis the ramblingest lying rogue on earth. Dr Raymond is come to town: 'tis late, and so I bid you good night.

24. I tell you pretty management: Ned Southwell told me the other day, he had a letter from the bishops of Ireland, with an address to the Duke of Ormond, to intercede with the Queen, to take off the First-Fruits. I dined with him to-day, and saw it, with another letter to him from the Bishop of Kildare, to call upon me for the papers, &c. and I had last post one from the Archbishop of Dublin, telling me the reason of this proceeding; that upon hearing the Duke of Ormond was declared Lord-Lieutenant, they met, and the Bishops were for this project, and talked coldly of my being solicitor, as one that was favoured by 'tother party, &c. but desired that I would still solicit. Now the wisdom of this is admirable; for I had given the Archbishop an account of my reception from Mr Harley, and how he had spoken to the Queen, and promised it should be done; but Mr Harley ordered me to tell no person alive. Some time after, he gave me leave to let the Primate and Archbishop know that

[1] Swift's sister, Jane, who married a currier in Bride Street. Owing to the bankruptcy of Fenton she became wholly or largely dependent on her brother.

the Queen had remitted the First-Fruits, and that in a short time they should have an account of it in form from Lord Dartmouth, Secretary of State. So while the letter was on the road to the Duke of Ormond and Southwell, mine was going to them with an account of the thing being done. I writ a very warm answer to the Archbishop immediately, and showed my resentments, as I ought, against the Bishops, only in good manners excepting himself. I wonder what they will say when they hear the thing is done. I was yesterday forced to tell Southwell so, that the Queen had done it, &c. for he said, my Lord Duke would think of it some months hence when he was going for Ireland; and he had it three years in doing formerly, without any success. I give you free leave to say, on occasion, that it is done, and that Mr. Harley prevailed on the Queen to do it, &c. as you please. As I hope to live, I despise the credit of it, out of an excess of pride, and desire you will not give me the least merit when you talk of it; but I would vex the bishops, and have it spread that Mr Harley had done it: pray do so. Your mother sent me last night a parcel of wax candles, and a bandbox full of small plumcakes. I thought it had been something for you; and without opening them, sent answer by the maid that brought them, that I would take care to send the things, &c. but I will write her thanks. Is this a long letter, sirrahs? Now, are you satisfied? I have had no fit since the first: I drink brandy every morning, and take pills every night. Never fear, I an't vexed at this puppy business of the bishops, although I was a little at first. I will tell you my reward: Mr Harley will think he has done me a favour; the Duke of Ormond, perhaps, that I have put a neglect on him; and the bishops in Ireland that I have done nothing at all. So goes the world. But I have got above all this, and, perhaps, I have better reason for it than they know: and so you shall hear no more of First-Fruits, dukes, Harleys, archbishops, and Southwells.

I have slipped off Raymond upon some of his countrymen to show him the town, &c. and I lend him Patrick. He desires to sit with me in the evenings; upon which I have given Patrick positive orders that I am not within at evenings.

LETTER X.

London, Nov. 25, 1710.

I will tell you something that's plaguy silly; I had forgot to say on the 23rd in my last, where I dined; and because I had done it constantly, I thought it was a great omission, and was going to interline it; but at last the silliness of it made me cry pshah, and I let it alone. I was to-day to see the parliament meet, but only saw a great crowd; and Ford and I went to see the tombs at Westminster, and sauntered so long I was forced to go to an eating-house for my dinner. Bromley[1] is chosen Speaker, *nemine contradicente:* Do you understand those two words? and Pompey, Colonel Hill's black, designs to stand speaker for the footmen.[2] I am engaged to use my interest for him, and have spoken to Patrick to get him some votes. We are now all impatient for the Queen's speech, what she will say about removing the ministry, &c. I have got a cold, and I do'nt know how; but got it I have, and am hoarse: I don't know whether it will grow better or worse. What's that to you? I won't answer your letter to-night. I'll keep you a little longer in suspense: I can't send it. Your mother's cakes are very good, and one of them serves me for breakfast, and so I'll go sleep like a good boy.

26. I have got a cruel cold, and staid within all this day in my nightgown, and dined on sixpenny worth of victuals, and read and writ, and was denied to every body. Dr. Raymond called often, and I was denied; and at last, when I was weary, I let him come up, and asked him, without consequence, How Patrick denied me, and whether he had the art of it? So by this means he shall be used to have me denied to him, otherwise he would be a plaguy trouble and hindrance to me: he has sat with me two hours, and drank

[1] William Bromley, member for the University of Oxford.

[2] "The footmen in attendance at the Houses of Parliament used, at this time, to form themselves into a deliberative body, and usually debated the same points with their masters. . . . The sable attendant in question being an appendage of the brother of Mrs. Masham, the reigning favourite, had a title to the chair, the Court and Tory interest being exerted in his favour." (Scott.)

a pint of ale cost me fivepence, and smoked his pipe, and it is now past eleven that he is just gone. Well, my eighth is with you now, young women, and your seventh to me is somewhere in a postboy's bag: and so go to your gang of Deans, and Stoytes, and Walls, and lose your money; go, sauceboxes, and so good night and be happy, dear rogues. O, but your box was sent to Dr. Hawkshaw by Sterne, and you will have it with Hawkshaw, and spectacles, &c. &c.

27. To-day Mr. Harley met me in the Court of Requests,[1] and whispered me to dine with him. At dinner I told him what those Bishops had done, and the difficulty I was under. He bid me never trouble myself; he would tell the Duke of Ormond the business was done, and that he need not concern himself about it. So now I am easy, and they may hang themselves for a parcel of insolent ungrateful rascals. I suppose I told you in my last how they sent an address to the Duke of Ormond, and a letter to Southwell, to call on me for the papers, after the thing was over; but they had not received my letter, though the Archbishop might, by what I writ to him, have expected it would be done. Well, there is an end of that, and in a little time the Queen will send them notice, &c. And so the methods will be settled, and then I shall think of returning, although the baseness of those Bishops makes me love Ireland less than I did.

28. Lord Halifax sent to invite me to dinner, where I staid till six, and crossed him in all his Whig talk, and made him often come over to me. I know he makes court to the new men, although he affects to talk like a Whig. I had a letter to-day from the Bishop of Clogher, but I writ to him lately, that I would obey his commands to the Duke of Ormond. He says I bid him read the London *Shaver*, and that you both swore it was Shaver, and not Shower. You all lie, and you are puppies, and can't read Presto's hand. The Bishop is out entirely in his conjectures of my share in the Tatlers.—I have other things to mind, and of much

[1] The Court of Requests was abolished in the reign of Charles I., but the room in which it had sat still bore the name. Pennant describes it ("Some Account of London," p. 91) as "a vast room modernized; at present a mere walking-place."

greater importance, else I have little to do to be acquainted with a new ministry, who consider me a little more than Irish bishops do.

29. Now for your saucy good dear letter; let me see, what does it say? come then. I dined to-day with Ford, and went home early; he debauched me to his chamber again with a bottle of wine till twelve; so good night. I can't write an answer now, you rogues.

30. To-day I have been visiting, which I had long neglected; and I dined with Mrs. Barton alone; and sauntered at the coffeehouse till past eight, and have been busy till eleven, and now I'll answer your letter, saucebox. Well, let me see now again. My wax candle's almost out, but however I'll begin. Well then, don't be so tedious, Mr. Presto; what can you say to MD's letter? Make haste, have done with your preambles—Why, I say I am glad you are so often abroad; your mother thinks it is want of exercise hurts you, and so do I. (She called here to-night, but I was not within, that's by the bye.) Sure you don't deceive me, Stella, when you say you are in better health than you were these three weeks; for Dr. Raymond told me yesterday, that Smyth of the Blind Quay had been telling Mr Leigh, that he left you extremely ill; and in short, spoke so, that he almost put poor Leigh into tears, and would have made me run distracted; though your letter is dated the 11th instant, and I saw Smyth in the city above a fortnight ago, as I passed by in a coach. Pray, pray, don't write, Stella, until you are mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty well in your eyes, and are sure it won't do you the least hurt. Or come, I'll tell you what; you, Mistress Stella, shall write your share at five or six sittings, one sitting a-day; and then comes Dingley all together, and then Stella a little crumb toward the end, to let us see she remembers Presto: and then conclude with something handsome and genteel, as your most humble cumdumble, or, &c. 'O Lord! does Patrick write word of my not coming till spring? insolent man! he know my secrets? No; as my Lord Mayor said, No; if I thought my shirt knew, &c. Faith, I will come as soon as it is any way proper for me to come; but, to say the truth, I am at present a little involved with the present ministry in some certain things, (which I tell you as

a secret;) as soon as ever I can clear my hands, I will stay no longer: for I hope the First-Fruit business will be soon over in all its forms. But, to say the truth, the present ministry have a difficult task, and want me, &c. Perhaps they may be just as grateful as others: but, according to the best judgment I have, they are pursuing the true interest of the public: and therefore I am glad to contribute what is in my power. For God's sake, not a word of this to any alive. —Your Chancellor? why madam, I can tell you he has been dead this fortnight.[1] Faith, I could hardly forbear our little language about a nasty dead chancellor, as you may see by the blot.[2] Ploughing? A pox plough them: they'll plough me to nothing. But have you got your money, both the ten pounds? How durst he pay the second so soon? Pray be good housewives.—Ay, well, and Joe; why, I had a letter lately from Joe, desiring I would take some care of their poor town,[3] who, he says, will lose their liberties. To which I desired Dr. Raymond would return answer, That the town had behaved themselves so ill to me, so little regarded the advice I gave them, and disagreed so much among themselves, that I was resolved never to have more to do with them; but that whatsoever personal kindness I could do to Joe should be done. Pray, when you happen to see Joe, tell him this, lest Raymond should have blundered or forgotten. Poor Mrs Wesley—Why these poligyes [apologies] for being abroad? Why should you be at home at all, until Stella is quite well?—So, here is Mistress Stella again with her two eggs, &c. My Shower admired with you; why, the Bishop of Clogher says, he has seen something of mine of the same sort, better than the Shower. I suppose he means

[1] Freeman, the late Lord Chancellor, died in the middle of the month. Commissioners had been appointed to take charge of the Seal, Nov. 22; Sir Constantine Phipps was made Chancellor, Dec. 22.

[2] "To make this intelligible it is necessary that the words *this fortnight* in the preceding sentence were first written in what he calls the little language, and afterwards scratched out and written plainer. It must be confessed that this little language which passed current between Swift and Stella has occasioned infinite trouble in the revisal of these papers." (Note in original edition.)

[3] Trim. An attack upon the liberties of this corporation is numbered among the political offences of Wharton's Lieutenancy of Ireland. See a "Short Character of the Earl of Wharton."

the Morning,'[1] but it is not half so good. I want your judgment of things, and not your country's. How does MD like it? and do they taste it *all*? &c. I am glad Dean Bolton has paid the twenty pounds. Why should not I chide the Bishop of Clogher for writing to the Archbishop of Cashel, without sending the letter first to me? It does not signify a ——; for he has no credit at court. Stuff—they are all puppies. I will break your head in good earnest, young woman, for your nasty jest about Mrs Barton. Unlucky sluttikin, what a word is there? Faith, I was thinking yesterday, when I was with her, whether she could break them or no, and it quite spoiled my imagination. Mrs. Wall, does Stella win as she pretends? No indeed, doctor; she loses always, and will play so *ventersomely*, how can she win? See here now; an't you an impudent lying slut? Do, open Domvile's letter; what does it signify, if you have a mind? Yes, faith, you write smartly with your eyes shut; all was well but the *w*. See how I can do it; *Madame Stella, your humble servant*. O, but one may look whether one goes crooked or no, and so write on. I will tell you what you may do; you may write with your eyes half shut, just as when one is going to sleep: I have done so for two or three lines now; it is but just seeing enough to go straight.—Now, Madam Dingley, I think I bid you tell Mr. Walls, that in case there be occasion, I will serve his friend as far as I can; but I hope there will be none. Yet I believe you will have a new Parliament; but I care not whether you have or no a better. You are mistaken in all your conjectures about the Tatlers. I have given him one or two hints, and you have heard me talk about the Shilling.[2] Faith, these answering letters are very long ones: you have taken up almost the room of a week in journals; and I will tell you what, I saw fellows wearing crosses to-day,[3] and I wondered what was the matter; but just this minute I recollect it is little Presto's birthday; and I was resolved these three days to remember it when it came, but could not. Pray, drink my health to-day at dinner; do, you rogues. Do you like Sid Hamet's Rod? Do you under-

[1] Swift's lines, "A Description of the Morning," appear in the "Tatler," No. 9, April 30th, 1702.

[2] The "Autobiography of a Shilling" in the "Tatler," No. 249, Nov. 11th, 1710, was by Addison.

[3] St. Andrew's Day.

stand it all? Well, now at last I have done with your letter, and so I'll lay me down to sleep, and about fair maids; and I hope merry maids all.

Dec. 1. Morning. I wish Smyth were hanged. I was dreaming the most melancholy things in the world of poor Stella, and was grieving and crying all night.—Pshah, it is foolish: I will rise and divert myself; so good-morrow, and God of his infinite mercy keep and protect you. The Bishop of Clogher's letter is dated Nov. 21. He says, you thought of going with him to Clogher. I am heartily glad of it, and wish you would ride there, and Dingley go in a coach. I have had no fit since my first, although sometimes my head is not quite in good order.—At night. I was this morning to visit Mr Pratt, who is come over with poor sick Lord Shelburn; they made me dine with them, and there I staid like a booby, till eight, looking over them at ombre, and then came home. Lord Shelburn's giddiness is turned into a colic, and he looks miserably.

2. Steele, the rogue, has done the impudentest thing in the world: he said something in a Tatler, that we ought to use the word Great Britain, and not England, in common conversation, as, the finest lady in Great Britain, &c. Upon this Rowe, Prior, and I, sent him a letter, turning this into ridicule. He has to-day printed the letter,[1] and signed it J. S., M. P. and N. R. the first letters of our names. Congreve told me to-day, he smoked it immediately. Congreve and I and Sir Charles Wager[2] dined to-day at Delaval's, the Portugal envoy; and I staid there till eight, and came home, and am now writing to you before I do business, because that dog Patrick is not at home, and the fire is not made, and I am not in my gear. Pox take him!—I was looking by chance at the top of this side, and find I make plaguy mistakes in words; so that you must fence against that as well as bad writing. Faith, I can't nor won't read what I have written. (Pox of this puppy!) Well, I'll leave you till I am got to bed, and then I'll say a word or two. —Well, 'tis now almost twelve, and I have been busy ever

[1] "Tatler," No. 258, Dec. 2nd, 1710.

[2] Admiral Wager served in the West Indies during the War of the Spanish Succession. He died in 1743 and is buried in Westminster Abbey.

since, by a fire too, (I have my coals by half a bushel at a time, I'll assure you,) and now I am got to bed. Well, and what have you to say to Presto now he is abed? Come now, let us hear your speeches. No, 'tis a lie, I'm not sleepy yet. Let us sit up a little longer, and talk. Well, where have you been to-day, that you are but just this minute come home in a coach? What have you lost? Pay the coachman, Stella. No, faith, not I, he'll grumble.—What new acquaintance have you got? come, let us hear. I have made Delaval promise to send me some Brazil tobacco from Portugal for you, Madam Dingley. I hope you'll have your chocolate and spectacles before this comes to you.

3. Pshaw, I must be writing to those dear saucy brats every night, whether I will or no, let me have what business I will, or come home ever so late, or be ever so sleepy; but an old saying and a true one,

Be you lords, or be you earls,
You must write to naughty girls.

I was to-day at court, and saw Raymond among the beef-eaters, staying to see the Queen; so I put him in a better station, made two or three dozen of bows, and went to church, and then to court again to pick up a dinner, as I did with Sir John Stanley,[1] and then we went to visit Lord Mountjoy, and just now left him, and 'tis near eleven at night, young women, and methinks this letter comes pretty near to the bottom, and 'tis but eight days since the date, and don't think I'll write on the other side, I thank you for nothing. Faith, if I would use you to letters on sheets as broad as this room, you would always expect them from me. O, faith, I know you well enough; but an old saying, &c.

Two sides in a sheet,
And one in a street.

I think that's but a silly old saying, and so I'll go to sleep, and do you so too.

4. I dined to-day with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and then

[1] Commissioner of the Customs.

came home, and studied till evening. No adventure at all to-day.

5. So I went to the Court of Requests (we have had the devil and all of rain by the by) to pick up a dinner, and Henley made me go dine with him and one Colonel Brag at a tavern, cost me money, faith. Congreve was to be there, but came not. I came with Henley to the coffee-house, where Lord Salisbury[1] seemed mighty desirous to talk with me; and while he was wriggling himself into my favour, that dog Henley asked me aloud, whether I would go to see Lord Somers, as I had promised, (which was a lie,) and all to vex poor Lord Salisbury, who is a high Tory. He played two or three other such tricks, and I was forced to leave my Lord, and I came home at seven, and have been writing ever since, and I will now go to bed. The other day I saw Jack Temple in the Court of Requests; it was the first time of seeing him; so we talked two or three careless words, and parted. Is it true that your recorder and mayor, and fanatic aldermen, a month or two ago, at a solemn feast, drank Mr Harley's, Lord Rochester's, and other Tory healths? Let me know; it was confidently said here.—The scoundrels! It shan't do, Tom.

6. When is this letter to go, I wonder: hearkee, young women, tell me that? Saturday next for certain, and not before: then it will be just a fortnight; time enough for naughty girls, and long enough for two letters, faith. Congreve and Delaval have at last prevailed on Sir Godfrey Kneller to entreat me to let him draw my picture for nothing; but I know not yet when I shall sit.—It is such monstrous rainy weather, that there is no doing with it. Secretary St. John sent to me this morning, that my dining with him to-day was put off till to-morrow; so I peaceably sat with my neighbour Ford, dined with him, and came home at six, and am now in bed as usual; and now it is time to have another letter from MD, yet I would not have it till this goes; for that would look like two letters for one. Is it not whimsical that the Dean has never once written to me? And I find the Archbishop very silent to that letter I sent him with an account that the business was done. I

[1] James Cecil, fifth earl.

believe he knows not what to write or say; and I have since written twice to him, both times with a vengeance. Well, go to bed, sirrahs, and so will I. But have you lost to-day? Three shillings. O fy, O fy.

7. No, I won't send this letter to-day, nor till Saturday, faith; and I am so afraid of one from MD between this and that: if it comes I'll just say I received a letter, and that is all. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary St John, where were Lord Anglesea, Sir Thomas Hanmer, Prior, Freind, &c. and then made a debauch after nine at Prior's house, and have eaten cold pie, and I hate the thoughts of it, and I am full, and I don't like it, and I will go to bed, and it is late, and so good night.

8. To-day I dined with Mr Harley and Prior; but Mr St John did not come, though he promised; he chid me for not seeing him oftener. Here is a damned libellous pamphlet[1] come out against Lord Wharton, giving the character first, and then telling some of his actions: the character is very well, but the facts indifferent. It has been sent by dozens to several gentlemen's lodgings, and I had one or two of them, but nobody knows the author or printer. We are terribly afraid of the plague; they say it is at Newcastle. I begged Mr Harley, for the love of God, to take some care about it, or we are all ruined. There have been orders for all ships from the Baltic to pass their quarantine before they land; but they neglect it. You remember I have been afraid these two years.

9. O faith, you're a saucy rogue. I have had your sixth letter just now, before this is gone; but I won't answer a word of it, only that I never was giddy since my first fit, but I have had a cold just a fortnight, and cough with it still morning and evening; but it will go off. It is, however, such abominable weather, that no creature can walk. They say here three of your commissioners[2] will be turned out, Ogle, South, and St Quintain, and that Dick Stuart and Ludlow will be two of the new ones. I am a little soliciting for another; it is poor Lord Abercorn, but that is a secret; I mean, that I befriend him is a secret; but I believe it is

[1] This pamphlet "A Short Character of his Excellency Thomas Wharton" was by Swift himself.

[2] Commissioners of revenue.

too late, by his own fault and ill fortune. I dined with him to-day. I am heartily sorry you do not go to Clogher, faith, I am; and so God Almighty protect poor dear, dear, dear, dearest MD. Farewell till to-night. I'll begin my eleventh to-night; so I am always writing to little MD.

LETTER XI.

London, Dec. 9, 1710.

So, young women, I have just sent my tenth to the post-office, and, as I told you, have received your seventh, (faith I'm afraid I mistook, and said your sixth, and then we shall be all in confusion this month.) Well, I told you I dined with Lord Abercorn to-day, and that's enough till by and bye; for I must go write idle things, and twittle twattle. What's here to do with your little MDs? and so I put this by for a while. 'Tis now late, and I can only say MD's a dear saucy rogue; and what then, Presto loves them the better.

10. This son of a b—— Patrick is out of the way, and I can do nothing; am forced to borrow coals: 'tis now six o'clock, and I am come home after a pure walk in the Park; delicate weather, begun only to-day. A terrible storm last night: we hear one of your packet boats is cast away, and young Beau Swift [1] in it, and General Sankey: [2] I know not the truth; you will before me. Raymond talks of leaving the town in a few days, and going in a month to Ireland, for fear his wife should be too far gone, and forced to be brought to bed here. I think he is in the right, but perhaps this packet boat will fright him. He has no relish for London; and I do not wonder at it. He has got some Templars from Ireland, that show him the town. I do not let him see me above twice a week, and that only while I am dressing in the morning.—So now the puppy's come in, and I have got my own ink, but a new pen; and so now you are rogues and sauce-boxes till I go to bed, for I must go study, sirrahs. Now I think of it, tell the Bishop of

[1] Doubtless one of his numerous cousins; probably a brother of Deane Swift, his biographer.

[2] Nicholas Sankey, lieutenant-general in 1710.

Clogher he shall not cheat me of one inch of my bell metal. You know it is nothing but to save the town money; and Enniskilling can afford it better than Laracor: he shall have but one thousand five hundred weight. I have been reading, &c. as usual, and am now going to bed, and I find this day's article is long enough; so get you gone till to-morrow, and then. I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley.

11. I am come home again as yesterday, and the puppy had again locked up my ink, notwithstanding all I said to him yesterday; but he came home a little after me, so all is well; they are lighting my fire, and I'll go study. The fair weather is gone again, and it has rained all day. I do not like this open weather, though some say it is healthy. They say it is a false report about the plague at Newcastle. I have no news to day; I dined with Mrs Vanhomrigh, to desire them to buy me a scarf; and Lady Abercorn is to buy me another, to see who does best; mine is all in rags. I saw the Duke of Richmond yesterday at court again; but would not speak to him; I believe we are fallen out. I am now in bed, and it has rained all this evening, like wild-fire. Have you so much rain in your town? Raymond was in a fright, as I expected, upon the news of this shipwreck, but I persuaded him, and he leaves this town in a week. I got him acquainted with Sir Robert Raymond, the Solicitor-General, who owns him to be of his family; and I believe it may do him a kindness, by being recommended to your new Lord Chancellor.—I had a letter from Mrs. Long, that has quite turned my stomach against her; no less than two nasty jests in it, with dashes to suppose them. She is corrupted in that country town [1] with vile conversation.—I won't answer your letter till I have leisure, so let this go on as it will, what care I? what cares saucy Presto?

12. I was to-day at the secretary's office with Lewis, and in came Lord Rivers, who took Lewis out and whispered him, and then came up to me to desire my acquaintance &c. so we bowed and complimented a while, and parted; and I dined with Phil. Savage,[2] and his Irish club, at their boarding place, and, passing an evening scurvily enough, did not come home till eight. Mr Addison and I hardly meet

[1] Lynn Regis.
[2] Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland.

once a fortnight; his parliament and my different friendships keep us asunder. Sir Matthew Dudley turned away his butler yesterday morning, and at night the poor fellow died suddenly in the streets. Was not it an odd event? But what care you; but then I knew the butler.—Why, it seems your packet boat is not lost: psha, how silly that is, when I had already gone through the forms, and said it was a sad thing, and that I was sorry for it. But when must I answer this letter of our MD's? Here it is, lies between this paper on t'other side the leaf: one of these odd come shortlies I'll consider, and so good night.

13. Morning. I am to go trapesing with Lady Kerry and Mrs Pratt to see sights all this day: they engaged me yesterday morning at tea. You hear the havock making in the army: Meredyth, Macartney, and Colonel Honeywood,[1] are obliged to sell their commands at half value, and leave the army, for drinking destruction to the present ministry, and dressing up a hat on a stick, and calling it Harley; then drinking a glass with one hand, and discharging a pistol with the other at the maukin, wishing it were Harley himself; and a hundred other such pretty tricks, as inflaming their soldiers and foreign ministers against the late changes at court. Cadogan[2] has had a little paring; his mother told me yesterday he had lost the place of envoy: but I hope they will go no farther with him, for he was not at those mutinous meetings. Well, these saucy jades take up so much of my time, with writing to them in a morning; but faith I am glad to see you whenever I can: a little snap and away; and so hold your tongue, for I must rise: not a word your life. How nowww? so very well; stay till I come home, and then perhaps you may hear farther from me. And

[1] Lieutenant-General Meredyth, Major-General Macartney, and Brigadier Honeywood, alleged "that their offence only amounted to drinking a health to the Duke of Marlborough, and confusion to his enemies. But, it was affirmed, that an example of severity was necessary, as some of the chief officers of the army had dropped doubtful and dangerous expressions about standing by their general, and this at a time when he was suspected of having nourished the ambition of becoming general for life." (Scott.) Marlborough aimed at being made Captain-General (Commander-in-Chief) for life by letters patent.

[2] Lieutenant-General Cadogan, a friend of Marlborough, had been envoy to the United Provinces. Richard Hill, brother of Mrs. Masham, was sent to take his place.

where will you go to-day, for I can't be with you for these ladies? It is a rainy ugly day. I'd have you send for Walls, and go to the Dean's; but don't play small games when you lose. You'll be ruined by manilio,[1] basto, the queen, and two small trumps in red. I confess 'tis a good hand against the player; but then there are spadilio, punto, the king, strong trumps against you, which, with one trump more, are three tricks ten ace: for, suppose you play your manilio—O, silly, how I prate and can't get away from this MD in a morning. Go, get you gone, dear naughty girls, and let me rise. There, Patrick locked up my ink again the third time last night: the rogue gets the better of me; but I will rise in spite of you, sirrahs.—At night. Lady Kerry,[2] Mrs Pratt, Mrs Cadogan, and I, in one coach; Lady Kerry's son and his governor, and two gentlemen, in another; maids and misses, and little master, (Lord Shelburn's children,) in a third, all hackneys, set out at ten o'clock this morning from Lord Shelburn's house in Piccadilly to the Tower, and saw all the sights, lions, etc. then to Bedlam; then dined at the chophouse behind the Exchange; then to Gresham College, (but the keeper was not at home,) and concluded the night at the puppet-show, whence we came home safe at eight, and I left them. The ladies were all in mobs; how do you call it? undressed; and it was the rainiest day that ever dripped; and I'm weary, and 'tis now past eleven.

14. Stay, I'll answer some of your letter this morning in bed: let me see; come and appear, little letter. Here I am, says he, and what say you to Mrs MD this morning, fresh and fasting? who dares think MD negligent? I allow them a fortnight, and they give it me. I could fill a letter in a week; but it is longer every day, and so I keep it a fortnight, and then 'tis cheaper by one half. I have never been giddy, dear Stella, since that morning: I have taken a whole box of pills, and kecked at them every night, and drank a pint of brandy at mornings.—O then, you kept Presto's little birthday: would to God I had been with you. I forgot it, as I told you before. Rediculous, madam? I suppose you mean *ridiculous:* let me have no more of that; 'tis the

[1] These are names for cards at ombre (see p. 22).

[2] Wife of Lord Kerry, who was daughter of Sir W. Petty and sister to Henry, Lord Shelburne.

author of the Atalantis's spelling.[1] I have mended it in your letter. And can Stella read this writing without hurting her dear eyes? O, faith, I'm afraid not. Have a care of those eyes, pray, pray, pretty Stella.—'Tis well enough what you observe, That if I writ better, perhaps you would not read so well, being used to this manner; 'tis an alphabet you are used to; you know such a pothook makes a letter; and you know what letter, and so and so.—I'll swear he told me so, and that they were long letters too; but I told him it was a gasconade of yours, etc. I am talking of the Bishop of Clogher, how he forgot. Turn over.[2] I had not room on t'other side to say that, so I did it on this: I fancy that's a good Irish blunder. Ah, why do not you go down to Clogher nautinautinautidear girls; I dare not say nauti without dear: O, faith, you govern me. But seriously, I'm sorry you don't go, as far as I can judge at this distance. No, we would get you another horse; I will make Parvisol get you one. I always doubted that horse of yours; prithee sell him, and let it be a present to me. My heart aches when I think you ride him. Order Parvisol to sell him, and that you are to return me the money: I shall never be easy until he is out of your hands. Faith, I have dreamed five or six times of horses stumbling since I had your letter. If he can't sell him, let him run this winter. Faith, if I was near you, I would whip your — to some tune, for your grave saucy answer about the Dean and Jonsonibus; I would, young women. And did the Dean preach for me? very well. Why, would they have me stand here and preach to them? No, the Tatler of the Shilling was not mine, more than the hint, and two or three general heads for it. I have much more important business on my hands: and, besides, the ministry hate

[1] Mrs. De La Rivière Manley wrote plays and political pamphlets. Her best known work is the quasi-romance called the "New Atalantis" (1709), in which she scurrilously attacked nearly all the political characters of the day. For this publication the printer was brought to trial, but she appeared before the King's Bench and swore that the whole work was a mere fiction, without any reference to actual persons. She was a person of much impudence and some wit, and entirely defeated the efforts of the judges to cross-examine her.

[2] "He seems to have written these words on the reverse of the page, which was therefore to be turned over before they could be read." (Scott.)

to think that I should help him, and have made reproaches on it; and I frankly told them, I would do it no more. This is a secret though, Madam Stella. You win eight shillings! you win eight fiddlesticks. Faith, you say nothing of what you lose, young women.—I hope Manley is in no great danger; for Ned Southwell is his friend, and so is Sir Thomas Frankland; and his brother John Manley stands up heartily for him. On t'other side, all the gentlemen of Ireland here are furiously against him. Now, Mistress Dingley, an't you an impudent slut to expect a letter next packet from Presto, when you confess yourself, that you had so lately two letters in four days? unreasonable baggage! no, little Dingley, I am always in bed by twelve; I mean my candle's out by twelve, and I take great care of myself. Pray let every body know, upon occasion, that Mr Harley got the First Fruits from the Queen for the clergy of Ireland, and that nothing remains but the forms, etc. So you say the Dean and you dined at Stoyte's, and Mrs Stoyte was in raptures that I remembered her. I must do it but seldom, or it will take off her rapture.—But, what now, you saucy sluts, all this written in a morning, and I must rise and go abroad. Pray stay till night: don't think I'll squander mornings upon you, pray good madam. Faith, if I go on longer in this trick of writing in the morning, I shall be afraid of leaving it off, and think you expect it, and be in awe. Good morrow, sirrahs, I will rise.—At night. I went to-day to the Court of Requests (I will not answer the rest of your letter yet, that by the way) in hopes to dine with Mr. Harley: but Lord Dupplin, his son-in-law, told me he did not dine at home; so I was at a loss, until I met with Mr Secretary St John, and went home and dined with him, where he told me of a good bite. Lord Rivers [1] told me two days ago, that he was resolved to come Sunday fortnight next to hear me preach before the Queen. I assured him the day was not yet fixed, and I knew nothing of it. To-day the Secretary told me, that his father, (Sir Harry St John,) and Lord Rivers, were to be at St James's church, to hear me preach there; and were assured I was to preach: so there will be another bite; for I know nothing of the matter, but that Mr Harley and

[1] Richard Savage, Lord Rivers, Constable of the Tower, and envoy to Hanover. He was the alleged father of the poet Richard Savage.

St John are resolved I must preach before the Queen, and the Secretary of State has told me he will give me three weeks warning; but I desired to be excused, which he will not. St John, "you shall not be excused:" however, I hope they will forget it; for, if it should happen, all the puppies hereabouts will throng to hear me, and expect something wonderful, and be plaguily balked, for I shall preach plain honest stuff.[1] I staid with St John till eight, and then came home, and Patrick desired leave to go abroad, and by and by comes up the girl to tell me, a gentleman was below in a coach who had a bill to pay me; so I let him come up, and who should it be but Mr Addison and Sam Dopping, to haul me out to supper, where I have staid till twelve. If Patrick had been at home I should have escaped this; for I have taught him to deny me almost as well as Mr Harley's porter.—Where did I leave off in MD's letter? let me see. So, now I have it. You are pleased to say, Madam Dingley, that those that go for England can never tell when to come back. Do you mean this as a reflection upon Presto, madam? Sauce-boxes, I'll come back as soon as I can,[2] as hope saved and I hope with some advantage, unless all ministries be alike, as perhaps they may. I hope Hawkshaw is in Dublin before now, and that you have your things, and like your spectacles; if you did not, you shall have better. I hope Dingley's tobacco did not spoil Stella's chocolate, and that all is safe; pray let me know. Mr Addison and I are different as black and white, and I believe our friendship will go off, by this damned business of party: he cannot bear seeing me fall in so with this ministry; but I love him still as well as ever, though we seldom meet.—Hussy, Stella, you jest about poor Congreve's eyes; you do so, hussy, but I'll bang your bones, faith.—Yes, Steele was a little while in prison, or at least in a spunging-house, some time before I came, but not since. Pox on your convocation, and your Lamberts;[3] they write with a vengeance! I suppose you

[1] "The ministry never could prevail upon the Doctor to preach before the Queen." (Note in original edition.)

[2] Scott's edition adds: "This is his common phrase," apparently part of a note slipped into text.

[3] Dr. Lambert was chaplain to Lord Wharton. He was censured by the lower house of the Irish Convocation.

think it a piece of affectation in me to wish your Irish folks would not like my Shower; but you are mistaken. I should be glad to have the general applause there as I have here, (though I say it,) but I have only that of one or two, and therefore I would have none at all, but let you all be in the wrong. I don't know, this is not what I would say; but I am so tosticated with supper and stuff that I can't express myself.—What you say of Sid Hamet is well enough; that an enemy should like it, and a friend not; and that telling the author would make both change their opinions. Why did not you tell Griffyth that you fancied there was something in it of my manner? but first spur up his commendation to the height, as we served my poor uncle about the sconce that I mended. Well, I desired you to give what I intended for an answer to Mrs. Fenton, to save her postage, and myself trouble; and I hope I have done it if you han't.

15. Lord, what a long day's writing was yesterday's answer to your letter, sirrahs. I dined to-day with Lewis and Ford, whom I have brought acquainted. Lewis told me a pure thing. I had been hankering with Mr Harley to save Steele his other employment, and have a little mercy on him, and I had been saying the same thing to Lewis, who is Mr Harley's chief favourite. Lewis tells Mr Harley how kindly I should take it, if he would be reconciled to Steele, etc. Mr Harley, on my account, falls in with it, and appoints Steele a time to let him attend him, which Steele accepts with great submission, but never comes, nor sends any excuse. Whether it was blundering, sullenness, insolence, or rancour of party, I cannot tell; but I shall trouble myself no more about him. I believe Addison hindered him out of mere spite, being grated to the soul to think he should ever want my help to save his friend; yet now he is soliciting me to make another of his friends Queen's secretary at Geneva: and I'll do it if I can; it is poor Pastoral Philips.[1]

16. O, why did you leave my picture behind you at t'other lodgings; forgot it? well; but pray remember it now, and don't roll it up, d'ye hear, but hang it carefully in some part of your room, where chairs and candles, and mop-

[1] Ambrose Philips, the well known author of some "Pastorals" which appeared at the same time as Pope's, and which were extravagantly praised by the Whig wits at Button's.

sticks, won't spoil it, sirrahs. No truly, I will not be godfather to Goody Walls this bout, and I hope she'll have no more. There'll be no quiet nor cards for this child. I hope it will die the day after the christening. Mr Harley gave me a paper, with an account of the sentence you speak of against the lads that defaced the statue,[1] and that Ingoldsby reprieved that part of it of standing before the statue. I hope it was never executed. We have got your Broderick out; Doyne is to succeed him, and Cox Doyne. And so there's an end of your letter; 't is all answered, and now I must go on upon my own stock; go on, did I say? Why I have written enough; but this is too soon to send it yet, young women; faith I dare not use you to it, you'll always expect it; what remains shall be only short journals of a day, and so I'll rise, for this morning.—At night. I dined with my opposite neighbour, Darteneuf, and I was soliciting this day, to present the Bishop of Clogher Vice Chancellor;[2] but it won't do; they are all set against him, and the Duke of Ormond, they say, has resolved to dispose of it somewhere else. Well; little saucy rogues, don't stay out too late to-night, because it is Saturday night, and young women should come home soon then.

17. I went to court to seek a dinner, but the Queen was not at church, she has got a touch of the gout; so the court was thin, and I went to the coffeehouse; and Sir Thomas Frankland and his eldest son and I went and dined with his son William. I talked a great deal to Sir Thomas about Manley, and find he is his good friend, and so has Ned Southwell been, and I hope he will be safe though all the Irish folks here are his mortal enemies. There was a devilish bite to-day. They had it, I know not how, that I was to preach this morning at St James's Church, an abundance went, among the rest Lord Radnor, who never is abroad till three in the afternoon. I walked all the way home from Hatton Garden at six, by moonlight, a delicate night. Raymond called at nine, but I was denied, and now I am in bed between eleven and twelve, just going to sleep, and dream of my own dear roguish impudent pretty MD.

18. You will now have short days works, just a few lines

[1] Of William III., on College Green, Dublin.
[2] Of the University of Dublin.

to tell you where I am, and what I am doing; only I will keep room for the last day to tell you news, if there be any worth sending. I have been sometimes like to do it at the top of my letter, until I remark it would be old before it reached you. I was hunting to dine with Mr Harley to-day, but could not find him; and so I dined with honest Dr Cockburn, and came home at six, and was taken out to next door by Dopping and Ford, to drink bad claret and oranges, and we let Raymond come to us, who talks of leaving the town to-morrow, but I believe will stay a day or two longer. It is now late, and I will say no more, but end this line with bidding my own dear saucy MD good night, &c.

19. I am come down proud stomach in one instance, for I went to-day to see the Duke of Buckingham,[1] but came too late; then I visited Mrs Barton, and thought to have dined with some of the ministry; but it rained, and Mrs Vanhomrigh was nigh, and I took the opportunity of paying her for a scarf she bought me, and dined there; at four I went to congratulate with Lord Shelburn, for the death of poor Lady Shelburn dowager; he was at his country house, and returned while I was there, and had not heard of it, and he took it very well. I am now come home before six, and find a packet from the Bishop of Clogher, with one inclosed to the Duke of Ormond, which is ten days earlier dated than another I had from Parvisol; however, 't is no matter, for the Duke has already disposed of the Vice Chancellorship to the Archbishop of Tuam,[2] and I could not help it, for it is a thing wholly, you know, in the Duke's power; and I find the Bishop has enemies about the Duke. I writ this while Patrick is folding up my scarf, and doing up the fire, (for I keep a fire, it costs me twelvepence a week,) and so be quiet till I am gone to bed, and then sit down by me a little, and we'll talk a few words more. Well; now MD is at my bedside; and now what shall we say? How does Mrs Stoyte? What had the Dean for supper? How much did Mrs Walls win? Poor Lady Shelburn: well, go get you to bed, sirrahs.

20. Morning. I was up this morning early, and shaved by candlelight, and write this by the fireside. Poor Raymond

[1] John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, the poet and patron of poets.
[2] Dr. John Vesey, formerly Bishop of Limerick.

just came in and took his leave of me; he is summoned by high order from his wife, but pretends he has had enough of London. I was a little melancholy to part with him; he goes to Bristol, where they are to be with his merchant brother, and now thinks of staying till May; so she must be brought to bed in England. He was so easy and manageable, that I almost repent I suffered him to see me so seldom. But he is gone, and will save Patrick some lies in a week: Patrick is grown admirable at it, and will make his fortune. How now, sirrah, must I write in a morning to your impudence?

Stay till night,
And then I'll write
In black and white,
By candlelight
Of wax so bright,
It helps the sight,
A bite a bite!
Marry come up, Mrs. Boldface.

At night. Dr Raymond came back, and goes to-morrow I did not come home till eleven, and found him here to take leave of me. I went to the Court of Requests, thinking to find Mr Harley and dine with him, and refused Henley and every body, and at last knew not where to go, and met Jemmy Leigh by chance, and he was just in the same way, so I dined at his lodging on a beefsteak, and drank your health, then left him, and went to the tavern with Ben Tooke and Portlack, the Duke of Ormond's secretary, drinking nasty white wine till eleven. I am sick and ashamed of it, &c.

21. I met that beast Ferris, Lord Berkeley's steward formerly; I walked with him a turn in the Park, and that scoundrel dog is as happy as an emperor, has married a wife with a considerable estate in land and houses about this town, and lives at his ease at Hammersmith. See your confounded sect [sex].—Well; I had the same luck to-day with Mr Harley; 't was a lovely day, and went by water into the city, and dined with Stratford at a merchant's house, and walked home with as great a dunce as Ferris, I mean honest Colonel Caufield, and came home by eight, and now am in bed, and going to sleep for a wager, and will send this letter on Saturday; and so; but first I'll wish you a merry Christ-

mas and a happy new year, and pray God we may never keep them asunder again.

22. Morning. I am going now to Mr Harley's levee on purpose to vex him; I'll say I had no other way of seeing him, &c. Patrick says, it is a dark morning, and that the Duke of Argyle is to be knighted to-day; the booby means installed at Windsor. But I must rise, for this is a shaving day, and Patrick says, there is a good fire; I wish MD were by it, or I by MD's.—At night. I forgot to tell you, Madam Dingley, that I paid nine shillings for your glass and spectacles, of which three were for the Bishop's case; I am sorry I did not buy you such another case, but if you like it, I will bring one over with me; pray tell me: the glass to read was four shillings, the spectacles two. And have you had your chocolate? Leigh says, he sent the petticoat by one Mr Spencer. Pray, have you no farther commissions for me? I paid the glassman but last night, and he would have made me a present of the microscope worth thirty shillings, and would have sent it home along with me; I thought the deuce was in the man: he said I could do him more service than that was worth, &c. I refused his present, but promised him all service I could do him; and so now I am obliged in honour to recommend him to every body.—At night. I went to Mr Harley's levee; he came and asked me, what had I to do there, and bid me come and dine with him on a family dinner; which I did, and it was the first time I ever saw his lady and daughter; at five my Lord Keeper[1] came in: I told Mr Harley, he had formerly presented me to Sir Simon Harcourt, but now must to my Lord Keeper, so he laughed, &c.

23. Morning. This letter goes to-night without fail; I hope there is none from you yet at the coffeehouse; I'll send and see by and by; and let you know, and so and so. Patrick goes to see for a letter; what will you lay, is there one from MD or no; No, I say; done for sixpence. Why has the dean never once written to me?—I won sixpence; I won sixpence; there is not one letter to Presto. Good morrow, dear sirrahs: Stratford and I dine to-day with Lord Mountjoy. God Almighty preserve and bless you; fare well, &c.

[1] Sir Simon Harcourt, just promoted from the Attorney-Generalship.

I have been dining at Lord Mountjoy's; and am come to study; our news from Spain this post takes off some of our fears. The parliament is prorogued to-day, or adjourned rather, till after the holidays. Bank stock is 105, so I may get £12 for my bargain already. Patrick the puppy is abroad, and how shall I send this letter? Good night, little dears both, and be happy, and remember your poor Presto, that wants you sadly, as hope saved.[1] Let me go study, naughty girls, and don't keep me at the bottom of the paper. O faith, if you knew what lies on my hands constantly, you would wonder to see how I could write such long letters; but we'll talk of that some other time.[2] Good night again, and God bless dear MD with his best blessings, yes, yes, and Dingley, and Stella, and me too, &c.

Ask the Bishop of Clogher about the pun I sent him of Lord Stawell's brother; 'twill be a pure bite. This letter has 199 lines in it, beside all postscripts; I had a curiosity to reckon.

There's a long letter for you.

It is longer than a sermon, faith.

I had another letter from Mrs Fenton, who says you were with her. I hope you did not go on purpose. I will answer her letter soon; it is about some money in Lady Giffard's hands.

They say you have had eight packets due to you; so pray, madams, don't blame Presto, but the wind.

My humble service to Mrs Walls and Mrs Stoyte; I missed the former a good while.

LETTER XII.

London, December 23, 1710.

I have sent my 11th to-night as usual, and begin the dozenth, and I told you I dined with Stratford at Lord Mountjoy's, and I'll tell you no more at present, guess for why; because I am going to mind things, and mighty affairs, not your nasty First-Fruits: I let them alone till Mr Harley gets the Queen's letter, but other things of greater moment, that you shall know one day, when the

[1] As I hope to be saved.

[2] "Writing the Examiner." (Note in original edition.)

ducks have eaten up all the dirt. So sit still a while just by me while I am studying, and don't say a word, I charge you, and when I am going to bed, I'll take you along, and talk with you a little while, so there, sit there.—Come then, let us see what we have to say to these saucy brats, that will not let us go sleep at past eleven. Why, I am a little impatient to know how you do; but that I take it for a standing maxim, that when you are silent, all is pretty well, because that is the way I will deal with you; and if there was any thing you ought to know now, I would write by the first post, although I had written but the day before. Remember this, young women, and God Almighty preserve you both, and make us happy together; and tell me how accounts stand between us, that you may be paid long before it is due, not to want. I will return no more money while I stay, so that you need not be in pain to be paid; but let me know at least a month before you can want. Observe this, d'ye hear, little dear sirrahs, and love Presto as Presto loves MD, &c.

24. You will have a merrier Christmas eve than we here. I went up to court before church, and in one of the rooms, there being but little company, a fellow in a red coat without a sword came up to me, and after words of course, asked me how the ladies did. I asked what ladies? He said Mrs Dingley and Mrs Johnson: Very well, said I, when I heard from them last: and pray, when came you from thence, sir? Said he, I never was in Ireland; and just at that word Lord Winchelsea comes up to me, and the man went off: as I went out I saw him again, and recollected him; it was Vedeau,[1] with a pox. I then went and made my apologies, that my head was full of something I had to say to Lord Winchelsea, &c. and I asked after his wife, and so all was well, and he inquired after my lodging, because he had some favour to desire of me in Ireland, to recommend somebody to somebody, I know not what it is. When I came from church I went up to court again, where Sir Edmund Bacon told me the bad news from Spain,[2] which

[1] "This Vedeau seems to have been a shopkeeper, but abandoned his trade for the army." (Scott.)

[2] The news of the battle of Brihuega, in which General Stanhope was defeated, and the whole of his troops taken prisoners (Dec. 9th, 1710).

you will hear before this reaches you; as we have it now, we are undone there, and it was odd to see the whole countenances of the court changed so in two hours. Lady Mountjoy carried me home to dinner, where I staid not long after, and came home early, and now am got into bed, for you must always write to your MD's in bed, that's a maxim.

Mr White and Mr Red
Write to MD when abed;
Mr Black and Mr Brown,
Write to MD when you are down;
Mr Oak and Mr Willow,
Write to MD on your pillow.

What is this? faith I smell fire; what can it be? this house has a thousand s—ks in it. I think to leave it on Thursday, and lodge over the way. Faith I must rise, and look at my chimney, for the smell grows stronger; stay—I have been up, and in my room, and found all safe, only a mouse within the fender to warm himself, which I could not catch. I smelt nothing there, but now in my bed-chamber I smell it again; I believe I have singed the woollen curtain, and that's all, though I cannot smoke it. Presto's plaguy silly to-night; an't he? Yes, and so he be. Ay, but if I should wake and see fire. Well; I'll venture; so good night, &c.

25. Pray, young women, if I write so much as this every day, how will this paper hold a fortnight's work, and answer one of yours into the bargain? You never think of this, but let me go on like a simpleton. I wish you a merry Christmas, and many, many a one with poor Presto at some pretty place. I was at church to-day by eight, and received the Sacrament, and came home by ten; then went to court at two. It was a collar-day, that is, when the knights of the Garter wear their collars; but the Queen staid so late at Sacrament, that I came back, and dined with my neighbour Ford, because all people dine at home on this day. This is likewise a collar-day all over England in every house, at least where there is brawn: that's very well.—I tell you a good pun; a fellow hard by pretends to cure agues, and has set out a sign, and spells it *egoes;* a gentleman and I observing it, he said, How does that fellow pretend to cure agues? I said, I did not know, but I was sure it was not by

a *spell.* That's admirable. And so you asked the Bishop about that pun of Lord Stawell's brother. Bite. Have I caught you, young women? Must you pretend to ask after roguish puns, and Latin ones too? O but you smoked me, and did not ask the Bishop. O but you are a fool, and you did. I met Vedeau again at court to-day, and I observed he had a sword on; I fancy he was broke, and has got a commission, but I never asked him. Vedeau I think his name is, yet Parvisol's man is Vedel, that is true. Bank stock will fall like stockfish by this bad news, and two days ago I could have got L12 by my bargain; but I don't intend to sell, and in time it will rise. 'Tis odd that my Lord Peterborow foretold this loss two months ago, one night at Mr Harley's, when I was there; he bid us count upon it, that Stanhope would lose Spain before Christmas, that he would venture his head upon it, and gave us reasons; and though Mr Harley argued the contrary, he still held to his opinion. I was telling my Lord Anglesea this at court this morning, and a gentleman by said, he had heard my Lord Peterborow affirm the same thing. I have heard wise folk say, An ill tongue may do much. And 'tis an odd saying,

Once I guessed right,
And I got credit by't;
Thrice I guessed wrong,
And I kept my credit on.

No, 'tis you are sorry, not I.

26. By the Lord Harry I shall be undone here with Christmas boxes. The rogues at the coffeehouse have raised their tax, every one giving a crown, and I gave mine for shame, besides a great many half-crowns to great men's porters, &c. I went to-day by water into the city, and dined with no less a man than the city printer. There is an intimacy between us, built upon reasons that you shall know when I see you: but the rain caught me within twelve-penny length of home. I called at Mr Harley's who was not within, dropped my half crown with his porter, drove to the coffeehouse, where the rain kept me till nine. I had letters to-day from the Archbishop of Dublin, and Mr Bernage; the latter sends me a melancholy account of Lady Shelburn's death, and his own disappointments, and would gladly be a captain; if I can help him I will.

27. Morning. I bespoke a lodging over the way for to-morrow, and the dog let it yesterday to another; I gave him no earnest, so it seems he could do it; Patrick would have had me give him earnest to bind him; but I would not. So I must go saunter to-day for a lodging somewhere else. Did you ever see so open a winter in England? We have not had two frosty days; but it pays it off in rain: we have not had three fair days these six weeks. O faith, I dreamed mightily of MD last night; but so confused I can't tell a word. I have made Ford acquainted with Lewis, and, to-day we dined together; in the evening I called at one or two neighbours, hoping to spend a Christmas evening; but none were at home, they were all gone to be merry with others. I have often observed this, that in merry times every body is abroad; where the deuce are they? So I went to the coffeehouse, and talked with Mr Addison an hour, who at last remembered to give me two letters, which I can't answer to-night, nor to-morrow neither, I can assure you, young women, count upon that. I have other things to do than to answer naughty girls, an old saying and true.

Letters from MDs
Must not be answered in ten days:

'Tis but bad rhyme, &c.

28. To-day I had a message from Sir Thomas Hanmer to dine with him: the famous Dr Smallridge [1] was of the company, and we sat till six, and I came home to my new lodgings in St. Alban Street,[2] where I pay the same rent (eight shillings a week) for an apartment two pair of stairs; but I have the use of the parlour to receive persons of quality, and I am got into my new bed, &c.

29. Sir Andrew Fountaine has been very ill this week; and sent to me early this morning to have prayers, which you know is the last thing. I found the doctors and all in despair about him. I read prayers to him, found he had settled all things; and when I came out the nurse asked me, whether I thought it possible he could live; for the doctors

[1] An Oxford High Church divine, who became a popular preacher, a well-known writer on theology, and a fervent disciple of Berkeley, the idealist. He was consecrated Bishop of Bristol in 1714.

[2] Near Pall Mall, now destroyed.

thought not. I said, I believed he would live, for I found the seeds of life in him, which I observe seldom fail; (and I found them in poor dearest Stella, when she was ill many years ago,) and to-night I was with him again, and he was mightily recovered, and I hope he will do well, and the doctor approved my reasons; but if he should die, I should come off scurvily. The Secretary of State (Mr. St John) sent to me to dine with him; Mr Harley and Lord Peterborow dined there too, and at night came Lord Rivers. Lord Peterborow goes to Vienna in a day or two; he has promised to make me write to him. Mr Harley went away at six, but we staid till seven. I took the Secretary aside, and complained to him of Mr Harley, that he had got the Queen to grant the First-Fruits, promised to bring me to her, and get her letter to the Bishops in Ireland; but the last part he had not done in six weeks, and I was in danger to lose reputation, &c. He took the matter right, desired me to be with him on Sunday morning, and promises me to finish the affair in four days; so I shall know in a little time what I have to trust to.—It is nine o'clock, and I must go study, you little rogues; and so good night, &c.

30. Morning. The weather grows cold, you sauce-boxes. Sir Andrew Fountaine, they bring me word, is better. I'll go rise, for my hands are starving while I write in bed.—Night. Now Sir Andrew Fountaine is recovering, he desires to be at ease; for I called in the morning to read prayers, but he had given orders not to be disturbed. I have lost a legacy by his living; for he told me he had left me a picture and some books, &c. I called to see my quondam neighbour Ford, (do you know what *quondam* is though?) and he engaged me to dine with him; for he always dines at home on opera days. I came home at six, writ to the Archbishop, then studied till past eleven, and stole to bed, to write to MD these few lines to let you know I am in good health at the present writing hereof, and hope in God MD is so too. I wonder I never write politics to you: I could make you the profoundest politician in all the lane.—Well, but when shall we answer this letter, N. 8, of MD's? Not till next year, faith. O Lord—bo—but that will be a Monday next. Cod's so, is it? and so it is: never saw the like.—I made a pun t'other day to Ben Portlack about a

pair of drawers. Poh, said he, that's mine a—— all over. Pray, pray, Dingley, let me go sleep; pray, pray, Stella, let me go slumber, and put out my wax candle.

31. Morning. It is now seven, and I have got a fire, but am writing abed in my bedchamber. 'Tis not shaving day, so I shall be ready early to go before church to Mr St John, and to-morrow I will answer our MD's letter.

> Would you answer MD's letter,
> On New-year's-day you'll do it better:
> For when the year with MD 'gins,
> It without MD never lins.

These proverbs have always old words in them; *lins* is leave off.

> But if on New-year you write nones,
> MD then will bang your bones.—

But Patrick says I must rise.—Night. I was early this morning with Secretary St John, and gave him a memorial to get the Queen's letter for the First-Fruits, who has promised to do it in a very few days. He told me he had been with the Duke of Marlborough, who was lamenting his former wrong steps in joining with the Whigs, and said he was worn out with age, fatigues, and misfortunes. I swear it pitied me; and I really think they will not do well in too much mortifying that man, although indeed it is his own fault. He is covetous as Hell, and ambitious as the prince of it: he would fain have been General for life, and has broken all endeavours for peace, to keep his greatness and get money. He told the queen he was neither covetous nor ambitious. She said, if she could have conveniently turned about, she would have laughed, and could hardly forbear it in his face. He fell in with all the abominable measures of the late ministry, because they gratified him for their own designs. Yet he has been a successful general, and I hope he will continue his command. O Lord, smoke the politics to MD. Well; but if you like them, I swill scatter a little now and then, and mine are all fresh from the chief hands. Well, I dined with Mr Harley, and came away at six: there was much company, and I was not merry at all. Mr Harley made me read a paper of verses of Prior's. I read them plain without any fine manner, and Prior swore I should

never read any of his again; but he would be revenged, and read some of mine as bad. I excused myself, and said, I was famous for reading verses the worst in the world, and that every body snatched them from me when I offered to begin. So we laughed.—Sir Andrew Fountaine still continues ill. He is plagued with some sort of bile.

January 1. Morning. I wish my dearest pretty Dingley and Stella a happy new-year, and health, and mirth, and good stomachs, and Fr's company. Faith, I did not know how to write Fr. I wondered what was the matter; but now I remember I always write Pdfr.[1] Patrick wishes me a happy new year, and desires I would rise, for it is a good fire, and faith 'tis cold. I was so politic last night with MD, never saw the like. Get the Examiners, and read them; the last nine or ten are full of the reasons for the late change, and of the abuses of the last ministry; and the great men assure me they are all true. They are written[2] by their encouragement and direction. I must rise and go see Sir Andrew Fountaine; but perhaps to-night I may answer MD's letter; so good morrow, my mistresses all, good morrow.

I wish you both a merry new year,
Roast beef, minced pies, and good strong beer,
And me a share of your good cheer.
That I was there, or you were here,
And you're a little saucy dear.

Good morrow again, dear sirrahs; one cannot rise for your play.—At night. I went this morning to visit Lady Kerry and Lord Shelburn, and they made me dine with them. Sir Andrew Fountaine is better. And now let us come and see what this saucy dear letter of MD says. Come out, letter, come out from between the sheets; here it is underneath, and it won't come out. Come out again, I say; so there. Here it is. What says Presto to me, pray? says it. Come, and let me answer for you to your ladies. Hold up your head then, like a good letter. There. Pray, how have you got up with Presto, Madam Stella? You write your eighth when you receive mine: now I write my twelfth when I receive your eighth. Don't you allow for what are upon the

[1] See Introduction, p. xvi.
[2] By Swift himself.

road, simpleton? what say you to that? and so you kept Presto's little birthday, I warrant: would to God I had been at the health, rather than here, where I have no manner of pleasure, nothing but eternal business upon my hands. I shall grow wise in time; but no more of that: only I say Amen with my heart and vitals, that we may never be asunder again ten days together while poor Presto lives. ——————————— I can't be merry so near any splenetic talk; so I made that long line, and now all's well again. Yes, your are a pretending slut, indeed, with your fourth and fifth in the margin, and your journal, and every thing. Wind—we saw no wind here, nothing at all extraordinary at any time. We had it once when you had it not. But an old saying and a true;

> I hate all wind, before and behind,
> From cheeks with eyes, or from blind.

Your chimney fall down! God preserve you. I suppose you only mean a brick or two: but that's a damned lie of your chimney being carried to the next house with the wind. Don't put such things upon us; those matters will not pass here; keep a little to possibilities. My Lord Hertford[1] would have been ashamed of such a stretch. You should take care of what company you converse with: when one gets that faculty, 'tis hard to break one's self of it. Jemmy Leigh talks of going over; but *quando?* I don't know when he'll go. O, now you have had my ninth, now you are come up with me; marry come up with you, indeed. I know all that business of Lady S. Will nobody cut that D——y's throat! Five hundred pounds do you call poor pay for living three months the life of a king? They say she died with grief, partly being forced to appear as witness in court about some squabble among their servants.—The Bishop of Clogher showed you a pamphlet.[2] Well, but you must not give your mind to believe those things; people will say any thing. The character is here reckoned admirable, but most of the facts are trifles. It was first printed privately here; and then some bold cur ventured to do it publicly, and sold

[1] Son of the Duke of Somerset.

[2] The "Character of Thomas, Earl of Wharton," written by Swift himself.

two thousand in two days: who the author is must remain uncertain. Do you pretend to know, impudence? how durst you think so? pox on your parliaments: the Archbishop has told me of it; but we do not vouchsafe to know any thing of it here. No, no, no more giddiness yet; thank you, Stella, for asking after it; thank you; God Almighty bless you for your kindness to poor Presto. You write to Lady Giffard and your mother upon what I advise, when it is too late. But yet I fancy this bad news will bring down stocks so low, that one might buy to great advantage. I design to venture going to see your mother some day when Lady Giffard is abroad. Well, keep your Rathburn and stuff. I thought he was to pay in your money upon his houses to be flung down about the what do you call it?—Well, Madam Dingley, I sent your enclosed to Bristol, but have not heard from Raymond since he went. Come, come, young women, I keep a good fire; it costs me twelvepence a-week, and I fear something more; vex me, and I'll have one in my bedchamber too. No, did not I tell you but just now, we have no high winds here? Have you forgot already? —Now you're at it again, silly Stella; why does your mother say, my candles are scandalous? they are good sixes in the pound, and she said I was extravagant enough to burn them by daylight. I never burn fewer at a time than one. What would people have? the D—— burst Hawkshaw. He told me he had not the box, and the next day Sterne [1] told me he had sent it a fortnight ago; Patrick could not find him t'other day, but he shall to-morrow: dear life and heart, do you teaze me? does Stella tease Presto? that palsy water was in the box: it was too big for a packet, and I was afraid of its breaking. Leigh was not in town then, or I would not have trusted it to Sterne, whom yet I have befriended enough to do me more kindness than that. I'll never rest till you have it, or till it is in a way for you to have it. Poor dear rogue, naughty to think it teazes me: how could I ever forgive myself for neglecting any thing that related to your health? sure I were a devil if I did.****** See how far I am forced to stand from Stella, because I am afraid she thinks poor Presto has not been careful about

[1] Clerk to the Irish House of Lords (see p. 33).

her little things; I am sure I bought them immediately according to order, and packed them up with my own hands, and sent them to Sterne, and was six times with him about sending them away. I am glad you are pleased with your glasses. I have got another velvet cap, a new one Lord Herbert bought and presented me one morning I was at breakfast with him, where he was as merry and easy as ever I saw him, yet had received a challenge half an hour before, and half an hour after fought a duel. It was about ten days ago. You are mistaken in your guesses about Tatlers: I did neither write that on Noses,[1] nor Religion,[2] nor do I send him of late any hints at all.—Indeed, Stella, when I read your letter, I was not uneasy at all; but when I came to answer the particulars, and found that you had not received your box, it grated me to the heart, because I thought through your little words, that you imagined I had not taken the care I ought. But there has been some blunder in this matter, which I will know to-morrow, and write to Sterne, for fear he should not be within.—And pray, pray, Presto, pray now do.—No, Raymond was not above four times with me while he staid, and then only while I was dressing. Mrs Fenton has written me another letter about some money of hers in Lady Giffard's hands, that is intrusted to me by my mother, not to come to her husband. I send my letters constantly every fortnight, and if you will have them oftener you may, but then they will be the shorter. Pray, let Parvisol sell the horse. I think I spoke to you of it in a former letter: I am glad you are rid of him, and was in pain while I thought you rode him: but if he would buy you another, or any body else, and that you could be often able to ride, why don't you do it?

2. I went this morning early to the Secretary of State, Mr St John, and he told me from Mr Harley, that the warrant was now drawn, in order for a patent for the First-Fruits: it must pass through several offices, and take up some time, because in things the Queen gives, they are always considerate; but that he assures me 'tis granted and done, and past all dispute, and desires I will not be in any pain at all. I will write again to the Archbishop to-morrow, and tell him

[1] "Tatler," No. 260. It was written by Steele and Addison.
[2] "Tatler," No. 257. Written by Steele and Addison.

this, and I desire you will say it on occasion. From the secretary I went to Mr Sterne, who said he would write to you to-night, and that the box must be at Chester, and that some friend of his goes very soon, and will carry it over. I dined with Mr Secretary St John, and at six went to Darteneuf's house to drink punch with him, and Mr Addison, and little Harrison, a young poet, whose fortune I am making. Steele was to have been there, but came not, nor never did twice, since I knew him, to any appointment. I staid till past eleven, and am now in bed. Steele's last Tatler came out to-day. You will see it before this comes to you, and how he takes leave of the world. He never told so much as Mr Addison of it, who was surprised as much as I; but to say the truth, it was time, for he grew cruel dull and dry. To my knowledge he had several good hints to go upon; but he was so lazy and weary of the work, that he would not improve them. I think I'll send this after[1] to-morrow: shall I before 'tis full, Dingley?

3. Lord Peterborow yesterday called me into a barber's shop, and there we talked deep politics: he desired me to dine with him to-day at the Globe in the Strand; he said he would show me so clearly how to get Spain, that I could not possibly doubt it. I went to-day accordingly, and saw him among half a dozen lawyers and attornies and hang dogs, signing of deeds and stuff before his journey; for he goes to-morrow to Vienna. I sat among that scurvy company till after four, but heard nothing of Spain; only I find by what he told me before, that he fears he shall do no good in his present journey. We are to be mighty constant correspondents. So I took my leave of him, and called at Sir Andrew Fountaine's, who mends much. I came home, an't please you, at six, and have been studying till now past eleven.

4. Morning. Morrow, little dears. O, faith, I have been dreaming; I was to be put in prison, I don't know why, and I was so afraid of a black dungeon: and then all I had been inquiring yesterday of Sir Andrew Fountaine's sickness I thought was of poor Stella. The worst of dreams is, that one wakes just in the humour they leave one. Shall I send this to-day? with all my heart: it is two days within the

[1] "After is underlined." (Note to original edition.)

fortnight; but may be MD are in haste to have a round dozen, and then how are you come up to me with your eighth, young women? But you indeed ought to write twice slower than I, because there are two of you; I own that.—Well then, I will seal up this letter by my morning candle, and carry it into the city with me, where I go to dine, and put it in the post-office with my own fair hands. So let me see whether I have any news to tell MD. They say, they will very soon make some inquiries into the corruptions of the late ministry: and they must do it, to justify their turning them out. Atterbury, we think, is to be Dean of Christchurch in Oxford; but the college would rather have Smallridge.—What's all this to you? what care you for Atterburys and Smallridges? No, you care for nothing but Presto, faith. So I'll rise and bid you farewell; yet I am loth to do so, because there is a great bit of paper yet to talk upon; but Dingley will have it so; yes, says she, make your journals shorter, and send them oftener; and so I will. And I have cheated you another way too; for this is clipped paper, and holds at least six lines less than the former ones. I'll tell you a good thing I said to my Lord Carteret. So, says he, my Lord —— came up to me, and asked me, &c. No, said I, my Lord —— never did, nor ever can *come up* to you. We all pun here sometimes. Lord Carteret set down Prior t'other day in his chariot, and Prior thanked him for his charity; that was fit for Dilly.[1] I don't remember I heard one good one from the ministry, which is really a shame. Henley is gone to the country for Christmas. The puppy comes here without his wife, and keeps no house, and would have me dine with him at eating-houses; but I have only done it once, and will do it no more. He had not seen me for some time in the coffeehouse, and, asking after me, desired Lord Herbert to tell me, I was a beast for ever after the order of Melchisedec. Did you ever read the Scripture? it is only changing the word priest to beast.—I think I am bewitched to write so much in a morning to you, little MD. Let me go, will you? and I'll come again to-night in a fine clean sheet of paper; but I can nor will stay no longer now; no, I won't, for all

[1] Dillon Ashe, brother of the Bishop of Clogher, vicar of Finglas, afterwards the poet Parnell's parish.

your wheedling: no, no, look off, don't smile at me, and say, pray, pray, Presto, write a little more. Ah! you're a wheedling slut, you be so. Nay, but pray thee turn about, and let me go, do: 'Tis a good girl, and do. O faith, my morning candle is just out, and I must go now in spite of my teeth; for my bed-chamber is dark with curtains, and I'm at the wrong side. So farewell, &c. &c.

I am in the dark almost: I must have another candle, when I am up, to seal this; but I'll fold it up in the dark, and make what you can of this, for I can only see this paper I am writing upon. Service to Mrs Walls and Mrs Stoyte.

God Almighty bless you, &c. What I am doing I can't see; but I'll fold it up, and not look on it again.

LETTER XIII.

London, Jan. 4, 1710-11.

I was going into the city (where I dined) and put my 12th, with my own fair hands, into the post-office as I came back, which was not till nine this night. I dined with people that you never heard of, nor is it worth your while to know; an authoress[1] and a printer. I walked home for exercise, and at eleven got to bed; and all the while I was undressing myself, there was I speaking monkey things in air, just as if MD had been by, and did not recollect myself till I got into bed. I writ last night to the Archbishop, and told him the warrant was drawn for the First Fruits, and I told him Lord Peterborow was set out for his journey to Vienna: but it seems the lords have addressed to have him stay to be examined about Spanish affairs, upon this defeat there, and to know where the fault lay, &c. So I writ to the Archbishop a lie; but I think it was not a sin.

5. Mr Secretary St John sent for me this morning so early, that I was forced to go without shaving, which put me quite out of method: I called at Mr Ford's, and desired him to lend me a shaving, and so made a shift to get into order again. Lord! here's an impertinence: Sir Andrew Fountaine's mother and sister are come above a hundred

[1] Probably Mrs. De La Rivière Manley.

miles from Worcester to see him before he died. They got here but yesterday, and he must have been past hopes, or past fears, before they could reach him. I fell a scolding when I heard they were coming; and the people about him wondered at me, and said what a mighty content it would be on both sides to die when they were with him. I knew the mother; she is the greatest Overdo upon earth, and the sister, they say, is worse; the poor man will relapse again among them. Here was the scoundrel brother always crying in the outer room till Sir Andrew was in danger, and the dog was to have all his estate if he died; and 'tis an ignorant, worthless, scoundrel rake: and the nurses were comforting him, and desiring he would not take on so. I dined to-day the first time with Ophy Butler and his wife; and you supped with the Dean, and lost two-and-twenty pence at cards. And so Mrs Walls is brought to bed of a girl, who died two days after it was christened; and betwixt you and me, she is not very sorry: she loves her ease and diversions too well to be troubled with children. I will go to bed.

6. Morning. I went last night to put some coals on my fire, after Patrick was gone to bed; and there I saw in a closet a poor linnet he has bought to bring over to Dingley: it cost him sixpence, and is as tame as a dormouse. I believe he does not know he is a bird: where you put him, there he stands, and seems to have neither hope nor fear; I suppose in a week he will die of the spleen. Patrick advised with me before he bought him. I laid fairly before him the greatness of the sum, and the rashness of the attempt; showed how impossible it was to carry him safe over the salt sea: but he would not take my counsel, and he'll repent it. 'Tis very cold this morning in bed, and I hear there is a good fire in the room without, what do you call it, the dining-room. I hope it will be good weather, and so let me rise, sirrahs, do so.—At night. I was this morning to visit the Dean, or Mr. Prolocutor, I think you call him, don't you? Why should not I go to the Dean's as well as you? A little black man of pretty near fifty? Ay, the same. A good pleasant man? Ay, the same. Cunning enough? Yes. One that understands his own interest? As well as any body. How comes it MD and I don't meet there sometimes? A very good face,

and abundance of wit; do you know his lady? O Lord![1] whom do you mean? I mean Dr Atterbury, Dean of Carlisle, and prolocutor. Pshaw, Presto, you are a fool; I thought you had meant our Dean of St Patrick's.—Silly, silly, silly, you are silly, both are silly, every kind of thing is silly. As I walked into the city, I was stopped with clusters of boys and wenches, buzzing about the cakeshops like flies. There had the fools let out their shops two yards forward into the streets, all spread with great cakes frothed with sugar, and stuck with streamers of tinsel. And then I went to Bateman's, the bookseller, and laid out eight-and-forty shillings for books. I bought three little volumes of Lucian, in French, for our Stella, and so, and so. Then I went to Garraway's, to meet Stratford, and dine with him; but it was an idle day with the merchants, and he was gone to our end of the town: so I dined with Thomas Frankland, at the post-office, and we drank your Manley's health. It was in a newspaper that he was turned out, but Secretary St John told me it was false; only that newswriter is a plaguy Tory. I have not seen one bit of Christmas merriment.

7. Morning. Your new Lord-Chancellor[2] sets out to-morrow for Ireland: I never saw him. He carries over one Trapp, a parson, as his chaplain, a sort of pretender to wit, a second-rate pamphleteer for the cause, whom they pay by sending him to Ireland. I never saw Trapp neither. I met Tighe, and your Smyth, of Lovet's, yesterday by the Exchange. Tighe and I took no notice of each other: but I stopped Smyth, and told him of the box that lies for you at Chester, because he says he goes very soon to Ireland, I think this week: and I will send this morning to Sterne, to take measures with Smyth; so good morrow, sirrahs, and let me rise, pray. I took up this paper when I came in at evening, I mean this minute, and then, said I, No, no, indeed, MD, you must stay, and then was laying it aside, but could not for my heart, though I am very busy, till I just ask you how you do since morning; by and by we shall

[1] "Dr. Sterne, Dean of St. Patrick's, was not a married man, which seems to have been the cause of this surprise in MD." (Note in original edition.)

[2] Sir Constantine Phipps.

talk more, so let me leave you softly down, little paper, till then; so there—now to business; there, I say, get you gone: no, I won't push you neither, but hand you on one side—So—Now I am got into bed, I'll talk with you. Mr Secretary St John sent for me this morning in all haste; but I would not lose my shaving for fear of missing church. I went to court, which is of late always very full, and young Manley and I dined at Sir Matthew Dudley's. I must talk politics. I protest I am afraid we shall all be embroiled with parties. The Whigs, now they are fallen, are the most malicious toads in the world. We have had now a second misfortune, the loss of several Virginia ships. I fear people will begin to think that nothing thrives under this ministry: and if the ministry can once be rendered odious to the people, the Parliament may be chosen Whig or Tory, as the Queen pleases. Then I think our friends press a little too hard on the Duke of Marlborough. The country members are violent to have past faults inquired into, and they have reason; but I do not observe the ministry to be very fond of it. In my opinion, we have nothing to save us but a peace, and I am sure we cannot have such a one as we hoped, and then the Whigs will bawl what they would have done had they continued in power. I tell the ministry this as much as I dare, and shall venture to say a little more to them, especially about the Duke of Marlborough, who, as the Whigs give out, will lay down his command; and I question whether ever any wise state laid aside a general who had been successful nine years together, whom the enemy so much dread, and his own soldiers cannot but believe must always conquer; and you know that in war opinion is nine parts in ten. The ministry hear me always with appearance of regard, and much kindness; but I doubt they let personal quarrels mingle too much with their proceedings. Meantime, they seem to value all this as nothing, and are as easy and merry as if they had nothing in their hearts, or upon their shoulders; like physicians, who endeavour to cure, but feel no grief, whatever the patient suffers. Pshaw, what's all this? Do you know one thing, that I find I can write politics to you much easier than to any body alive? But I swear my head is full, and I wish I were at Laracor, with dear charming MD, &c.

8. Morning. Methinks, young women, I have made a great progress in four days, at the bottom of this side already, and no letter yet come from MD. (That word interlined is morning.) I find I have been writing state affairs to MD. How do they relish it? Why, any thing that comes from Presto is welcome; though really, to confess the truth, if they had their choice, not to disguise the matter, they had rather, &c. Now, Presto, I must tell you, you grow silly, says Stella. That's but one body's opinion, madam. I promised to be with Mr Secretary St John this morning; but I am lazy, and won't go, because I had a letter from him yesterday, to desire I would dine there to day. I shall be chid, but what care I? Here has been Mrs South with me, just come from Sir Andrew Fountaine, and going to market. He is still in a fever, and may live or die. His mother and sister are now come up, and in the house, so there's a lurry. I gave Mrs South half a pistole, for a new-year's gift. So good morrow, dears both, till anon.—At night. Lord, I have been with Mr Secretary from dinner till eight; and, though I drank wine and water, I am so hot! Lady Stanley came to visit Mrs St John, and sent up for me, to make up a quarrel with Mrs St John, whom I never yet saw; and do you think that devil of a Secretary would let me go, but kept me by main force, though I told him I was in love with his lady, and it was a shame to keep back a lover, &c. But all would not do. So at last I was forced to break away, but never went up, it was then too late; and here I am, and have a great deal to do to-night, though it be nine o'clock; but one must say something to these naughty MDs, else there will be no quiet.

9. To-day Ford and I set apart to go into the city to buy books; but we only had a scurvy dinner at an alehouse, and he made me go to the tavern, and drink Florence, four and sixpence a flask; damned wine! so I spent my money, which I seldom do, and past an insipid day, and saw nobody, and it is now ten o'clock, and I have nothing to say, but that 'tis a fortnight to-morrow since I had a letter from MD, but if I have it time enough to answer here, 'tis well enough, otherwise woe betide you, faith; I'll go to the toyman's here just in Pall-Mall, and he sells great hugeous

batoons; yes, faith, and so he does. Does not he, Dingley? Yes, faith. Don't lose your money this Christmas.

10. I must go this morning to Mr Secretary St John. I promised yesterday, but failed, so can't write any more till night, to poor dear MD.—At night. O, faith, Dingley, I had company in the morning, and could not go where I designed; and I had a basket from Raymond at Bristol, with six bottles of wine, and a pound of chocolate, and some tobacco to snuff; and he writ under, the carriage was paid; but he lied, or I am cheated, or there is a mistake; and he has written to me so confusedly about things, that Lucifer could not understand him. This wine is to be drank with Harley's brother and Sir Robert Raymond, solicitor-general, in order to recommend the doctor to your new lord chancellor, who left this place on Monday, and Raymond says he is hasting to Chester to go with him. I suppose he leaves his wife behind; for, when he left London, he had no thoughts of stirring till summer. So I suppose he will be with you before this. Ford came and desired I would dine with him, because it was opera day, which I did, and sent excuses to Lord Shelburn, who had invited me.

11. I am setting up a new Tatler,[1] little Harrison, whom I have mentioned to you. Others have put him on it, and I encourage him; and he was with me this morning and evening, showing me his first, which comes out on Saturday. I doubt he will not succeed, for I do not much approve his manner; but the scheme is Mr Secretary St John's and mine, and would have done well enough in good hands. I recommended him to a printer, whom I sent for, and settled the matter between them this evening. Harrison has just left me, and I am tired with correcting his trash.

12. I was this morning upon some business with Mr Secretary St John, and he made me promise to dine with him, which otherwise I would have done with Mr Harley, whom I have not been with these ten days. I cannot but think they have mighty difficulties upon them; yet I always find them as easy and disengaged as schoolboys on a holiday. Harley has the procuring of five or six millions on

[1] Steele's "Tatler" came to an end on Jan. 2nd, 1711 (No. 271). The new venture was not a great success.

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his shoulders, and the Whigs will not lend a groat; which is the only reason of the fall of stocks: for they are like Quakers and fanatics, that will only deal among themselves, while all others deal indifferently with them. Lady Marlborough offers, if they will let her keep her employments, never to come into the queen's presence. The Whigs say the Duke of Marlborough will serve no more; but I hope and think otherwise. I would to Heaven I were this minute with MD at Dublin; for I am weary of politics that give me such melancholy prospects.

13. O faith, I had an ugly giddy fit last night in my chamber, and I have got a new box of pills to take, and hope I shall have no more this good while. I would not tell you before, because it would vex you, little rogues; but now it is over. I dined to-day with Lord Shelburn, and to-day little Harrison's new Tatler came out; there is not much in it, but I hope he will mend. You must understand, that, upon Steele's leaving off, there were two or three scrub Tatlers came out, and one of them holds on still, and to-day it advertized against Harrison's; and so there must be disputes which are genuine, like the straps for razors.[1] I am afraid the little toad has not the true vein for it. I'll tell you a copy of verses. When Mr St John was turned out from being secretary at war, three years ago, he retired to the country: there he was talking of something he would have written over his summer-house, and a gentleman gave him these verses:

> From business and the noisy world retired,
> Nor vex'd by love, nor by ambition fired;
> Gently I wait the call of Charon's boat,
> Still drinking like a fish, and —— like a stoat.

He swore to me he could hardly bear the jest; for he pretended to retire like a philosopher, though he was but twenty-eight years old: and I believe the thing was true; for he had been a thorough rake. I think the three grave lines do introduce the last well enough. Od so; but I'll go sleep; I sleep early now.

14. O faith, young women, I want a letter from MD; 'tis

[1] "The inventors of straps for razors have written against one another this way for several years" ("Tatler," No. 224).

now nineteen days since I had the last; and where have I room to answer it, pray? I hope I shall send this away without any answer at all; for I'll hasten it, and away it goes on Tuesday, by which time this side will be full. I'll send it two days sooner on purpose out of spite, and the very next day after, you must know, your letter will come, and then 'tis too late, and I'll so laugh, never saw the like! 'Tis spring with us already, I ate asparagus t'other day. Did you ever see such a frostless winter? Sir Andrew Fountaine lies still extremely ill; it costs him ten guineas a-day to doctors, surgeons, and apothecaries, and has done so these three weeks. I dined to-day with Mr Ford; he sometimes chooses to dine at home, and I am content to dine with him; and at night I called at the coffeehouse, where I had not been in a week, and talked coldly a while with Mr. Addison; all our friendship and dearness are off: we are civil acquaintance, talk words of course, of when we shall meet, and that's all. I have not been at any house with him these six weeks: t'other day we were to have dined together at the Comptroller's;[1] but I sent my excuses, being engaged to the Secretary of State. Is not it odd? But I think he has used me ill, and I have used him too well, at least his friend Steele.

15. It has cost me three guineas to-day for a periwig. I am undone! It was made by a Leicester lad, who married Mr Worrall's daughter, where my mother lodged; so I thought it would be cheap, and especially since he lives in the city. Well, London lickpenny:[2] I find it true. I have given Harrison hints for another Tatler to-morrow. The jackanapes wants a right taste; I doubt he won't do. I dined with my friend Lewis of the secretary's office, and am got home early, because I have much business to do; but before I begin I must needs say something to MD, faith—No, faith, I lie, it is but nineteen days to-day since my last from MD. I have got Mr Harley to promise that whatever changes are made in the council, the Bishop of Clogher shall not be removed, and he has got a memorial accordingly. I will let the Bishop know so much in a post or two. This is

[1] Sir John Holland's.

[2] *I.e.* lack-penny. A popular saying, as well as the name of a poem ascribed to Lydgate.

a secret; but I know he has enemies, and they shall not be gratified, if they designed any such thing, which perhaps they might; for some changes there will be made. So drink up your claret, and be quiet, and don't lose your money.

16. Morning. Faith I will send this letter to-day to shame you, if I han't one from MD before night, that's certain. Won't you grumble for want of the third side, pray now? Yes, I warrant you; yes, yes, you shall have the third, you shall so, when you can catch it, some other time; when you be writing, girls.—O faith, I think I won't stay till night, but seal up this just now, and carry it in my pocket, and whip it into the post-office as I come home at evening. I am going out early this morning.—Patrick's bills for coals and candles, &c., come sometimes to three shillings a-week; I keep very good fires, though the weather be warm. Ireland will never be happy till you get small coal likewise; nothing so easy, so convenient, so cheap, so pretty for lighting a fire. My service to Mrs Stoyte and Walls, has she a boy or a girl? A girl, hmm; and died in a week, hmmm, and was poor Stella forced to stand for godmother?—Let me know how accounts stand, that you may have your money betimes. There's four months for my lodging, that must be thought on too: and so go dine with Manley, and lose your money, do extravagant sluttikin, but don't fret.—It will be just three weeks when I have the next letter, that's to-morrow. Farewell, dearest beloved MD, and love poor, poor Presto, who has not had one happy day since he left you, as hope saved.—It is the last sally I will ever make, but I hope it will turn to some account. I have done more for these,[1] and I think they are more honest than the last; however, I will not be disappointed. I would make MD and me easy; and I never desired more. Farewell, &c. &c.

LETTER XIV.

London, January 16, 1710-11,

O faith, young women, I have sent my letter N. 13, without one crumb of an answer to any of MD's; there's for you now; and yet Presto ben't angry faith, not a bit, only

[1] The present ministers.

he will begin to be in pain next Irish post, except he sees MD's little handwriting in the glass frame at the bar of St James's Coffeehouse, where Presto would never go but for that purpose. Presto's at home, God help him, every night from six till bed time, and has as little enjoyment or pleasure in life at present as any body in the world, although in full favour with all the ministry. As hope saved, nothing gives Presto any sort of dream of happiness, but a letter now and then from his own dearest MD. I love the expectation of it, and when it does not come, I comfort myself, that I have it yet to be happy with. Yes, faith, and when I write to MD, I am happy too; it is just as if methinks you were here, and I prating to you, and telling you where I have been: Well, says you, Presto, come, where have you been to-day? come, let 's hear now. And so then I answer; Ford and I were visiting Mr Lewis, and Mr Prior, and Prior has given me a fine Plautus, and then Ford would have had me dine at his lodgings, and so I would not; and so I dined with him at an eating-house; which I have not done five times since I came here; and so I came home, after visiting Sir Andrew Fountaine's mother and sister, and Sir Andrew Fountaine is mending, though slowly.

17. I was making, this morning, some general visits, and at twelve I called at the coffeehouse for a letter from MD; so the man said he had given it to Patrick; then I went to the Court of Requests and Treasury to find Mr Harley, and after some time spent in mutual reproaches, I promised to dine with him; I staid there till seven, then called at Sterne's and Leigh's to talk about your box, and to have it sent by Smyth. Sterne says he has been making inquiries, and will set things right as soon as possible. I suppose it lies at Chester, at least I hope so, and only wants a lift over to you. Here has little Harrison been to complain, that the printer I recommended to him for his Tatler is a coxcomb; and yet to see how things will happen; for this very printer is my cousin, his name is Dryden Leach; did you never hear of Dryden Leach, he that prints the Postman? He acted Oroonoko, he's in love with Miss Cross.—Well, so I came home to read my letter from Stella, but the dog Patrick was abroad; at last he came, and I got my letter; I found another hand had superscribed it; when I opened it, I

found it written all in French, and subscribed Bernage: faith, I was ready to fling it at Patrick's head. Bernage tells me, had been to desire your recommendation to me to make him a captain; and your cautious answer, "That he had as much power with me as you," was a notable one; if you were here, I would present you to the ministry as a person of ability. Bernage should let me know where to write to him; this is the second letter I have had without any direction; however, I beg I may not have a third, but that you will ask him, and send me how I shall direct to him. In the mean time, tell him, that if regiments are to be raised here, as he says, I will speak to George Granville, Secretary at War, to make him a captain; and use what other interest I conveniently can. I think that is enough, and so tell him, and don't trouble me with his letters when I expect them from MD; do you hear, young women, write to Presto.

18. I was this morning with Mr Secretary St John, and we were to dine at Mr Harley's alone, about some business of importance, but there were two or three gentlemen there. Mr Secretary and I went together from his office to Mr Harley's, and thought to have been very wise; but the deuce a bit: the company staid, and more came, and Harley went away at seven, and the Secretary and I staid with the rest of the company till eleven; I would then have had him come away, but he was in for't; and though he swore he would come away at that flask, there I left him. I wonder at the civility of these people; when he saw I would drink no more, he would always pass the bottle by me, and yet I could not keep the toad from drinking himself, nor he would not let me go neither, nor Masham, who was with us. When I got home I found a parcel directed to me, and opening it, I found a pamphlet written entirely against myself, not by name, but against something I writ: it is pretty civil, and affects to be so, and I think I will take no notice of it; 'tis against something written very lately; and indeed I know not what to say, nor do I care; and so you are a saucy rogue for losing your money to-day at Stoyte's; to let that bungler beat you, fy Stella, an't you ashamed? well, I forgive you this once, never do so again; no, noooo. Kiss and be friends, sirrah.—Come, let me go

sleep; I go earlier to bed than formerly; and have not been out so late these two months; but the secretary was in a drinking humour. So good night, myownlittledearsaucy-insolentrogues.

19. Then you read that long word in the last line,[1] no faith han't you. Well, when will this letter come from our MD? to-morrow or next day without fail; yes faith, and so it is coming. This was an insipid snowy day, no walking day, and I dined gravely with Mrs Vanhomrigh, and came home, and am now got to bed a little after ten; I remember old Culpepper's maxim:

> Would you have a settled head,
> You must early go to bed:
> I tell you, and I tell't again,
> You must be in bed at ten.

20. And so I went to-day with my new wig, o hoao, to visit Lady Worsley, whom I had not seen before, although she was near a month in town. Then I walked in the Park to find Mr Ford, whom I had promised to meet, and coming down the Mall, who should come towards me but Patrick, and gives me five letters out of his pocket. I read the superscription of the first, Pshoh, said I; of the second, pshoh again; of the third, pshah, pshah, pshah; of the fourth, a gad, a gad, a gad, I'm in a rage; of the fifth and last, O hooоa; ay marry this is something, this is our MD, so truly we opened it, I think immediately, and it began the most impudently in the world, thus; Dear Presto, we are even thus far. Now we are even, quoth Stephen, when he gave his wife six blows for one. I received your ninth four days after I had sent my thirteenth. But I'll reckon with you anon about that, young women. Why did you not recant at the end of your letter when you got my eleventh? tell me that huzzies base, were we even then, were we, sirrah? but I won't answer your letter now, I'll keep it for another time. We had a great deal of snow to-day, and 'tis terrible cold. I dined with Ford, because it was his opera day and snowed, so I did not care to stir farther. I'll send to-morrow to Smyth.

[1] "In that word there were some puzzling characters." (Note in original edition.)

21. Morning. It has snowed terribly all night, and is vengeance cold. I am not yet up, but cannot write long; my hands will freeze. Is there a good fire, Patrick? Yes, sir, then I'll rise; come take away the candle. You must know I write on the dark side of my bed-chamber, and am forced to have a candle till I rise, for the bed stands between me and the window, and I keep the curtains shut this cold weather. So pray let me rise, and, Patrick, here take away the candle.—At night. We are now here in high frost and snow, the largest fire can hardly keep us warm. It is very ugly walking; a baker's boy broke his thigh yesterday. I walk slow, make short steps, and never tread on my heel. 'Tis a good proverb the Devonshire people have:

Walk fast in snow,
In frost walk slow,
And still as you go,
Tread on your toe:
When frost and snow are both together,
Sit by the fire and spare shoe leather.

I dined to-day with Dr Cockburn, but will not do so again in haste, he has generally such a parcel of Scots with him.

22. Morning. Starving, starving, uth, uth, uth, uth, uth. —Don't you remember I used to come into your chamber, and turn Stella out of her chair, and rake up the fire in a cold morning, and cry uth, uth, uth? &c. O faith I must rise, my hand is so cold I can write no more. So good morrow, sirrahs.—At night. I went this morning to Lady Giffard's house, and saw your mother, and made her give me a pint bottle of palsy water, which I brought home in my pocket; and sealed and tied up in a paper, and sent it to Mr Smyth, who goes to-morrow for Ireland, and sent a letter to him to desire his care of it, and that he would inquire at Chester about the box. He was not within, so the bottle and letter were left for him at his lodgings, with strict orders to give them to him; and I will send Patrick in a day or two, to know whether it was given, &c. Dr. Stratford and I dined to-day with Mr Stratford in the city, by appointment: but I chose to walk there for exercise in the frost. But the weather had given a little, as you women call it, so it was something slobbery. I did not get home till nine, and now I am in bed to break your head.

23. Morning. They tell me it freezes again, but it is not so cold as yesterday: so now I will answer a bit of your letter.—At night. O faith I was just going to answer some of our MD's letter this morning, when a printer came in about some business, and staid an hour; so I rose, and then came in Ben Tooke, and then I shaved and scribbled, and it was such a terrible day I could not stir out till one, and then I called at Mrs Barton's, and we went to Lady Worsley's, where we were to dine by appointment. The Earl of Berkeley [1] is going to be married to Lady Louisa Lennox, the Duke of Richmond's daughter. I writ this night to Dean Sterne, and bid him tell you all about the bottle of palsy water by Smyth, and to-morrow morning I will say something to your letter.

24. Morning. Come now to your letter. As for your being even with me, I have spoken to that already. So now, my dearly beloved, let us proceed to the next. You are always grumbling that you han't letters fast enough, *surely we shall have your tenth*:[2] and yet before you end your letter, you own you have my eleventh.—And why did not MD go into the country with the Bishop of Clogher? faith such a journey would have done you good; Stella should have rid, and Dingley gone in the coach. The Bishop of Kilmore I know nothing of; he is old and may die: he lives in some obscure corner, for I never hear of him. As for my old friends, if you mean the Whigs, I never see them, as you may find by my journals, except Lord Halifax, and him very seldom; Lord Somers never since the first visit, for he has been a false deceitful rascal. My new friends are very kind, and I have promises enough, but I do not count upon them, and besides my pretences are very young to them. However, we will see what may be done, and if nothing at all, I shall not be disappointed; although perhaps poor MD may, and then I shall be sorrier for their sakes than my own.—Talk of a merry Christmas, (why did you write it so then, young women? sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander,) I have wished you all that two or three letters ago. Good lack; and your news, that

[1] The third earl, son of the former Lord Lieutenant. He fought successfully at sea under Rooke and Shovel.

[2] "These are the words of MD." (Note in original edition.)

Mr St John is going to Holland; he has no such thoughts to quit the great station he is in, nor if he had, could I be spared to go with him. So faith, politic Madam Stella, you come with your two eggs a penny, &c. Well, Madam Dingley, and so Mrs Stoyte invites you, and so you stay at Donnybrook, and so you could not write. You are plaguy exact in your journals from December 25th to January 4th. Well, Smyth and the palsy water I have handled already, and he does not lodge (or rather did not, for poor man now he is gone) at Mr Jesse's and all that stuff; but we found his lodging, and I went to Stella's mother on my own head, for I never remembered it was in the letter to desire another bottle; but I was so fretted, so tosticated, and so impatient, that Stella should have her water, (I mean decently, don't be rogues,) and so vexed with Sterne's carelessness. Pray God Stella's illnesses may not return. If they come seldom, they begin to be weary; I judge by myself; for when I seldom visit, I grow weary of my acquaintance.—Leave a good deal of my tenth unanswered—Impudent slut, when did you ever answer my tenth, or ninth, or any other number? or who desires you to answer, provided you write? I defy the D— to answer my letters; sometimes there may be one or two things I should be glad you would answer, but I forget them, and you never think of them. I shall never love answering letters again, if you talk of answering. Answering, quotha; pretty answerers truly. As for the pamphlet you speak of, and call it scandalous, and that one Mr Presto is said to write it, hear my answer. Fy, child, you must not mind what every idle body tells you. I believe you lie, and that the dogs were not crying it when you said so; come, tell truth. I am sorry you go to St Mary's[1] so soon, you'll be as poor as rats; that place will drain you with a vengeance: besides, I would have you think of being in the country in summer. Indeed, Stella, pippins produced plentifully; Parvisol could not send from Laracor: there were about half a score, I would be glad to know whether they were good for any thing. Mrs Walls at Donnybrook with you; why is she not brought to bed? Well, well, well, Dingley, pray be satisfied! you talk as if

[1] Their lodgings near St. Mary's Church, Dublin.

you were angry about the Bishop's not offering you conveniences for the journey; and so he should. What sort of Christmas? why I have had no Christmas at all; and has it really been Christmas of late? I never once thought of it. My service to Mrs Stoyte, and Catherine, and let Catherine get the coffee ready against I come, and not have so much care on her countenance; for all will go well. Mr Bernage, Mr. Bernage, Mr. Fiddlenage, I have had three letters from him now successively; he sends no directions, and how the d— shall I write to him? I would have burnt his last, if I had not seen Stella's hand at the bottom: his request is all nonsense. How can I assist him in buying? and if he be ordered to go to Spain, go he must, or else sell; and I believe one can hardly sell at such a juncture. If he had staid, and new regiments raised, I would have used my endeavour to have had him removed; although I have no credit that way, or very little: but if the regiment goes, he ought to go too; he has had great indulgence, and opportunities of saving; and I have urged him to it a hundred times. What can I do? whenever it lies in my power to do him a good office, I will do it. Pray draw up this into a handsome speech, and represent it to him from me, and that I would write, if I knew where to direct to him; and so I have told you, and desired you would tell him, fifty times. Yes, Madam Stella, I think I can read your long concluding word, but you can't read mine after bidding you good night. And yet, methinks, I mend extremely in my writing; but when Stella's eyes are well, I hope to write as bad as ever. So now I have answered your letter, and mine is an answer; for I lay your's before me, and I look and write, and write and look, and look and write again.—So good morrow, madams both, and I will go rise, for I must rise; for I take pills at night, and so I must rise early, I don't know why.——

25. Morning. I did not tell you how I past my time yesterday, nor bid you good night, and there was good reason. I went in the morning to Secretary St John about some business; he had got a great Whig with him; a creature of the Duke of Marlborough, who is a go-between to make peace between the Duke and the ministry; so he came out of his closet; and after a few words, desired I would dine

with him at three, but Mr Lewis staid till six before he came; and there we sat talking, and the time slipped so, that at last, when I was positive to go, it was past two o'clock; so I came home and went straight to bed. He would never let me look at his watch, and I could not imagine it above twelve when we went away. So I bid you good night for last night, and now I bid you good morrow, and I am still in bed, though it be near ten, but I must rise.——

26, 27, 28, 29, 30. I have been so lazy and negligent these last four days, that I could not write to MD. My head is not in order, and yet it is not absolutely ill, but giddyish, and makes me listless; I walk every day, and take drops of Dr Cockburn, and I have just done a box of pills, and to-day Lady Kerry sent me some of her bitter drink, which I design to take twice a-day, and hope I shall grow better. I wish I were with MD; I long for spring and good weather, and then I will come over. My riding in Ireland keeps me well. I am very temperate, and eat of the easiest meats as I am directed, and hope the malignity will go off; but one fit shakes me a long time. I dined to-day with Lord Mountjoy, yesterday at Mr Stone's in the city, on Sunday at Vanhomrigh's, Saturday with Ford, and Friday I think at Vanhomrigh's, and that's all the journal I can send MD; for I was so lazy while I was well, that I could not write. I thought to have sent this to-night, but 'tis ten, and I'll go to bed, and write on t'other side to Parvisol to-morrow, and send it on Thursday; and so good night my dears, and love Presto, and be healthy, and Presto will be so too, &c.

Cut off these notes handsomely, d'ye hear, sirrahs, and give Mrs. Brent hers, and keep yours till you see Parvisol, and then make up the letter to him, and send it him by the first opportunity, and so God Almighty bless you both, here and ever, and poor Presto.

What, I warrant you thought at first that these last lines were another letter.

Dingley, pray pay Stella six fishes, and place them to the account of your humble servant, Presto.

Stella, Pray pay Dingley six fishes, and place them to the account of your humble servant, Presto.

There's bills of exchange for you.

LETTER XV.

London, Jan. 31, 1710-11.

I am to send you my fourteenth to-morrow, but my head having some little disorder, confounds all my journals. I was early this morning with Mr Secretary St John, about some business, so I could not scribble my morning lines to MD. They are here intending to tax all little printed penny papers a halfpenny every half sheet, which will utterly ruin Grub Street, and I am endeavouring to prevent it. Besides, I was forwarding an impeachment against a certain great person; that was two of my businesses with the secretary, were they not worthy ones? It was Ford's birthday, and I refused the Secretary, and dined with Ford. We are here in as smart a frost for the time as I have seen; delicate walking weather, and the Canal and Rosamond's Pond full of the rabble sliding, and with skates, if you know what those are. Patrick's bird's water freezes in the gallipot, and my hands in bed.

Feb. 1. I was this morning with poor Lady Kerry, who is much worse in her head than I. She sends me bottles of her bitter, and we are so fond of one another, because our ailments are the same; don't you know that, Madam Stella? Han't I seen you conning ailments with Joe's wife,[1] and some others, sirrah? I walked into the city to dine, because of the walk; for we must take care of Presto's health, you know, because of poor little MD. But I walked plaguy carefully, for fear of sliding against my will; but I am very busy.

2. This morning Mr Ford came to me to walk into the city, where he had business, and then to buy books at Bateman's; and I laid out one pound five shillings for a Strabo and Aristophanes, and I have now got books enough to make me another shelf, and I will have more, or it shall cost me a fall; and so as we came back, we drank a flask of right French wine at Ben Tooke's chamber; and when I had got home, Mrs Vanhomrigh sent me word her eldest daughter[2] was taken suddenly very ill, and desired I would come and see

[1] Mrs. Beaumont.

[2] The first explicit mention in the journal of Hester Vanhomrigh, the famous Vanessa.

her; I went and found it was a silly trick of Mrs Armstrong, Lady Lucy's sister, who, with Moll Stanhope, was visiting there: however, I rattled off the daughter.

3. To-day I went and dined at Lady Lucy's, where you know I have not been this long time; they are plaguy Whigs, especially the sister Armstrong, the most insupportable of all women pretending to wit, without any taste. She was running down the last Examiner, the prettiest I had read, with a character of the present ministry. I left them at five, and came home. But I forgot to tell you, that this morning, my cousin, Dryden Leach, the printer, came to me with a heavy complaint, that Harrison, the new Tatler, had turned him off, and taken the last Tatler's printers again. He vowed revenge; I answered gravely, and so he left me, and I have ordered Patrick to deny me to him from henceforth: and at night comes a letter from Harrison, telling me the same thing, and excused his doing it without my notice, because he would bear all the blame; and in his Tatler of this day he tells you the story, how he has taken his old officers, and there is a most humble letter from Morphew and Lilly,[1] to beg his pardon, &c. And lastly, this morning Ford sent me two letters from the coffeehouse, (where I hardly ever go,) one from the Archbishop of Dublin, and t'other from ——. Who do you think t'other was from? —— I'll tell you, because you are friends; why then it was, faith it was from my own dear little MD, N. 10. O, but will not answer it now, no, nooooooh, I'll keep it between the two sheets; here it is, just under: O, I lifted up the sheet and saw it there: lie still, you shan't be answered yet, little letter; for I must go to bed, and take care of my head.

4. I avoid going to church yet, for fear of my head, though it has been much better these last five or six days, since I have taken Lady Kerry's bitter. Our frost holds like a dragon. I went to Mr Addison's, and dined with him at his lodgings; I had not seen him these three weeks; we are grown common acquaintance: yet what have not I done for his friend Steele? Mr Harley reproached me the last time I saw him, that to please me, he would be reconciled to Steele, and had promised and appointed to see him, and that Steele

[1] Printers of the original "Tatler."

never came. Harrison, whom Mr Addison recommended to me, I have introduced to the Secretary of State, who has promised me to take care of him; and I have represented Addison himself so to the ministry, that they think and talk in his favour, though they hated him before.—Well; he is now in my debt, and there's an end; and I never had the least obligation to him, and there's another end. This evening I had a message from Mr Harley, desiring to know whether I was alive, and that I would dine with him to-morrow. They dine so late, that since my head has been wrong, I have avoided being with them. Patrick has been out of favour these ten days; I talk dry and cross to him, and have called him Friend three or four times. But, sirrahs, get you gone.

5. Morning. I am going this morning to see Prior, who dines with me at Mr Harley's; so I can't stay fiddling and talking with dear little brats in a morning, and 'tis still terribly cold. I wish my cold hand was in the warmest place about you, young women, I'd give ten guineas upon that account with all my heart, faith; oh, it starves my thigh; so I'll rise, and bid you good morrow, my ladies both, good morrow. Come stand away, let me rise: Patrick, take away the candle. Is there a good fire?—So—up adazy.—At night. Mr Harley did not sit down till six, and I staid till eleven; henceforth, I will choose to visit him in the evenings, and dine with him no more, if I can help it. It breaks all my measures, and hurts my health; my head is disorderly, but not ill, and I hope it will mend.

6. Here has been such a hurry with the Queen's birthday, so much fine clothes, and the court so crowded, that I did not go there. All the frost is gone. It thawed on Sunday, and so continues, yet ice is still on the canal, (I did not mean that of Laracor, but St James's Park,) and boys sliding on it. Mr Ford pressed me to dine with him in his chamber. Did not I tell you Patrick has got a bird, a linnet, to carry over to Dingley? It was very tame at first, and 'tis now the wildest I ever saw. He keeps it in a closet, where it makes a terrible litter; but I say nothing: I am as tame as a clout. When must we answer our MD's letter? one of these odd-come-shortlies. This is a week old, you see, and no farther yet. Mr Harley desired I would dine with him again to-

day; but I refused him, for I fell out with him yesterday, and will not see him again till he makes me amends; and so I go to bed.

7. I was this morning early with Mr Lewis of the Secretary's office, and saw a letter Mr Harley had sent to him, desiring to be reconciled; but I was deaf to all entreaties, and have desired Lewis to go to him, and let him know I expect farther satisfaction. If we let these great ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them. He promises to make me easy, if I will but come and see him; but I won't, and he shall do it by message, or I will cast him off. I'll tell you the cause of our quarrel when I see you, and refer it to yourselves. In that he did something,[1] which he intended for a favour, and I have taken it quite otherwise, disliking both the thing and the manner, and it has heartily vexed me, and all I have said is truth, though it looks like jest: and I absolutely refused to submit to his intended favour, and expect farther satisfaction. Mr Ford and I dined with Mr Lewis. We have a monstrous deal of snow, and it has cost me two shillings to-day in chair and coach, and walked till I was dirty besides. I know not what it is now to read or write after I am in bed. The last thing I do up is to write something to our MD, and then get into bed, and put out my candle, and so go sleep as fast as ever I can. But in the mornings I do write sometimes in bed, as you know.

8. Morning. *I have desired Apronia to be always careful, especially about the legs.* Pray, do you see any such great wit in that sentence? I must freely own that I do not. But party carries every thing now-a-days, and what a splutter have I heard about the wit of that saying, repeated with admiration about a hundred times in half an hour. Pray read it over again this moment, and consider it. I think the word is *advised*, and not *desired*. I should not have remembered it, if I had not heard it so often. Why—ay—You must know I dreamed it just now, and waked with it in my mouth. Are you bit, or are you not, sirrahs? I met Mr Harley in the Court of Requests, and he asked me how long I had learnt the trick of writing to myself. He had

[1] Harley sent Swift a bank note for £50, which Swift returned. See Journal, March 7th, 1710-11.

seen your letter through the glass-case, at the coffee-house, and would swear it was my hand; and Mr Ford, who took and sent it me, was of the same mind. I remember others have formerly said so too. I think I was little MD's writing-master.[1] But come, what's here to do, writing to young women in a morning? I have other fish to fry; so good morrow, my ladies all, good morrow. Perhaps I'll answer your letter to-night, perhaps I won't; that's, as saucy little Presto takes the humour.—At night. I walked in the Park to-day, in spite of the weather, as I do always, when it does not actually rain. Do you know what it has gone and done? We had a thaw for three days, then a monstrous dirt and snow, and now it freezes, like a potlid, upon our snow. I dined with Lady Betty Germain, the first time since I came for England; and there did I sit, like a booby, till eight, looking over her and another lady at picquet, when I had other business enough to do. It was the coldest day I felt this year.

9. Morning. After I had been a-bed an hour last night, I was forced to rise and call to the landlady and maid to have the fire removed in a chimney below stairs, which made my bedchamber smoke, though I had no fire in it. I have been twice served so. I never lay so miserable an hour in my life. Is it not plaguy vexatious? It has snowed all night, and rains this morning. Come, where's MD's letter? Come, Mrs Letter, make your appearance. Here am I, says she, answer me to my face. O, faith, I am sorry you had my twelfth so soon; I doubt you will stay longer for the rest. I'm so 'fraid you have got my fourteenth while I am writing this, and I would always have one letter from Presto reading, one travelling, and one writing. As for the box, I now believe it lost. It is directed for Mr Curry, at his house in Capel Street, &c. I had a letter yesterday from Dr Raymond in Chester, who says, he sent his man every where, and cannot find it; and God knows whether Mr Smyth will have better success. Sterne spoke to him, and I writ to him with the bottle of palsy water; that bottle, I hope, will not miscarry: I long to hear you have it. O, faith, you have too good an opinion of Presto's care. I am negligent enough

[1] "Stella's hand had a great deal of the air of the doctor's; but she writ more legible and rather better." (Note in original edition.)

of every thing but MD, and I should not have trusted Sterne. But it shall not go so: I will have one more tug for it. As to what you say of Goodman Peasly and Isaac,[1] I answer as I did before. Fy, child, you must not give yourself the way to believe any such thing: and afterwards, only for curiosity, you may tell me how those things are approved, and how you like them; and whether they instruct you in the present course of affairs, and whether they are printed in your town, or only sent from hence. Sir Andrew Fountaine is recovered; so take your sorrow again, but don't keep it, fling it to the dogs. And does little MD walk, indeed? I'm glad of it at heart. Yes, we have done with the plague here: it was very saucy in you to pretend to have it before your betters. Your intelligence that the story is false about the officers forced to sell is admirable. You may see them all three here every day, no more in the army than you. Twelve shillings for mending the strong box; that is, for putting a farthing's worth of iron on a hinge, and gilding it; give him six shillings, and I'll pay it, and never employ him or his again. No—indeed, I put off preaching as much as I can. I am upon another foot: nobody doubts here whether I can preach, and you are fools. The account you give of that weekly paper[2] agrees with us here. Mr Prior was like to be insulted in the street for being supposed the author of it, but one of the last papers cleared him. Nobody knows who it is, but those few in the secret. I suppose the ministry and the printer. Poor Stella's eyes, God bless them, and send them better. Pray spare them, and write not above two lines a-day in broad day-light. How does Stella look, Madame Dingley? Pretty well; a handsome young woman still. Will she pass in a crowd? Will she make a figure in a country church?—Stay a little, fair ladies. I this minute sent Patrick to Sterne: he brings back word that your box is very safe with one Mr Earl's sister, in Chester; and that Colonel Edgworth's widow goes for Ireland on Monday next, and will receive the box at Chester, and deliver it you safe; so there is some hopes now. Well, let us go on to

[1] Scott says that "he alludes to some pamphlet of which he was the suspected, and, perhaps, real author. It is now unknown." There is no copy in the British Museum.

[2] "The Examiner." (Note in original edition.)

your letter. The warrant is passed for the First-Fruits. The Queen does not send a letter, but a patent will be drawn here, and that will take up time. Mr. Harley, of late, has said nothing of presenting me to the Queen: I was overseen when I mentioned it to you. He has such a weight of affairs on him, that he cannot mind all; but he talked of it three or four times to me, long before I dropped it to you. What, is not Mrs Wall's business over yet? I had hopes she was up, and well, and the child dead before this time. You did right, at last, to send me your accounts; but I did not stay for them, I thank you. I hope you have your bill sent in my last, and there will be eight pounds interest soon due from Hawkshaw; pray look at his bond. I hope you are good managers, and that, when I say so, Stella won't think I intend she should grudge herself wine. But going to those expensive lodgings requires some fund. I wish you had staid till I came over, for some reasons. That French-woman[1] will be grumbling again in a little time; and, if you are invited any where to the country, it will vex you to pay in absence; and the country may be necessary for poor Stella's health: but do as you like, and don't blame Presto. O, but you are telling your reasons. Well, I have read them; do as you please. Yes, Raymond says he must stay longer than he thought, because he cannot settle his affairs. M—— is in the country at some friend's, comes to town in spring, and then goes to settle in Herefordshire. Her husband is a surly ill-natured brute, and cares not she should see any body. O Lord, see how I blundered, and left two lines short; it was that ugly score in the paper[2] that made me mistake.——I believe you lie about the story of the fire, only to make it more odd. Bernage must go to Spain, and I will see to recommend him to the Duke of Argyle,[3] his general, when I see the Duke next: but the officers tell me it would be dishonourable in the last degree for him to sell now, and he would never be preferred in the army; so that,

[1] Mrs. De Caudres, landlady of MD. Stella and Mrs. Dingley had left Mrs. Curry's "over against the Ram in Capel Street," and moved to this house "over against St. Mary's Church, near Capel Street." See below, March 25th, 1711.

[2] "A crease in the sheet." (Note in original edition.)

[3] Appointed to the command in Catalonia (1710).

unless he designs to leave it for good and all, he must go. Tell him so, and that I would write, if I knew where to direct to him; which I have said fourscore times already. I had rather any thing almost than that you should strain yourselves to send a letter when it is inconvenient; we have settled that matter already. I'll write when I can, and so shall MD; and, upon occasions extraordinary, I will write, though it be a line; and when we have not letters soon, we agree that all things are well; and so that's settled for ever, and so hold your tongue. Well, you shall have your pins; but, for candles ends, I cannot promise, because I burn them to the stumps; besides, I remember what Stella told Dingley about them many years ago, and she may think the same thing of me.—And Dingley shall have her hinged spectacles. Poor dear Stella, how durst you write those two lines by candle light, bang your bones? Faith, this letter shall go to-morrow, I think, and that will be in ten days from the last, young women; that's too soon, of all conscience: but answering yours has filled it up so quick, and I don't design to use you to three pages in folio, no nooooh. All this is one morning's work in bed;—and so good morrows, little sorrohs, that's for the rhyme. You want politics: faith, I can't think of any, but maybe at night I may tell you a passage. Come, sit off the bed, and let me rise, will you?—At night. I dined to-day with my neighbour Vanhomrigh; it was such dismal weather, I could not stir farther. I have had some threatenings with my head, but no fits; I still drink Dr Radcliffe's bitter, and will continue it.

10. I was this morning to see the Secretary of State, and have engaged him to give a memorial from me to the Duke of Argyle in behalf of Bernage. The Duke is a man that distinguishes people of merit, and I will speak to him myself; but the Secretary backing it will be very effectual, and I will take care to have it done to purpose. Pray tell Bernage so, and that I think nothing can be luckier for him, and that I would have him go by all means. I will order it that the Duke shall send for him when they are in Spain; or, if he fails, that he shall receive him kindly when he goes to wait on him. Can I do more? Is not this a great deal?—I now send away this letter that you may not stay.—I dined

with Ford upon his opera day, and am now come home, and am going to study; do not you presume to guess, sirrahs, impudent saucy dear boxes. Towards the end of a letter I could not say saucy boxes, without putting dear between. En't that right now? Farewell. *This* should *be* longer, *but* that *I* send *it* to-*night*.[1]

O silly, silly loggerhead!

I send a letter this post to one Mr Staunton, and I direct it to Mr Acton's in St Michael's Lane. He formerly lodged there, but he has not told me where to direct. Pray send to that Acton, whether the letter is come there, and whether he has sent it to Staunton.

If Bernage designs to sell his commission and stay at home, pray let him tell me so, that my recommendation to the Duke of Argyle may not be in vain.

LETTER XVI.

London, Feb. 10, 1710-11.

I have just dispatched my fifteenth to the post; I tell you how things will be, after I have got a letter from MD. I am in furious haste to finish mine, for fear of having two of MD's to answer in one of Presto's, which would be such a disgrace, never saw the like; but before you write to me I write at my leisure, like a gentleman, a little every day, just to let you know how matters go, and so, and so; and I hope before this comes to you, you'll have got your box and chocolate, and Presto will take more care another time.

11. Morning. I must rise and go see my Lord Keeper, which will cost me two shillings in coach-hire. Don't you call them two thirteens?[2]—At night. It has rained all day, and there was no walking. I read prayers to Sir Andrew Fountaine in the forenoon, and I dined with three Irishmen at one Mr. Cope's lodgings; the other two were one Morris an archdeacon, and Mr. Ford. When I came home this evening,

[1] "Those letters which are in italics in the original are of a monstrous size, which occasioned his calling himself a loggerhead." (Note in original edition.)

[2] "A shilling passes for thirteen pence in Ireland." (Note in original edition.)

I expected that little jackanapes Harrison would have come to get help about his Tatler for Tuesday: I have fixed two evenings in the week which I allow him to come. The toad never came, and I expecting him fell a reading, and left off other business.—Come, what are you doing? how do you pass your time this ugly weather? Gaming and drinking, I suppose: fine diversions for young ladies, truly. I wish you had some of our Seville oranges, and we some of your wine. We have the finest oranges for twopence a-piece, and the basest wine for six shillings a bottle. They tell me wine grows cheap with you. I am resolved to have half a hogshead when I get to Ireland, if it be good and cheap, as it used to be; and I will treat MD at my table in an evening, oh hoa, and laugh at great ministers of state.

12. The days are grown fine and long, —— be thanked. O faith, you forget all our little sayings, and I am angry. I dined to-day with Mr Secretary St John: I went to the Court of Requests at noon, and sent Mr Harley into the House to call the Secretary, to let him know I would not dine with him if he dined late. By good luck the Duke of Argyle was at the lobby of the House too, and I kept him in talk till the Secretary came out, then told them I was glad to meet them together, and that I had a request to the Duke, which the Secretary must second, and his grace must grant. The Duke said, he was sure it was something insignificant, and wished it was ten times greater. At the Secretary's house I writ a memorial, and gave it to the Secretary to give the Duke, and shall see that he does it. It is, that his grace will please to take Mr Bernage into his protection; and if he finds Bernage answers my character, to give him all encouragement. Colonel Masham and Colonel Hill (Mrs Masham's brother) tell me my request is reasonable, and they will second it heartily to the Duke too: so I reckon Bernage is on a very good foot when he goes to Spain. Pray tell him this, though perhaps I will write to him before he goes; yet where shall I direct? for I suppose he has left Conolly's.

13. I have left off Lady Kerry's bitter, and got another box of pills. I have no fits of giddiness, but only some little disorders toward it: and I walk as much as I can. Lady Kerry is just as I am, only a great deal worse: I dined to-day at Lord Shelburn's, where she is, and we con ailments,

which makes us very fond of each other. I have taken Mr Harley into favour again, and called to see him, but he was not within; I will use to visit him after dinner, for he dines too late for my head: then I went to visit poor Congreve, who is just getting out of a severe fit of the gout, and I sat with him till near nine o'clock. He gave me a Tatler[1] he had written out, as blind as he is, for little Harrison. 'Tis about a scoundrel that was grown rich, and went and bought a *coat of arms* at the Herald's, and a set of ancestors at Fleet-ditch; 'tis well enough, and shall be printed in two or three days, and if you read those kind of things, this will divert you. It is now between ten and eleven, and I am going to bed.

14. This was Mrs Vanhomrigh's daughter's birthday, and Mr Ford and I were invited to dinner to keep it, and we spent the evening there drinking punch. That was our way of beginning Lent; and in the morning, Lord Shelburn, Lady Kerry, Mrs Pratt, and I, went to Hyde Park, instead of going to church; for till my head is a little settled, I think it better not to go; it would be so silly and troublesome to go out sick. Dr Duke[2] died suddenly two or three nights ago; he was one of the wits when we were children, but turned parson, and left it, and never writ farther than a prologue or recommendatory copy of verses. He had a fine living given him by the Bishop of Winchester about three months ago; he got his living suddenly, and he got his dying so too.

15. I walked purely to-day about the Park, the rain being just over, of which we have had a great deal, mixed with little short frosts. I went to the Court of Requests, thinking if Mr Harley dined early to go with him. But meeting Leigh and Sterne, they invited me to dine with them, and away we went. When we got into his room, one H——, a worthless Irish fellow, was there ready to dine with us, so I stepped out and whispered them, that I would not dine with that fellow; they made excuses, and begged me to stay, but away I went to Mr Harley's, and he did not dine at home, and at last I dined at Sir John Germain's, and found Lady Betty but just recovered of a miscarriage. I am writing an inscription

[1] "No. 14 of Harrison's volume." (Scott.)

[2] A very minor poet, who, however, has a niche in Johnson's "Lives."

for Lord Berkeley's tomb: you know the young rake his son, the new Earl, is married to the Duke of Richmond's daughter, at the Duke's country house, and are now coming to town. She will be fluxed in two months, and they'll be parted in a year. You ladies are brave, bold venturesome folks; and the chit is but seventeen, and is ill-natured, covetous, vicious, and proud in extremes. And so get you gone to Stoyte to-morrow.

16. Faith this letter goes on but slow; 'tis a week old, and the first side not written. I went to-day into the city for a walk, but the person I designed to dine with was not at home: so I came back and called at Congreve's, and dined with him and Estcourt, and laughed till six, then went to Hr Harley's, who was not gone to dinner; there I staid till nine, and we made up our quarrel, and he has invited me to dinner to-morrow, which is the day of the week (Saturday) that Lord-Keeper and Secretary St John dine with him privately, and at last they have consented to let me among them on that day. Atterbury and Prior went to bury poor Dr Duke. Congreve's nasty white wine has given me the heartburn.

17. I took some good walks in the Park to-day, and then went to Mr Harley. Lord Rivers was got there before me, and I chid him for presuming to come on a day when only Lord-Keeper, the Secretary, and I were to be there; but he regarded me not; so we all dined together, and sat down at four; and the secretary has invited me to dine with him to-morrow. I told them, I had no hopes they could ever keep in, but that I saw they loved one another so well, as indeed they seem to do. They call me nothing but Jonathan; and I said, I believed they would leave me Jonathan, as they found me; and that I never knew a ministry do any thing for those whom they make companions of their pleasures; and I believe you will find it so; but I care not. I am upon a project of getting five hundred pounds,[1] without being obliged to any body; but that is a secret, till I see my dearest MD; and so hold your tongue, and do not talk, sirrahs, for I am now about it.

18. My head has no fits, but a little disordered before

[1] Compare Feb. 22nd.

dinner; yet I walk stoutly, and take pills, and hope to mend. Secretary St John would needs have me dine with him to-day, and there I found three persons I never saw, two I had no acquaintance with, and one I did not care for: so I left them early, and came home, it being no day to walk, but scurvy rain and wind. The Secretary tells me he has put a cheat on me; for Lord Peterborow sent him twelve dozen flasks of Burgundy, on condition that I should have my share; but he never was quiet till they were all gone; so I reckon he owes me thirty-six pound. Lord Peterborow is now got to Vienna, and I must write to him to-morrow. I begin now to be towards looking for a letter from some certain ladies of Presto's acquaintance, that live at St Mary's, and are called, in a certain language, our little MD. No, stay, I don't expect one these six days, that will be just three weeks; an't I a reasonable creature? We are plagued here with an October Club; that is, a set of above a hundred Parliamentmen of the country, who drink October beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern near the Parliament, to consult affairs, and drive things on to extremes against the Whigs, to call the old ministry to account, and get off five or six heads. The ministry seem not to regard them, yet one of them in confidence told me, that there must be something thought on to settle things better. I'll tell you one great state secret; the Queen, sensible how much she was governed by the late ministry, runs a little into t' other extreme, and is jealous in that point, even of those who got her out of the other's hands. The ministry is for gentler measures, and the other Tories for more violent. Lord Rivers, talking to me the other day, cursed the paper called The Examiner, for speaking civilly of the Duke of Marlborough: this I happened to talk of to the Secretary, who blamed the warmth of that lord, and some others, and swore, that, if their advice were followed, they would be blown up in twenty-four hours. And I have reason to think, that they will endeavour to prevail on the Queen to put her affairs more into the hands of a ministry than she does at present; and there are, I believe, two men thought on, one of them you have often met the name of in my letters. But so much for politics.

19. This proved a terrible rainy day, which prevented my

walk into the city, and I was only able to run and dine with my neighbour Vanhomrigh, where Sir Andrew Fountaine dined too, who has just began to sally out, and has shipped his mother and sister, who were his nurses, back to the country. This evening was fair, and I walked a little in the Park, till Prior made me go with him to the Smyrna Coffee-house, where I sat a while, and saw four or five Irish persons, who are very handsome genteel fellows, but I know not their names. I came away at seven, and got home. Two days ago I writ to Bernage, and told him what I had done, and directed the letter to Mr Curry's to be left with Dingley. Brigadiers Hill and Masham, brother and husband to Mrs Masham, the Queen's favourite, Colonel Disney, and I, have recommended Bernage to the Duke of Argyle; and Secretary St John has given the Duke my memorial; and, besides, Hill tells me, that Bernage's colonel, Fielding, designs to make him his captain-lieutenant: but I believe I said this to you before, and in this letter, but I will not look.

20. Morning. It snows terribly again, and 'tis mistaken, for I now want a little good weather: I bid you good morrow, and, if it clear up, get you gone to poor Mrs Walls, who has had a hard time of it, but is now pretty well again. I am sorry it is a girl; the poor archdeacon too, see how simply he looked when they told him: what did it cost Stella to be gossip? I'll rise, so, d'ye hear, let me see you at night, and do not stay late out, and catch cold, sirrahs.—At night. It grew good weather, and I got a good walk, and dined with Ford upon his opera day: but now all his wine is gone, I shall dine with him no more. I hope to send this letter before I hear from MD: methinks there is—something great in doing so, only I can't express where it lies; and faith this shall go by Saturday, as sure as you're a rogue. Mrs Edgworth was to set out but last Monday, so you won't have your box so soon perhaps as this letter; but Sterne told me since, that it is safe at Chester, and that she will take care of it. I'd give you a guinea you had it.

21. Morning. Faith I hope it will be fair for me to walk into the city, for I take all occasions of walking.—I should be plaguy busy at Laracor if I were there now, cutting down willows, planting others, scouring my canal,

and every kind of thing. If Raymond goes over this summer, you must submit, and make them a visit, that we may have another eel and trout fishing; and that Stella may ride by and see Presto in his morning-gown in the garden, and so go up with Joe to the Hill of Bree, and round by Scurlock's Town. O Lord, how I remember names! faith it gives me short sighs: therefore no more of that if you love me. Good morrow, I'll go rise like a gentleman, my pills say I must.—At night. Lady Kerry sent to desire me to engage some lords about an affair she has in their house here: I called to see her, but found she had already engaged every lord I knew, and that there was no great difficulty in the matter, and it rained like a dog; so I took coach, for want of better exercise, and dined privately with a hang-dog in the city, and walked back in the evening. The days are now long enough to walk in the Park after dinner; and so I do whenever it is fair. This walking is a strange remedy; Mr Prior walks to make himself fat, and I to bring myself down; he has generally a cough, which he only calls a cold; we often walk round the Park together. So I'll go sleep.

22. It snowed all this morning prodigiously, and was some inches thick in three or four hours. I dined with Mr Lewis of the Secretary's office at his lodgings: the chairman that carried me squeezed a great fellow against a wall, who wisely turned his back, and broke one of the side glasses in a thousand pieces. I fell a scolding, pretended I was like to be cut to pieces, and made them set down the chair in the Park, while they picked out the bits of glasses: and when I paid them, I quarelled still, so they dared not grumble, and I came off for my fare: but I was plaguily afraid they would have said, God bless your honour, won't you give us something for our glass? Lewis and I were forming a project how I might get three or four hundred pounds, which I suppose may come to nothing. I hope Smyth has brought you your palsy drops; how does Stella do? I begin more and more to desire to know. The three weeks since I had your last is over within two days, and I'll allow three for accidents.

23. The snow is gone every bit, except the remainder of some great balls made by the boys. Mr Sterne was with me this morning about an affair he has before the Treasury.

That drab Mrs Edgworth is not yet set out, but will infallibly next Monday, and this is the third infallible Monday, and pox take her! So you will have this letter first; and this shall go to-morrow; and if I have one from MD in that time, I will not answer it till my next; only I will say, Madam, I received your letter, and so, and so. I dined to-day with my Mrs Butler, who grows very disagreeable.

24. Morning. This letter certainly goes this evening, sure as you're alive, young women, and then you will be so shamed that I have had none from you; and if I was to reckon like you, I would say, I were six letters before you, for this is N. 16, and I have had your N. 10. But I reckon you have received but fourteen and have sent eleven. I think to go to-day a-minister-of-state-hunting in the Court of Requests; for I have something to say to Mr Harley. And 'tis fine cold sunshiny weather; I wish dear MD would walk this morning in your Stephen's Green; 'tis as good as our Park, but not so large.[1] Faith this summer we'll take a coach for sixpence[2] to the Green Well, the two walks and thence all the way to Stoyte's.[3] My hearty service to Goody Stoyte and Catherine, and I hope Mrs Walls had a good time. How inconstant I am? I can't imagine I was ever in love with her. Well, I'm going; what have you to say? *I don't care how I write now.*[4] I don't design to write on this side, these few lines are but so much more than your due, so I'll write *large* or small as I please. O, faith, my hands are starving in bed; I believe it is a hard frost. I must rise, and bid you good bye, for I'll seal this letter immediately, and carry it in my pocket, and put it into the post-office with my own fair hands. Farewell.

This letter is just a fortnight's journal to-day. Yes, and so it is, I'm sure, says you, with your two eggs a penny.

[1] "It is a measured mile round the outer wall; and far beyond any the finest square in London." (Note in original edition.)

[2] "The common fare for a set-down in Dublin." (Note in original edition.)

[3] "Mrs. Stoyte lived at Donnybrook, the road to which, from Stephen's Green, ran into the country about a mile from the south-east corner." (Note in original edition.)

[4] "Those words in italics are written in a very large hand, and so is the word in one of the next lines." (Note in original edition.)

Lele, lele, lele.[1]

O Lord, I am saying, lele, lele, to myself in all our little keys: and now you talk of keys, that dog Patrick broke the key-general of the chest of drawers with six locks, and I have been so plagued to get a new one, beside my good two shillings.

LETTER XVII.

London, Feb. 24, 1710-11.

Now, young women, I gave in my sixteenth this evening. I dined with Ford, it was his opera day as usual; it is very convenient to me to do so, for coming home early after a walk in the Park, which now the days will allow. I called on the Secretary at his office, and he had forgot to give the memorial about Bernage to the Duke of Argyle; but two days ago I met the Duke, who desired I would give it him myself, which should have more power with him than all the ministry together, as he protested solemnly, repeated it two or three times, and bid me count upon it. So that I verily believe Bernage will be in a very good way to establish himself. I think I can do no more for him at present, and there's an end of that; and so get you gone to bed, for it is late.

25. The three weeks are out yesterday since I had your last, and so now I will be expecting every day a pretty dear letter from my own MD, and hope to hear that Stella has been much better in her head and eyes; my head continues as it was, no fits, but a little disorder every day, which I can easily bear, if it will not grow worse. I dined to-day with Mr Secretary St John, on condition I might choose my company, which were Lord Rivers, Lord Carteret, Sir Thomas Mansel, and Mr Lewis; I invited Masham, Hill, Sir John Stanley, and George Granville, but they were engaged; and I did it in revenge of his having such bad company when I dined with him before; so we laughed, &c. And I ventured to go to church to-day, which I have not

[1] This word belongs to the "little language" of Swift, and was doubtless employed constantly as a word of farewell in these first forty letters, as it was in those of which the manuscripts remain. It stands for "there."

done this month before. Can you send me such a good account of Stella's health, pray now? Yes, I hope, and better too. We dined (says you) at the Dean's, and played at cards till twelve, and there came in Mr French, and Dr Travors, and Dr Wittingham, and Mr (I forgot his name, that I always tell Mrs Walls of) the banker's son, a pox on him. And we were so merry; I vow they are pure good company. But I lost a crown; for you must know I had always hands tempting me to go out, but never took in any thing, and often two black aces without a manilio; was not that hard, Presto? Hold your tongue, &c.

26. I was this morning with Mr Secretary about some business, and he tells me that Colonel Fielding is now going to make Bernage his captain-lieutenant, that is, a captain by commission, and the perquisites of the company, but not captain's pay, only the first step to it. I suppose he will like it, and the recommendation to the Duke of Argyle goes on. And so trouble me no more about your Bernage; the jackanapes understands what fair solicitors he has got, I warrant you. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined by invitation with Mrs Vanhomrigh. You say they are of no consequence; why, they keep as good female company as I do male; I see all the drabs of quality at this end of the town with them; I saw two Lady[1] Bettys there this afternoon. The beauty of one, the good breeding and nature of t' other, and the wit of neither, would have made a fine woman. Rare walking in the Park now; why don't you walk in the Green of St Stephen? the walks there are finer gravelled than the Mall. What beasts the Irish women are, never to walk?

27. Dartineuf and I, and little Harrison the new Tatler, and Jervas the painter, dined to-day with James, I know not his other name, but it is one of Dartineuf's dining places, who is a true epicure. James is clerk of the kitchen to the Queen, and has a little snug house at St James's, and we had the Queen's wine, and such very fine victuals, that I could not eat it.—Three weeks and three days since my last letter from MD, rare doings! why truly we were so busy with poor Mrs Walls, that, indeed, Presto, we could not write, we were

[1] Doubtless Lady Betty Germain and Lady Betty Butler.

afraid the poor woman would have died, and it pitied us to see the Archdeacon, how concerned he was. The Dean never came to see her but once; but now she is up again, and we go and sit with her in the evenings. The child died the next day after it was born, and I believe, between friends, she is not very sorry for it.—Indeed, Presto, you are plaguy silly to-night, and han't guessed one word right, for she and the child are both well, and it is a fine girl, likely to live; and the Dean was godfather, and Mrs Catherine and I were godmothers; I was going to say Stoyte, but I think I have heard they don't put maids and married women together, though I know not why I think so, nor I don't care; what care I? but I must prate, &c.

28. I walked to-day into the city for my health, and there dined, which I always do when the weather is fair, and business permits, that I may be under a necessity of taking a good walk, which is the best thing I can do at present for my health. Some bookseller has raked up every thing I writ, and published it t'other day in one volume; but I know nothing of it, 'twas without my knowledge or consent: it makes a four shilling book, and is called Miscellanies in Prose and Verse.[1] Tooke pretends he knows nothing of it, but I doubt he is at the bottom. One must have patience with these things; the best of it is, I shall be plagued no more. However, I'll bring a couple of them over with me for MD, perhaps you may desire to see them. I hear they sell mightily.

March 1. Morning. I have been calling to Patrick to look in his almanack for the day of the month; I did not know but it might be leap year. The almanack says 'tis the third after leap year, and I always thought till now, that every third year was leap year. I'm glad they come so seldom; but I'm sure 'twas otherwise when I was a young man; I see times are mightily changed since then. Write to me, sirrahs, be sure do by the time this side is done, and I'll keep t'other side for the answer: so I'll go write to the Bishop of Clogher; good morrow, sirrahs.——Night. I dined to-day at Mrs Vanhomrigh's, being a rainy day, and Lady Betty Butler knowing it, sent to let me know she ex-

[1] See Journal, Oct. 17th, 1710.

pected my company in the evening, where the Vans (so we call them) were to be. The Duchess and they do not go over this summer with the Duke; so I go to bed.

2. This rainy weather undoes me in coaches and chairs. I was *traipsing* to-day with your Mr Sterne, to go along with them to Moor, and recommend his business to the treasury. Sterne tells me his dependence is wholly on me; but I have absolutely refused to recommend it to Mr Harley, because I have troubled him lately so much with other folk's affairs; and, besides, to tell the truth, Mr Harley told me he did not like Sterne's business; however, I will serve him, because I suppose MD would have me. But in saying his dependence lies wholly on me, he lies, and is a fool. I dined with Lord Abercorn, whose son Peasley[1] will be married at Easter to ten thousand pounds.

3. I forgot to tell you that yesterday morning I was at Mr. Harley's levee: he swore I came in spite, to see him among a parcel of fools. My business was to desire I might let the Duke of Ormond know how the affair stood of the First-Fruits. He promised to let him know it, and engaged me to dine with him to-day. Every Saturday Lord Keeper, Secretary St John, and I, dine with him, and sometimes Lord Rivers, and they let in none else. Patrick brought me some letters into the Park; among which one was from Walls, and t'other, yes faith, t'other was from our little MD, N. 11. I read the rest in the Park, and MD's in a chair as I went from St James's to Mr Harley, and glad enough I was, faith, to read it, and see all right: O, but I won't answer it these three or four days, at least, or may be sooner. An't I silly? faith your letters would make a dog silly, if I had a dog to be silly, but it must be a little dog.—I staid with Mr Harley till past nine, where we had much discourse together after the rest were gone; and I gave him very truly my opinion where he desired it. He complained he was not very well, and has engaged me to dine with him again on Monday. So I came home afoot, like a fine gentleman, to tell you all this.

4. I dined to-day with Mr Secretary St John; and after dinner he had a note from Mr Harley, that he was much

[1] James, Lord Paisley, afterwards Earl of Abercorn. See note, p. 167.

out of order; pray God preserve his health, every thing depends upon it. The Parliament at present cannot go a step without him, nor the Queen neither. I long to be in Ireland; but the ministry beg me to stay: however, when this Parliament lurry is over, I will endeavour to steal away; by which time I hope the First-Fruit business will be done. This kingdom is certainly ruined as much as was ever any bankrupt merchant. We must have peace, let it be a bad or a good one, though nobody dares talk of it. The nearer I look upon things, the worse I like them. I believe the confederacy will soon break to pieces; and our factions at home increase. The ministry is upon a very narrow bottom, and stand like an isthmus between the Whigs on one side, and violent Tories[1] on the other. They are able seamen, but the tempest is too great, the ship too rotten, and the crew all against them. Lord Somers has been twice in the Queen's closet, once very lately; and your Duchess of Somerset,[2] who now has the key, is a most insinuating woman, and I believe they will endeavour to play the same game that has been played against them. I have told them of all this, which they know already, but they cannot help it. They have cautioned the Queen so much against being governed, that she observes it too much. I could talk till to-morrow upon these things, but they make me melancholy. I could not but observe that lately after much conversation with Mr Harley, though he is the most fearless man alive, and the least apt to despond, he confessed to me, that uttering his mind to me gave him ease.

5. Mr Harley continues out of order, yet his affairs force him abroad: he is subject to a sore throat, and was cupped last night: I sent and called two or three times. I hear he is better this evening. I dined to-day in the city with Dr Freind at a third body's house, where I was to pass for some body else, and there was a plaguy silly jest carried on, that made me sick of it. Our weather grows fine, and I will

[1] "The October Club." (Note in original edition.)

[2] Lady Elizabeth Percy, daughter of Josceline, Earl of Northumberland, married for the third time at the age of eighteen. Her first husband, the Earl of Ogle (to whom she was married at the age of fourteen), died; her second was mysteriously assassinated. The third was Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset.

walk like camomile. And pray walk you to your dean's, or your Stoyte's, or your Manley's, or your Walls's. But your lodgings make you so proud, you'll walk less than ever. Come, let me go to bed, sirrahs.

6. Mr Harley's going out yesterday has put him a little backwards. I called twice, and sent, for I am in pain for him. Ford caught me, and made me dine with him on his opera day; so I brought Mr. Lewis with me, and sat with him till six. I have not seen Mr. Addison these three weeks; all our friendship is over. I go to no coffeehouse. I presented a parson of the Bishop of Clogher's, one Richardson, to the Duke of Ormond to-day: he is translating prayers and sermons into Irish, and has a project about instructing the Irish in the Protestant religion.

7. Morning. Faith a little would make me, I could find in my heart, if it were not for one thing, I have a good mind, if I had not something else to do, I would answer your dear saucy letter. O Lord, I am going awry with writing in bed. O faith, but I must answer it, or I shan't have room, for it must go on Saturday; and don't think I'll fill the third side, I an't come to that yet, young women. Well then, as for your Bernage, I have said enough: I writ to him last week.—Turn over that leaf. Now, what says MD to the world to come? I tell you, Madam Stella, my head is a great deal better, and I hope will keep so. How came yours to be fifteen days coming, and you had my fifteenth in seven? answer me that, rogues. Your being with Goody Walls is excuse enough: I find I was mistaken in the sex, 'tis a boy. Yes, I understand your cypher, and Stella guesses right, as she always does. He gave me[1] al bsadnuk lboinlpl dfaonr ufainfbtoy dpionufnad, which I sent him again by Mr. Lewis, to whom I writ a very complaining letter that was showed him; and so the matter ended. He told me he had a quarrel with me; I said I had another with him, and we returned to our friendship, and I should think he loves me as well as a great minister can love a man in so short a time. Did not I do

[1] "He" is Harley. The cipher can be read by taking every alternate letter, beginning with the first, "a bank bill for fifty pound." Swift employs the same device later. He thought that his letters were liable to be tampered with in the post.

right? I am glad at heart you have got your palsy water; pray God Almighty it may do my dearest little Stella good. I suppose Mrs Edgworth set out last Monday se'ennight. Yes, I do read the Examiners, and they are written very finely as you judge. I do not think they are too severe on the Duke;[1] they only tax him of avarice, and his avarice has ruined us. You may count upon all things in them to be true. The author has said, it is not Prior; but perhaps it may be Atterbury.—Now, Madam Dingley, says she, 'tis fine weather, says she; yes, says she, and we have got to our new lodgings. I compute you ought to save eight pounds by being in the others five months; and you have no more done it than eight thousand. I am glad you are rid of that squinting, blinking Frenchman. I will give you a bill on Parvisol for five pound for the half year. And must I go on at four shillings a-week, and neither eat nor drink for it?—Who the D— said Atterbury and your Dean were alike?—I never saw your Chancellor, nor his chaplain. The latter has a good deal of learning, and is a well wisher to be an author: your Chancellor is an excellent man. As for Patrick's bird, he bought him for his tameness, and is grown the wildest I ever saw. His wings have been quilled thrice, and are now up again: he will be able to fly after us to Ireland, if he be willing.—Yes, Mrs Stella, Dingley writes more like Presto than you; for all you superscribed the letter, as who should say, why should not I write like our Presto as well as Dingley? You with your awkward SS; cannot you write them thus, SS? No, but always SSS.[2] Spiteful sluts, to affront Presto's writing; as that when you shut your eyes you write most like Presto. I know the time when I did not write to you half so plain as I do now; but I take pity on you both. I am very much concerned for Mrs Walls's eyes. Walls says nothing of it to me in his letter dated after yours. You say, if she recovers she may lose her sight. I hope she is in no danger of her life. Yes, Ford is as sober, as I please: I use him to walk with me as

[1] See "Examiner," Nos. 27 and 29, by Swift himself. (Scott's edition, iii. 380, 396.)

[2] "Print cannot do justice to whims of this kind, as they depend wholly upon the awkward shape of the letters." (Note in original edition.)

an easy companion, always ready for what I please, when I am weary of business and ministers. I don't go to a coffeehouse twice a month. I am very regular in going to sleep before eleven. And so you say that Stella's a pretty girl; and so she be, and methinks I see her now as handsome as the day's long. Do you know what? when I am writing in our language I make up my mouth just as if I was speaking it. I caught myself at it just now. And I suppose Dingley is so fair and so fresh as a lass in May, and has her health, and no spleen.—In your account you sent, do you reckon as usual from the 1st of November was twelvemonth? poor Stella, won't Dingley leave her a little daylight to write to Presto? well, well, we'll have day-light shortly, spite of her teeth: and *zoo*[1] *must cly Lele, and Hele, and Hele aden. Must loo mimitate Pdfr, pay? Iss, and so la shall. And so leles fol ee rettle. Dood mollow.*—At night. Mrs Barton sent this morning to invite me to dinner: and there I dined, just in that genteel manner that MD used when they would treat some better sort of body than usual.

8. O dear MD, my heart is almost broken. You will hear the thing before this comes to you. I writ a full account of it this night to the Archbishop of Dublin; and the Dean may tell you the particulars from the Archbishop. I was in a sorry way to write, but thought it might be proper to send a true account of the fact; for you will hear a thousand lying circumstances. It is of Mr Harley's being stabbed this afternoon at three o'clock at a committee of the council. I was playing Lady Catherine Morris's cards, where I dined, when young Arundel came in with the story. I ran away immediately to the Secretary, which was in my way: no one was at home. I met Mrs St John in her chair; she had heard it imperfectly. I took a chair to Mr Harley, who was asleep, and they hope in no danger; but he has been out of order, and was so when he came abroad to-day, and

[1] From what we see of the "little language" in the letters of which the holographs remain, we may be sure that this really ran, "Oo must cly Lele, and Lele, and Lele aden. Must oo mimitate Pdfr, pray? Iss, and so oo sall. And so lele's fol oor rettle. Dood mollow." That is, "You must cry, There, and there, and there again. Must you imitate Pdfr, pray? Yes, and so you shall. And so there's for your letter. Good morrow."

it may put him in a fever: I am in mortal pain for him. That desperate French villain, Marquis de Guiscard, stabbed Mr. Harley.[1] Guiscard was taken up by Mr Secretary St John's warrant for high treason, and brought before the lords to be examined; there he stabbed Mr Harley. I have told all the particulars already to the Archbishop. I have now at nine sent again, and they tell me he is in a fair way. Pray pardon my distraction! I now think of all his kindness to me.—The poor creature now lies stabbed in his bed by a desperate French Popish villain. Good night, and God preserve you both, and pity me; I want it.

9. Morning; seven; in bed. Patrick is just come from Mr Harley's. He slept well till four; the surgeon sat up with him: he is asleep again: he felt a pain in his wound when he waked: they apprehend him in no danger. This account the surgeon left with the porter, to tell people that send. Pray God preserve him. I am rising and going to Mr. Secretary St John. They say Guiscard will die with the wounds Mr St John and the rest gave him. I shall tell you more at night.—Night. Mr Harley still continues on the mending hand; but he rested ill last night, and felt pain. I was early with the secretary this morning, and I dined with him, and he told me several particularities of this accident, too long to relate now. Mr Harley is still mending this evening, but not at all out of danger; and till then I can have no peace. Good night, &c. and pity Presto.

10. Mr Harley was restless last night; but he has no fever, and the hopes of his mending increase. I had a letter from Mr Walls, and one from Mr Bernage. I will answer them here, not having time to write. Mr Walls writes about three things; First, about a hundred pounds from Dr Raymond, of which I hear nothing, and it is now too late. Secondly, about Mr Clements: I can do nothing in it,

[1] Guiscard had been employed by the English government, and had received a pension. He, however, attempted to enter upon a correspondence with the French Court, and was arrested for high treason. During his examination before the Committee of Privy Councillors (or Cabinet), he made the murderous attack here described. It greatly increased the popularity of Harley and of the Tory ministry. See the "Narration of what passed at the Examination of the Marquis of Guiscard," probably written by Mrs. De La Rivière Manley, but printed in Scott's edition of Swift's Works (v. 333, *sq.*)

because I am not to mention Mr Pratt; and I cannot recommend without knowing Mr Pratt's objections, whose relation Clements is, and who brought him into the place. The third is about my being godfather to the child: that is in my power, and (since there is no remedy) will submit. I wish you could hinder it; but if it can't be helped, pay what you think proper, and get the provost to stand for me, and let his Christian name be Harley, in honour of my friend, now lying stabbed and doubtful of his life. As for Bernage, he writes me word, that his colonel has offered to make him captain-lieutenant for a hundred pounds. He was such a fool to offer him money without writing to me till it was done, though I have had a dozen letters from him; and then he desires I would say nothing of this, for fear his colonel should be angry. People are mad. What can I do? I engaged Colonel Disney, who was one of his solicitors to the Secretary, and then told him the story. He assured me, that Fielding (Bernage's colonel) said he might have got that sum; but on account of those great recommendations he had, would give it him for nothing: and I would have Bernage write him a letter of thanks, as of a thing given him for nothing, upon recommendations, &c. Disney tells me he will again speak to Fielding, and clear up this matter; and then I will write to Bernage. A pox on him for promising money till I had it promised to me, and then making it such a ticklish point, that one cannot expostulate with the colonel upon it: but let him do as I say, and there is an end. I engaged the Secretary of State in it; and am sure it was meant a kindness to me, and that no money should be given, and a hundred pounds is too much in a Smithfield bargain, as a major-general told me, whose opinion I asked. I am now hurried, and can say no more. Farewell, &c. &c.

How shall I superscribe to your new lodgings, pray madams? Tell me but that, impudence and saucy face.

An't you sauceboxes to write *lele* like Presto?

O poor Presto!

Mr. Harley is better to-night, that makes me so pert, you saucy Gog and Magog.

LETTER XVIII.

London, March 10, 1710-11.

Pretty little MD must expect little from me till Mr. Harley is out of danger. We hope he is so now: but I am subject to fear for my friends. He has a head full of the whole business of the nation, was out of order when the villain stabbed him, and had a cruel contusion by the second blow. But all goes on well yet. Mr. Ford and I dined with Mr. Lewis, and we hope the best.

11. This morning Mr Secretary and I met at court, where he went to the Queen, who is out of order and aguish: I doubt the worst for this accident to Mr Harley. We went together to his house, and his wound looks well, and he is not feverish at all, and I think it is foolish in me to be so much in pain as I am. I had the penknife in my hand, which is broken within a quarter of an inch of the handle. I have a mind to write and publish an account of all the particularities of this fact: it will be very curious, and I would do it when Mr Harley is past danger.

12. We have been in terrible pain to-day about Mr Harley, who never slept last night, and has been very feverish. But this evening I called there, and young Mr Harley (his only son) tells me he is now much better, and was then asleep. They let nobody see him, and that is perfectly right. The Parliament cannot go on till he is well, and are forced to adjourn their money businesses, which none but he can help them in. Pray God preserve him.

13. Mr Harley is better to-day, slept well all night, and we are a little out of our fears. I send and call three or four times every day. I went into the city for a walk, and dined there with a private man; and coming home this evening, broke my shin in the Strand, over a tub of sand left just in the way. I got home dirty enough, and went straight to bed, where I have been cooking it with goldbeaters' skin, and have been peevish enough with Patrick, who was near an hour bringing a rag from next door. It is my right shin, where never any humour fell when t'other used to swell; so I apprehend it less: however, I shall not stir till 'tis well, which I reckon will be in a week. I am very careful in these

sort of things, but I wish I had Mrs Johnson's water: she is out of town, and I must make a shift with alum. I will dine with Mrs Vanhomrigh till I am well, who lives but five doors off: and that I may venture.

14. My journals are like to be very diverting, now I cannot stir abroad, between accounts of Mr. Harley's mending, and of my broken shin. I just walked to my neighbour Vanhomrigh at two, and came away at six, when little Harrison the Tatler came to me, and begged me to dictate a paper to him, which I was forced in charity to do. Mr Harley still mends; and I hope in a day or two to trouble you no more with him, nor with my shin. Go to bed and sleep, sirrahs, that you may rise to-morrow, and walk to Donnybrook, and lose your money with Stoyte and the dean; do so, dear little rogues, and drink Presto's health. O, pray, don't you drink Presto's health sometimes with your deans, and your Stoytes, and your Walls, and your Manleys, and your every bodies, pray now? I drink MD's to myself a hundred thousand times.

15. I was this morning at Mr Secretary St John's for all my shin, and he has given me for young Harrison the Tatler the prettiest employment in Europe,—secretary to Lord Raby, who is to be ambassador extraordinary at the Hague, where all the great affairs will be concerted; so we shall lose the Tatlers in a fortnight. I will send Harrison to-morrow morning to thank the secretary. Poor Biddy Floyd[1] has got the small-pox. I called this morning to see Lady Betty Germain; and when she told me so, I fairly took my leave. I have the luck of it; for about ten days ago, I was to see Lord Carteret; and my lady was entertaining me with telling of a young lady, a cousin, who was then ill in the house of the small-pox, and is since dead: it was near Lady Betty's, and I fancy Biddy took the fright by it. I dined with Mr Secretary, and a physician came in just from Guiscard, who tells us he is dying of his wounds, and can hardly live till to-morrow. A poor wench that Guiscard kept sent him a bottle of sack; but the keeper would not let him touch it, for fear it was poison. He had two quarts of old clotted blood come out of his side to-day, and is delirious.

[1] A beauty and a favourite with Dr. Swift. See his verses on her, "Poetical Works" (Aldine), i. 69.

I am sorry he is dying; for they had found out a way to hang him. He certainly had an intention to murder the Queen.

16. I have made but little progress in this letter for so many days, thanks to Guiscard and Mr Harley; and it would be endless to tell you all the particulars of that odious fact. I do not yet hear that Guiscard is dead, but they say 'tis impossible he should recover. I walked too much yesterday for a man with a broken shin; to-day I rested, and went no farther than Mrs Vanhomrigh's, where I dined; and Lady Betty Butler coming in about six, I was forced in good manners to sit with her till nine; then I came home, and Mr Ford came in to visit my shin, and sat with me till eleven: so I have been very idle and naughty. It vexes me to the pluck that I should lose walking this delicious day. Have you seen the Spectator yet, a paper that comes out every day? 'Tis written by Mr Steele, who seems to have gathered new life, and have a new fund of wit; it is in the same nature as his Tatlers, and they have all of them had something pretty. I believe Addison and he club. I never see them; and I plainly told Mr Harley and Mr St John ten days ago, before my Lord-Keeper and Lord Rivers, I had been foolish enough to spend my credit with them in favour of Addison and Steele; but that I would engage and promise never to say one word in their behalf, having been used so ill for what I had already done. So now I am got into the way of prating again, there will be no quiet for me.

When Presto begins to prate,
Give him a rap upon the pate.

O Lord, how I blot; it is time to leave off, &c.

17. Guiscard died this morning at two, and the coroner's inquest have found that he was killed by bruises received from a messenger, so to clear the cabinet counsellors from whom he received his wounds. I had a letter from Raymond, who cannot hear of your box; but I hope you have it before this comes to your hands. I dined to-day with Mr. Lewis of the Secretary's office. Mr Harley has abundance of extravasated blood comes from his breast out of his wound, and will not be well as soon as we expected. I had something to say, but cannot call it to mind, (what was it?)

11. I was to-day at court to look for the Duke of Argyle, and give him the memorial about Bernage. The Duke goes[1] with the first fair wind: I could not find him, but I have given the memorial to another to give him; and, however, it shall be sent after him. Bernage has made a blunder in offering money to his colonel without my advice; however, he is made a captain-lieutenant, only he must recruit the company, which will cost him forty pounds, and that is cheaper than a hundred. I dined to-day with Mr Secretary St John, and staid till seven, but would not drink his champagne and burgundy for fear of the gout. My shin mends, but is not well. I hope it will by the time I send this letter, next Saturday.

19. I went to-day into the city, but in a coach, and sossed up my leg on the seat; and, as I came home, I went to see poor Charles Bernard's books,[2] which are to be sold by auction, and I itch to lay out nine or ten pounds for some fine editions of fine authors. But 'tis too far, and I shall let it slip, as I usually do all such opportunities. I dined in a coffeehouse with Stratford upon chops, and some of his wine. Where did MD dine? Why, poor MD dined at home to-day, because of the Archbishop, and they could not go abroad, and had a breast of mutton and a pint of wine. I hope Mrs Walls mends; and pray give me an account what sort of godfather I made, and whether I behaved myself handsomely. The Duke of Argyle is gone; and whether he has my memorial, I know not, till I see Dr Arburthnot,[3] to whom I gave it. That hard name belongs to a Scotch doctor, an acquaintance of the Duke's and me; Stella can't pronounce it. O that we were at Laracor this fine day! the willows begin to peep, and the quicks to bud. My dream's out: I was a dreaming last night that I eat ripe cherries. And now they begin to catch the pikes, and will shortly the trouts, (pox on these ministers,) and I would fain know whether the floods were ever so high as to get over the holly bank or the river walk; if so, then all my pikes

[1] To Spain, in supreme command.

[2] Bernard was a bookseller who had failed or was dead. See above.

[3] "The name is pronounced in Scotland as spelled by Swift. His friendship with Arbuthnot was just now commencing." (Scott.) Swift also spells the word "Arburthnett" and "Arbuthnot."

are gone; but I hope not. Why don't you ask Parvisol these things, sirrahs? And then my canal, and trouts, and whether the bottom be fine and clear? But harkee, ought not Parvisol to pay in my last year's rents and arrears out of his hands? I am thinking, if either of you have heads to take his accounts, it should be paid into you; otherwise to Mr Walls. I will write an order on t'other side; and do as you will. Here's a world of business; but I must go sleep, I'm drowsy; and so good night, &c.

20. This sore shin ruins me in coach hire; no less than two shillings to-day going and coming from the city, where I dined with one you never heard of, and passed an insipid day. I writ this post to Bernage, with the account I told you above. I hope he will like it; 'tis his own fault, or it would have been better. I reckon your next letter will be full of Mr Harley's stabbing. He still mends, but abundance of extravasated blood has come out of the wound: he keeps his bed, and sees nobody. The Speaker's [1] eldest son is just dead of the small pox, and the House is adjourned a week, to give him time to wipe off his tears. I think it very handsomely done; but I believe one reason is, that they want Mr Harley so much. Biddy Floyd is like to do well: and so go to your Dean's, and roast his oranges, and lose your money; do so, you saucy sluts. Stella, you lost three shillings and fourpence t'other night at Stoyte's, yes, you did, and Presto stood in a corner, and saw you all the while, and then stole away. I dream very often I am in Ireland, and that I have left my clothes and things behind me, and have not taken leave of any body, and that the ministry expect me to-morrow, and such nonsense.

21. I would not for a guinea have a letter from you till this goes; and go it shall on Saturday, faith. I dined with Mrs Vanhomrigh, to save my shin, and then went on some business to the secretary, and he was not at home.

22. Yesterday was a short day's journal: but what care I? what cares saucy Presto? Darteneuf invited me to dinner to-day. Don't you know Darteneuf? That's the man that knows every thing, and that every body knows; and that knows where a knot of rabble are going on a holiday,

[1] William Bromley, member for Oxford University.

and when they were there last: and then I went to the coffeehouse. My shin mends, but is not quite healed; I ought to keep it up, but I don't; I e'en let it go as it comes. Pox take Parvisol and his watch. If I do not receive the ten pound bill I am to get towards it, I will neither receive watch nor chain; so let Parvisol know.

23. I this day appointed the Duke of Ormond to meet him at Ned Southwell's, about an affair of printing Irish prayer-books, &c. but the Duke never came. There Southwell had letters that two packets are taken; so if MD writ then, the letters are gone; for they were packets coming here. Mr Harley is not yet well, but his extravasated blood continues, and I doubt he will not be quite well in a good while: I find you have heard of the fact, by Southwell's letters from Ireland: what do you think of it? I dined with Sir John Perceval,[1] and saw his lady sitting in the bed, in the forms of a lying-in woman: and coming home my sore shin itched, and I forgot what it was, and rubbed off the scab, and blood came; but I am now got into bed, and have put on alum curd, and it is almost well. Lord Rivers told me yesterday a piece of bad news, as a secret, that the Pretender is going to be married to the Duke of Savoy's daughter. 'Tis very bad, if it be true. We were walking in the Mall with some Scotch lords, and he could not tell it until they were gone, and he bade me tell it to none but the secretary of state and MD. This goes to-morrow, and I have no room but to bid my dearest little MD good night.

24. I will now seal up this letter, and send it; for I reckon to have none from you ('tis morning now) between this and night; and I will put it in the post with my own hands. I am going out in great haste; so farewell, &c.

LETTER XIX.

London, March 24, 1710-11.

It was a little cross in Presto not to send to-day to the coffeehouse to see whether there was a letter from MD before I sent away mine; but faith I did it on purpose,

[1] Soon afterwards created a peer, and eventually made Earl of Egmont.

because I would scorn to answer two letters of yours successively. This way of journal is the worst in the world for writing of news, unless one does it the last day; and so I will observe henceforward, if there be any politics or stuff worth sending. My shin mends in spite of the scratching last night. I dined to-day at Ned Southwell's with the Bishop of Ossory and a parcel of Irish gentlemen. Have you yet seen any of the Spectators? Just three weeks to-day since I had your last, N. 11. I am afraid I have lost one by the packet that was taken; that will vex me, considering the pains MD take to write, especially poor pretty Stella, and her weak eyes; God bless them and the owner, and send them well, and little me together, I hope ere long. This illness of Mr Harley puts every thing backwards, and he is still down, and like to be so, by that extravasated blood which comes from his breast to the wound: it was by the second blow Guiscard gave him after the penknife was broken. I am shocked at that villany whenever I think of it. Biddy Floyd is past danger, but will lose all her beauty: she had them mighty thick, especially about her nose.

25. Morning. I wish you a merry new year: this is the first day of the year, you know, with us, and 'tis Lady-day. I must rise and go to my Lord-Keeper: it is not shaving day to-day, so I shall be early. I am to dine with Mr Secretary St John. Good morrow, my mistresses both, good morrow. Stella will be peeping out of her room at Mrs de Caudres' down upon the folks as they come from church; and there comes Mrs Proby, and that's my Lady Southwell, and there's Lady Betty Rochfort. I long to hear how you are settled in your new lodgings. I wish I were rid of my old ones, and that Mrs Brent could contrive to put up my books in boxes, and lodge them in some safe place, and you keep my papers of importance. But I must rise, I tell you.—At night. So I visited and dined as I told you, and what of that? We have let Guiscard be buried at last, after showing him pickled in a trough this fortnight for twopence a piece; and the fellow that showed would point to his body, and, See, gentlemen, this is the wound that was given him by his Grace the Duke of Ormond; and this is the wound, &c. and then the show was over, and another set of rabble came in. 'Tis hard that our laws would not suffer us to hang his body

in chains, because he was not tried; and in the eye of our law every man is innocent till then.—Mr Harley is still very weak, and never out of bed.

26. This was a most delicious day; and my shin being past danger, I walked like lightning above two hours in the Park. We have generally one fair day, and then a great deal of rain for three or four days together. All things are at a stop in Parliament for want of Mr Harley; they cannot stir an inch without him in their most material affairs: and we fear by the caprice of Radcliffe,[1] who will admit none but his own surgeon, he has not been well looked after. I dined at an ale-house with Mr Lewis, but had his wine. Don't you begin to see the flowers and blossoms of the field? How busy should I now be at Laracor? No news of your box? I hope you have it, and are this minute drinking the chocolate, and that the smell of the Brazil tobacco has not affected it. I would be glad to know whether you like it, because I would send you more by people that are now every day thinking of going to Ireland; therefore pray tell me, and tell me soon: and I will have the strong box.

27. A rainy wretched scurvy day from morning till night: and my neighbour Vanhomrigh invited me to dine with them: and this evening I passed at Mr Prior's with Dr Freind; and 'tis now past twelve, so I must go sleep.

28. Morning. O faith, you're an impudent saucy couple of sluttekins, for presuming to write so soon, said I to myself this morning; who knows but there may be a letter from MD at the coffeehouse? Well, you must know, and so, I just now sent Patrick, and he brought me three letters, but not one from MD, no indeed, for I read all the superscriptions; and not one from MD. One I opened, it was from the Archbishop; t'other I opened, it was from Staunton; the third I took, and looked at the hand. Whose hand is this? says I: yes, says I, whose hand is this? then there was wax between the folds; then I began to suspect; then I peeped; faith, it was Walls's hand after all: then I opened it in a rage, and then it was little MD's hand, dear, little, pretty, charming MD's sweet hand again. O Lord, en't here a clutter and a stir, and a bustle, never saw the like. Faith I

[1] Dr. Radcliffe, the famous physician, would not meet Mr. Bussiere, the surgeon who had at first dressed the wound.

believe yours lay some days at the post-office, and that it came before my eighteenth went, but that I did not expect it, and I hardly ever go there. Well, and so you think I'll answer this letter now? no, faith, and so I won't. I'll make you wait, young women; but I'll inquire immediately about poor Dingley's exchequer trangum.[1] What, is that Vedel again a soldier? Was he broke? I'll put it in Ben Tooke's hand. I hope Vedel could not sell it.—At night. Vedel, Vedel, poh, pox, I thing it is Vedeau, ay, Vedeau, now I have it: let me see, do you name him in yours? Yes, Mr John Vedeau is the brother; but where does this brother live? I'll inquire. This was a fast-day for the public; so I dined late with Sir Matthew Dudley, whom I have not been with a great while. He is one of those that must lose his employment whenever the great shake comes; and I can't contribute to keep him in, though I have dropped words in his favour to the ministry; but he has been too violent a Whig, and friend to the Lord-Treasurer,[2] to stay in. 'Tis odd to think how long they let those people keep their places; but the reason is, they have not enough to satisfy all expecters, and so they keep them all in hopes, that they may be good boys in the mean time; and thus the old ones hold in still. The Comptroller[3] told me, that there are eight people expect his staff. I walked after dinner to-day round the Park.—What, do I write politics to little young women? Hold your tongue, and go to your Dean's.

29. Morning. If this be a fine day, I will walk into the city, and see Charles Barnard's library. What care I for your letter, your saucy N. 12? I will say nothing to it yet: faith, I believe this will be full before its time, and then go it must. I will always write once a-fortnight; and if it goes sooner by filling sooner, why then there is so much clear gain. Morrow, morrow, rogues and lasses both, I can't lie scribbling here in bed for your play; I must rise, and so morrow again.—At night. Your friend Montgomery and his sister are here, as I am told by Patrick: I have seen him often, but take no notice of him: he is grown very ugly and pimpled. They tell me he is a gamester, and wins money. How

[1] Trangame means a toy or trifle. It seems used here to indicate a tally.

[2] Godolphin, the *late* Lord-Treasurer. [3] Sir John Holland.

could I help it, pray? Patrick snuffed the candle too short, and the grease ran down upon the paper.[1] It en't my fault, 'tis Patrick's fault; pray now don't blame Presto. I walked to-day in the city, and dined at a private house, and went to see the auction of poor Charles Barnard's books; they were in the middle of the physic books; so I bought none; and they are so dear, I believe I shall buy none, and there's an end; and go to Stoyte's, and I'll go sleep.

30. Morning. This is Good-Friday, you must know, and I must rise and go to Mr Secretary about some business, and Mrs Vanhomrigh desires me to breakfast with her, because she is to intercede for Patrick, who is so often drunk and quarrelsome in the house, that I was resolved to send him over; but he knows all the places where I send, and is so used to my ways, that it would be inconvenient to me; but when I come to Ireland, I will discharge him.[2] Sir Thomas Mansel, one of the Lords of the Treasury, setting me down at my door to-day, saw Patrick, and swore he was a Teaguelander.[3] I am so used to his face, I never observed it, but thought him a pretty fellow. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I supped this fast-day with Mrs Vanhomrigh. We were afraid Mr Harley's wound would turn to a fistula; but we think the danger is now past. He rises every day, and walks about his room, and we hope he will be out in a fortnight. Prior showed me a handsome paper of verses he has writ on Mr Harley's accident: they are not out; I will send them to you, if he will give me a copy.

31. Morning. What shall we do to make April fools this year, now it happens on Sunday? Patrick brings word that Mr Harley still mends, and is up every day. I design to see him in a few days: and he brings me word too that he has found out Vedeau's brother's shop: I shall call there in a day or two. It seems the wife lodges next door to the brother. I doubt the scoundrel was broke, and got a commission, or perhaps is a volunteer gentleman, and expects to get one by his valour. Morrow, sirrahs, let me rise.—At night. I

[1] "It caused a violent daub on the paper, which still continues much discoloured in the original." (Note in original edition.)

[2] "He forgot here to say, At Night. See what goes before." (Note in the original edition.)

[3] Irishman.

dined to-day with Sir Thomas Mansel. We were walking in the Park, and Mr Lewis came to us. Mansel asked where we dined? We said, together. He said, we should dine with him, only his wife desired him to bring nobody, because she had only a leg of mutton. I said, I would dine with him to choose; but he would send a servant to order a plate or two: yet this man has ten thousand pounds a-year in land, and is a Lord of the Treasury, and is not covetous neither, but runs out merely by slattering and negligence. The worst dinner I ever saw at the Dean's was better: but so it is with abundance of people here. I called at night at Mr Harley's, who begins to walk in his room with a stick, but is mighty weak. See how much I have lost with that ugly grease.[1] 'Tis your fault, pray; and I'll go to bed.

April 1. The Duke of Buckingham's house fell down last night with an earthquake, and is half swallowed up;—Won't you go and see it?—An April fool, an April fool, O ho, young women.—Well, don't be angry, I'll make you an April fool no more till the next time: we had no sport here, because it is Sunday, and Easter Sunday. I dined with the secretary, who seemed terribly down and melancholy, which Mr Prior and Lewis observed as well as I: perhaps something is gone wrong; perhaps there is nothing in it. God bless my own dearest MD, and all is well.

2. We have such windy weather, 'tis troublesome walking, yet all the rabble have got into our Park these Easter holidays. I am plagued with one Richardson, an Irish parson, and his project of printing Irish Bibles, &c. to make you Christians in that country: I befriend him what I can, on account of the Archbishop and Bishop of Clogher. But what business have I to meddle? &c. Don't you remember that, sirrah Stella? what was that about, when you thought I was meddling with something that was not my business? O faith, you are an impudent slut, I remember your doings, I'll never forget you as long as I live. Lewis and I dined together at his lodgings. But where's the answer to this letter of MD's? O faith, Presto, you must think of that. Time enough, says saucy Presto.

[1] "The candle grease mentioned before, which soaked through, and deformed this part of the paper on the second page." (Note in original edition.)

3. I was this morning to see Mrs Barton; I love her better than any body here, and see her seldomer. Why, really now, so it often happens in the world, that where one loves a body best—pshah, pshah, you are so silly with your moral observations.—Well, but she told me a very good story. An old gentlewoman died here two months ago, and left in her will to have eight men and eight maids bearers, who should have two guineas a-piece, ten guineas to the parson for a sermon, and two guineas to the clerk. But bearers, parson, and clerk, must be all true virgins; and not to be admitted till they took their oaths of virginity: so the poor woman lies still unburied, and so must do till the general resurrection. I called at Mr Secretary's, to see what the D—— ailed him on Sunday; I made him a very proper speech, told him I observed he was much out of temper: that I did not expect he would tell me the cause, but would be glad to see he was in better; and one thing I warned him of, never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a schoolboy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already, (meaning from Sir William Temple,) that I expected every great minister, who honoured me with his acquaintance, if he heard or saw any thing to my disadvantage, would let me know in plain words, and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behaviour; for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and I thought no subject's favour was worth it; and that I designed to let my Lord-Keeper and Mr Harley know the same thing, that they might use me acccordingly. He took all right; said I had reason; vowed nothing ailed him but sitting up whole nights at business, and one night at drinking; would have had me dine with him and Mrs Masham's brother, to make up matters; but I would not. I don't know, but I would not. But indeed I was engaged with my old friend Rollinson;[1] you never heard of him before.

4. I sometimes look a line or two back, and see plaguy mistakes of the pen; how do you get over them? you are puzzled sometimes. Why, I think what I said to Mr Secre-

[1] William Rollinson, wine merchant, who retired and lived in Oxfordshire, a friend of Pope.

tary was right. Don't you remember how I used to be in pain when Sir William Temple would look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons. I have plucked up my spirit since then, faith; he spoiled a fine gentleman. I dined with my neighbour Vanhomrigh, and MD, poor MD, at home on a loin of mutton, and half a pint of wine, and the mutton was raw, poor Stella could not eat, poor dear rogue, and Dingley was so vexed: but we'll dine at Stoyte's to-morrow. Mr Harley promised to see me in a day or two, so I called this evening; but his son and others were abroad, and he asleep, so I came away, and found out Mrs Vedeau. She drew out a letter from Dingley, and said she would get a friend to receive the money. I told her I would employ Mr Tooke in it henceforward. Her husband bought a lieutenancy of foot, and is gone to Portugal. He sold his share of the shop to his brother, and put out the money to maintain her, all but what bought the commission. She lodges within two doors of her brother. She told me, it made her very melancholy to change her manner of life thus, but trade was dead, &c. She says, she will write to you soon. I design to engage Ben Tooke, and then receive the parchment from her. I gave Mr Dopping a copy of Prior's verses on Mr Harley, he sent them yesterday to Ireland, so go look for them, for I won't be at the trouble to transcribe them here.—They will be printed in a day or two. Give my hearty service to Stoyte and Catherine; upon my word I love them dearly, and desire you will tell them so: pray desire Goody Stoyte not to let Mrs Walls and Mrs Johnson cheat her of her money at ombre, but assure her from me, that she is a bungler. Dine with her to-day, and tell her so, and drink my health, and good voyage, and speedy return, and so you're a rogue.

5. Morning. Now let us proceed to examine a saucy letter from one Madam MD. God Almighty bless poor dear Stella, and send her a great many birthdays, all happy and healthy, and wealthy, and with me ever together, and never asunder again, unless by chance. When I find you are happy or merry there, it makes me so here, and I can hardly imagine you absent when I am reading your letter, or writing to you. No, faith, you are just here upon this little paper, and therefore I see and talk with you

every evening constantly, and sometimes in the morning, but not always in the morning, because that is not so modest to young ladies. What, you would fain palm a letter upon me more than you sent; and I, like a fool, must look over all yours, to see whether this was really N. 12, or more. Patrick has this moment brought me letters from the Bishop of Clogher and Parvisol; my heart was at my mouth for fear of one from MD; what a disgrace would it be to have two of yours to answer together? but faith this shall go to-night, for fear, and then come when it will, I defy it. No, you are not naughty at all, write when you are disposed. And so the Dean told you the story of Mr Harley, from the Archbishop; I warrant it never spoiled your supper, or broke off your game. Nor yet, have not you the box; I wish Mrs Edgworth had the —. But you have it now, I suppose: and is the chocolate good, or has the tobacco spoiled it? Leigh stays till Sterne has done his business, no longer; and when that will be, God knows: I befriend him as much as I can, but Mr Harley's accident stops that as well as all things else. You guess, Madam Dingley, that I shall stay a round twelvemonth; as hope saved, I would come over, if I could, this minute; but we will talk of that by and by. Your affair of Vedeau I have told you of already; now to the next, turn over the leaf. Mrs Dobbins lies, I have no more provision here or in Ireland than I had. I am pleased that Stella the conjurer approves what I did with Mr Harley;[1] but your generosity makes me mad; I know you repine inwardly at Presto's absence; you think he has broken his word, of coming in three months, and that this is always his trick: and now Stella says, she does not see possibly how I can come away in haste, and that MD is satisfied, &c. An't you a rogue to overpower me thus? I did not expect to find such friends as I have done. They may indeed deceive me too. But there are important reasons [Pox on this grease, this candle tallow!] why they should not. I have been used barbarously by the late ministry; I am a little piqued in honour to let people see I am not to be despised. The assurances they give me, without any scruple or provocation, are such as are usually believed in the world; they may come

[1] "In relation to the bank note." (Note in original edition.)

to nothing, but the first opportunity that offers, and is neglected, I shall depend no more, but come away. I could say a thousand things on this head, if I were with you. I am thinking why Stella should not go to the Bath, if she be told it will do her good; I will make Parvisol get up fifty pounds, and pay it you; and you may be good housewives, and live cheap there some months, and return in autumn, or visit London, as you please: pray think of it. I writ to Bernage, directed to Curry's; I wish he had the letter. I will send the bohea tea, if I can. The Bishop of Kilmore, I don't keep such company; an old dying fool, whom I was never with in my life. So I am no godfather; all the better. Pray, Stella, explain those two words of yours to me, what you mean by *Villian and Dainger*, and you, Madam Dingley, what is *Christianing?*——Lay your letters *this way, this way*, and the devil a bit of difference between this way and t'other way. No; I'll show you, lay them *this way, this way, and not that way, that way.*[1]——You shall have your aprons; and I'll put all your commissions as they come, in a paper together, and don't think I'll forget MD's orders, because they are friends; I'll be as careful as if they were strangers. I know not what to do about this Clements.[2] Walls will not let me say any thing, as if Mr Pratt was against him; and now the Bishop of Clogher has written to me in his behalf. This thing does not rightly fall in my way, and that people never consider: I always give my good offices where they are proper, and that I am judge of; however, I will do what I can. But if he has the name of a Whig, it will be hard, considering my Lord Anglesea and Hyde are very much otherwise, and you know they have the employment of Deputy-Treasurer. If the frolic should take you of going to the Bath, I here send you a note on Parvisol; if not, you may tear it, and there's an end. Farewell.

If you have an imagination that the Bath will do you good, I say again, I would have you go; if not, or it be inconvenient, burn this note. Or, if you would go, and not take so much money, take thirty pounds, and I will return you twenty from hence. Do as you please, sirrahs. I

[1] "The writing gives example of the right and wrong mode of sloping the letters." (Note in original edition.)

[2] Compare pp. 135-136 above.

suppose it will not be too late for the first season; if it be, I would have you resolve, however, to go the second season, if the doctors say it will do you good, and you fancy so.

LETTER XX.

London, April 5, 1711.

I put my nineteenth in the post-office just now my self, as I came out of the city, where I dined. This rain ruins me in coach hire; I walked away sixpenny worth, and came within a shilling length, and then took a coach, and got a lift back for nothing; and am now busy.

6. Mr Secretary desired I would see him this morning, said he had several things to say to me, and said not one: and the Duke of Ormond sent to desire I would meet him at Mr Southwell's, by ten this morning too, which I did, thinking it was some particular matter. All the Irish in town were there, to consult upon preventing a bill for laying a duty on Irish yarn; so we talked a while, and then all went to the lobby of the House of Commons, to solicit our friends, and the Duke came among the rest; and Lord Anglesea solicited admirably, and I did wonders. But, after all, the matter was put off till Monday, and then we are to be at it again. I dined with Lord Mountjoy, and looked over him at chess, which put me in mind of Stella and Griffyth. I came home, and that dog Patrick was not within, so I fretted, and fretted, and what good did that do me? And so

Get you gone to your Deans,
You couple of queans.

I can't find rhyme to Walls and Stoyte.—Yes, yes,

You expect Mrs Walls,
Be dress'd when she calls,
To carry you to Stoyte,
Or else *honi soit*.

Henley told me that the Tories were insupportable people, because they are for bringing in French claret, and will not *sup-port*. Mr Harley will hardly get abroad this week or ten days yet. I reckon, when I send away this letter, he will be

just got into the House of Commons. My last letter went in twelve days, and so perhaps may this. No it won't; for those letters that go under a fortnight, are answerers to one of your's, otherwise you must take the days as they happen, some dry, some wet, some barren, some fruitful, some merry, some insipid, some, etc. I will write you word exactly the first day I see young gooseberries, and pray observe how much later you are. We have not had five fine days this five weeks, but rain or wind.—'Tis a late spring they say here. Go to bed, you two dear saucy brats, and don't keep me up all night.

7. Ford has been at Epsom to avoid Good Friday and Easter Sunday. He forced me to-day to dine with him; and tells me, there are letters from Ireland giving an account of a great indiscretion in the Archbishop of Dublin,[1] who applied a story out of Tacitus, very reflectingly on Mr. Harley, and that twenty people have written of it; I do not believe it yet. I called this evening to see Mr Secretary, who had been very ill with the gravel and pain in his back, by burgundy and champagne, added to the sitting up all night at business; I found him drinking tea, while the rest were at champagne, and was very glad of it. I have chid him so severely, that I hardly knew whether he would take it well: then I went and sat an hour with Mrs St John, who is growing a great favourite of mine; she goes to the Bath on Wednesday, for she is much out of health, and has begged me to take care of the secretary.

8. I dined to-day with Mr Secretary St John; he gave me a letter to read, which was from the publisher of the newspaper called the Post-Boy; in it there was a long copy of a letter from Dublin, giving an account of what the Whigs said upon Mr. Harley's being stabbed, and how much they abuse him and Mr Secretary St John; and at the end there was half a dozen lines, telling the story of the Archbishop of Dublin, and abusing him horribly; this was to be printed on Tuesday. I told the Secretary I would not suffer that about the Archbishop to be printed, and so I crossed it out; and afterwards, to prevent all danger, I made him give me the letter, and, upon farther thought, would let none of it be

[1] See Dr. King's letter to Swift of March 17th, 1710-11, in Swift's Correspondence.

published: and I sent for the printer and told him so, and ordered him, in the Secretary's name, to print nothing reflecting on anybody in Ireland till he had showed it me. Thus I have prevented a terrible scandal to the Archbishop, by a piece of perfect good fortune. I will let him know it by next post; and pray, if you pick it out, let me know, and whether he is thankful for it; but say nothing.

9. I was to-day at the House of Commons again about their yarn, at Lord Anglesea's desire, but the business is again put off till Monday. I dined with Sir John Stanley, by an assignation I had made with Mr St John, and George Granville,[1] the Secretary at War; but they let in other company, some ladies, and so we were not as easy as I intended. My head is pretty tolerable, but every day I feel some little disorders; I have left off snuff since Sunday, finding myself much worse after taking a good deal at the Secretary's. I would not let him drink one drop of champagne or burgundy without water, and in compliment I did so myself. He is much better, but when he is well he is like Stella, and will not be governed. So go to your Stoyte's, and I'll go sleep.

10. I have been visiting Lady Worsley and Mrs Barton to-day, and dined soberly with my friend Lewis. The Dauphin is dead of an apoplexy; I wish he had lived till the finishing of this letter, that it might be news to you. Duncomb, the rich alderman, died to-day, and I hear has left the Duke of Argyle, who married his niece, two hundred thousand pounds; I hope it is true, for I love that Duke mightily. I writ this evening to the Archbishop of Dublin about what I told you; and then went to take leave of poor Mrs St John, who gave me strict charge to take care of the secretary in her absence; said she had none to trust but me; and the poor creature's tears came fresh in her eyes. Before we took leave I was drawn in by the other ladies and Sir John Stanley to raffle for a fan, with a pox; it was four guineas, and we put in seven shillings a piece, several raffling for absent people; but I lost, and so missed an opportunity of showing my gallantry to Mrs St John, whom I designed to have presented it to, if I had won. Is Dilly[2] gone to

[1] Afterwards Lord Lansdowne, a poet and friend of literary men. See Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," Napier, ii. 275 *sq.*

[2] Dillon Ashe.

the Bath? His face will whiz in the water; I suppose he will write to us from thence, and will take London in his way back.—The rabble will say, There goes a drunken parson, and which is worse, they will say true. O, but you must know, I carried Ford to dine with Mr St John last Sunday, that he may brag, when he goes back, of dining with a Secretary of State. The Secretary and I went away early, and left him drinking with the rest, and he told me that two or three of them were drunk. They talk of great promotions to be made; that Mr Harley is to be Lord-Treasurer, and Lord Poulet Master of the Horse, &c. but they are only conjecture. The Speaker is to make Mr Harley a compliment the first time he comes into the House, which I hope will be in a week. He has had an ill surgeon, by the caprice of that puppy Dr Radcliffe; which has kept him back so long; and yesterday he got a cold, but is better to-day.—What! I think I am stark mad to write so much in one day to little saucy MD; here's a deal of stuff, indeed; can't you bid those dear little rogues good night, and let them go sleep, Mr Presto? When your tongue runs there's no ho with you, pray.

11. Again at the lobby, like a lobcock,[1] of the House of Commons, about your Irish yarn, and again put off till Friday; and I and Patrick went into the city by water, where I dined, and then I went to the auction of Charles Barnard's books, but the good ones were so monstrous dear, I could not reach them, so I laid out one pound seven shillings but very indifferently, and came away, and will go there no more. Henley would fain engage me to go with Steele and Rowe, &c. to an invitation at Sir William Read's.[2] Surely you have heard of him. He has been a mountebank, and is the Queen's oculist; he makes admirable punch, and treats you in gold vessels. But I am engaged, and wont go, neither indeed am I fond of the jaunt. So good night, and go sleep.

12. I went about noon to the Secretary, who is very ill with a cold, and sometimes of the gravel, with his champagne, &c. I scolded him like a dog, and he promises faithfully

[1] A lubber, a foolish lout.

[2] An advertising oculist who could hardly read. See "Spectator," No. 547. He is also alluded to in the "Tatler," and was indeed a friend of Steele's.

more care for the future. To-day my Lord Anglesea, and Sir Thomas Hanmer, and Prior and I dined, by appointment, with Lieutenant-General Webb.[1] My lord and I staid till ten o'clock, but we drank soberly, and I always with water. There was with us one Mr Campain, one of the October Club, if you know what that is; a club of country members, who think the ministers are too backward in punishing and turning out the Whigs. I found my lord and the rest thought I had more credit with the ministry than I pretend to have, and would have engaged me to put them upon something that would satisfy their desires, and indeed I think they have some reason to complain; however, I will not burn my fingers. I'll remember Stella's chiding: What had you to do with what did not belong to you? &c. However, you will give me leave to tell the ministry my thoughts when they ask them, and other people's thoughts sometimes when they do not ask; so thinks Dingley.

13. I called this morning at Mrs Vedeau's again, who has employed a friend to get the money; it will be done in a fortnight, and then she will deliver me up the parchment. I went then to see Mr Harley, who I hope will be out in a few days; he was in excellent good humour, only complained to me of the neglect of Guiscard's cure, how glad he would have been to have had him live. Mr Secretary came in to us, and we were very merry till Lord Chamberlain (Duke of Shrewsbury) came up; then Colonel Masham and I went off, after I had been presented to the Duke, and that we made two or three silly compliments suitable to the occasion. Then I attended at the House of Commons about your yarn, and 'tis again put off. Then Ford drew me to dine at a tavern, it happened to be the day and the house where the October Club dine. After we had dined, coming down, we called to inquire, whether our yarn business had been over that day, and I sent into the room for Sir George Beaumont. But I had like to be drawn into a difficulty; for in two minutes out comes Mr Finch, Lord Guernsey's son, to let me know, that my Lord Compton, the steward of this feast, desired, in the name of the club, that I would do them the honour to dine with them. I sent my excuses, adorned with

[1] John Richmond Webb, victor at Wynendale, 1708, Governor of the Isle of Wight, 1710, died 1724.

about thirty compliments, and got off as fast as I could. It would have been a most improper thing for me to dine there, considering my friendship with the ministry. The club is about a hundred and fifty, and near eighty of them were then going to dinner at two long tables in a great ground room. At evening I went to the auction of Barnard's books, and laid out three pounds three shillings, but I'll go there no more; and so I said once before, but now I'll keep to it. I forgot to tell, that when I dined at Webb's with Lord Anglesea, I spoke to him of Clement's, as one recommended for a very honest gentleman, and good officer, and hoped he would keep him: he said he had no thoughts otherwise, and that he should certainly hold his place, while he continued to deserve it; and I could not find there had been any intentions from his lordship against him. But I tell you, hunny, the impropriety of this. A great man will do a favour for me, or for my friend; but why should he do it for my friend's friend? Recommendations should stop before they come to that. Let any friend of mine recommend one of his to a thing in my power, I will do it for his sake; but to speak to another for my friend's friend, is against all reason; and I desire you will understand this, and discourage any such troubles given me.—I hope this may do some good to Clements, it can do no hurt; and I find by Mrs Pratt, that her husband is his friend; and the Bishop of Clogher says, Clement's danger is not from Pratt, but from some other enemies, that think him a Whig.

14. I was so busy this morning that I did not go out till late. I writ to-day to the Duke of Argyle, but said nothing of Bernage, who, I believe, will not see him till Spain is conquered, and that is not at all. I was to-day at Lord Shelburne's, and spoke to Mrs Pratt again about Clements: her husband himself wants some good offices, and I have done him very good ones lately, and told Mrs Pratt, I expected her husband should stand by Clements in return. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined with neighbour Vanhomrigh; he is mighty ill of an asthma, and apprehends himself in much danger; 'tis his own fault, that will rake and drink, when he is but just crawled out of his grave. I will send this letter just now, because I think my half year is out for my lodging; and, if you please, I would be glad it were

paid off, and some deal boxes made for my books, and kept in some safe place: I would give something for their keeping; but I doubt that lodging will not serve me when I come back; I would have a larger place for books, and a stable, if possible. So pray be so kind to pay the lodging, and all accounts about it; and get Mrs Brent to put up my things. I would have no books put in that trunk where my papers are. If you do not think of going to the Bath, I here send you a bill on Parvisol for twenty pounds Irish, out of which you will pay for the lodging, and score the rest to me. Do as you please, and love poor Presto, that loves MD better than his life a thousand millions of times. Farewell MD, &c. &c.

LETTER XXI.

London, April 14, 1711.

Remember, sirrahs, that there are but nine days between the dates of my two former letters. I sent away my twentieth this moment, and now am writing on like a fish, as if nothing was done. But there was a cause for my hasting away the last, for fear it should not come time enough before a new quarter began. I told you where I dined to-day, but forgot to tell you what I believe, that Mr Harley will be Lord-Treasurer in a short time, and other great removes and promotions made. This is my thought, &c.

15. I was this morning with Mr Secretary, and he is grown pretty well. I dined with him to-day, and drank some of that wine which the great Duke of Tuscany used to send to Sir William Temple: he always sends some to the chief ministers. I liked it mightily, but he does not; and he ordered his butler to send me a chest of it to-morrow. Would to God MD had it. The Queen is well again, and was at chapel to-day, &c.

16. I went with Ford into the city to-day, and dined with Stratford, and drank tockay, and then we went to the auction; but I did not lay out above twelve shillings. My head is a little out of order to-night, though no formal fit. My Lord-Keeper has sent to invite me to dinner to-morrow, and you'll dine better with the Dean, and God bless you. I forgot to

tell you that yesterday was sent me a narrative printed,[1] with all the circumstances of Mr Harley's stabbing. I had not time to do it myself, so I sent my hints to the author of the Atalantis, and she has cooked it into a sixpenny pamphlet, in her own style, only the first page is left as I was beginning it. But I was afraid of disobliging Mr Harley or Mr St John in one critical point[2] about it, and so would not do it myself. It is worth your reading, for the circumstances are all true. My chest of Florence was sent me this morning, and cost me seven and sixpence to two servants. I would give two guineas you had it, &c.

17. I was so out of order with my head this morning, that I was going to send my excuses to my Lord-Keeper; but however I got up at eleven, and walked there after two, and staid till eight. There was Sir Thomas Mansel, Prior, George Granville, and Mr Cæsar, and we were very merry. My head is still wrong, but I have had no formal fit, only I totter a litter. I have left off snuff altogether. I have a noble roll of tobacco for grating, very good. Shall I send it to MD, if she likes that sort? My Lord-Keeper and our this day's company are to dine on Saturday with George Granville, and to-morrow I dine with Lord Anglesea.

18. Did you ever see such a blundering goosecap as Presto? I saw the number 21 atop, and so I went on as if it were the day of the month, whereas this is but Wednesday the 18th. How shall I do to blot and alter them? I have made a shift to do it behind, but it is a great blotch. I dined with Lord Anglesea to-day, but did not go to the House of Commons about the yarn; my head was not well enough. I know not what's the matter; it has never been thus before: two days together giddy from morning till night, but not with any violence or pain; and I totter a little, but can make shift to walk. I doubt I must fall to my pills again: I think of going into the country a little way. I tell you what you must do henceforward: you must enclose your letter in a fair half sheet of paper, and direct the outside to Erasmus Lewis, Esquire, at my Lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall; for I never go to the coffeehouse, and they will grudge to take in

[1] Mrs. Manley's narrative already mentioned. See p. 135, *note*.

[2] As to which of the two was the principal object of Guiscard's attempt.

my letters. I forgot to tell you that your mother was to see me this morning, and brought me a flask of sweet water for a present, admirable for my head; but I shall not smell to it. She is going to Sheen with Lady Giffard: she would fain send your papers over to you, or give them to me. Say what you would have done, and it shall be done; because I love Stella, and she is a good daughter, they say, and so is Dingley.

19. This morning General Webb was to give me a visit; he goes with a crutch and a stick, yet was forced to come up two pair of stairs. I promised to dine with him, but afterwards sent my excuses, and dined privately in my friend Lewis's lodgings at Whitehall, with whom I had much business to talk of relating to the public and myself. Little Harrison the Tatler goes to-morrow to the secretaryship, I got him at the Hague, and Mr St John has made him a present of fifty guineas to bear his charges. An't I a good friend? Why, are not you a young fellow, that I might prefer you? I had a letter from Bernage from Kinsale: he tells me his commission for captain-lieutenant was ready for him at his arrival: so there are two Jackanapeses I have done with. My head is something better this evening, though not well.

20. I was this morning with Mr Secretary, whose packets were just come in, and among them a letter from Lord Peterborow to me: he writes so well, I have no mind to answer him, and so kind, that I must answer him. The Emperor's death[1] must, I think, cause great alterations in Europe, and, I believe, will hasten a peace. We reckon our King Charles will be chosen Emperor, and the Duke of Savoy set up for Spain; but I believe he will make nothing of it. Dr Freind and I dined in the city at a printer's, and it has cost me two shillings in coach hire, and a great deal more this week and month, which has been almost all rain, with now and then sunshine, and is the truest April that I have known these many years. The lime trees in the Park are all out in leaves, though not large leaves yet. Wise people are going into the country; but many think the Parliament can

[1] This was Joseph I., who was succeeded by his brother Charles VI., who was "our King Charles," that is the King of Spain recognized by England.

hardly be up these six weeks. Mr Harley was with the Queen on Tuesday. I believe certainly he will be the Lord-Treasurer: I have not seen him this week.

21. Morning. Lord-Keeper, and I, and Prior, and Sir Thomas Mansel, have appointed to dine this day with George Granville. My head, I thank God, is better; but to be giddyish three or four days together mortified me. I take no snuff, and I will be very regular in eating little, and the gentlest meats. How does poor Stella just now, with her deans and her Stoytes? Do they give you health for the money you lose at ombre, sirrah? What say you to that? Poor Dingley frets to see Stella lose that four and elevenpence, t'other night. Let us rise. Morrow, sirrahs. I will rise, spite of your little teeth; good morrow.—At night. O, faith, you are little dear sauceboxes. I was just going in the morning to tell you that I began to want a letter from MD, and in four minutes after, Mr Ford sends me one that he had picked up at St James's Coffeehouse; for I go to no coffeehouse at all. And faith, I was glad at heart to see it, and to see Stella so brisk. O Lord, what pretending? Well, but I won't answer it yet; I'll keep it for t'other side. Well, we dined to-day according to appointment; Lord-Keeper went away at near eight, I at eight, and I believe the rest will be fairly fuddled; for young Harcourt, Lord-Keeper's son, began to prattle before I came away. It will not do with Prior's lean carcase. I drink little, miss my glass often, put water in my wine, and go away before the rest, which I take to be a good receipt for sobriety. Let us put it into rhyme, and so make a proverb:

Drink little at a time;
Put water with your wine;
Miss your glass when you can;
And go off the first man.

God be thanked, I am much better than I was, though something of a totterer. I ate but little to-day, and of the gentlest meat. I refused ham and pigeons, pease-soup, stewed beef, cold salmon, because they were too strong. I take no snuff at all, but some herb snuff prescribed by Dr Radcliffe.

Go to your Deans,
You couple of queans.

I believe I said that already. What care I? what cares Presto?

22. Morning. I must rise and go to the Secretary's. Mr Harley has been out of town this week to refresh himself before he comes into Parliament. O, but I must rise, so there is no more to be said; and so morrow, sirrahs both.—Night. I dined to-day with the Secretary, who has engaged me for every Sunday; and I was an hour with him this morning deep in politics, where I told him the objections of the October Club, and he answered all except one,—That no inquiries are made into past mismanagement. But, indeed, I believe they are not yet able to make any; the late ministry were too cunning in their rogueries, and fenced themselves with an act of general pardon. I believe Mr. Harley must be Lord-Treasurer, yet he makes only one difficulty which is hard to answer; he must be made a lord, and his estate is not large enough, and he is too generous to make it larger; and if the ministry should change soon by any accident, he will be left in the suds. Another difficulty is, that if he be made a peer, they will want him prodigiously in the House of Commons, of which he is the great mover, and after him the Secretary, and hardly any else of weight. Two shillings more to-day for coach and chair. I shall be ruined.

23. So you expect an answer to your letter, do you so? Yes, yes, you shall have an answer, you shall, young women. I made a good pun on Saturday to my Lord-Keeper. After dinner we had coarse Doiley napkins, fringed at each end, upon the table to drink with: my Lord-Keeper spread one of them between him and Mr. Prior; I told him I was glad to see there was such a *Fringeship* [Friendship] between Mr Prior and his lordship. Prior swore it was the worst he ever heard: I said I thought so too; but at the same time I thought it was most like one of Stella's that ever I heard. I dined to-day with Lord Mountjoy, and this evening saw the Venetian ambassader coming from his first public audience. His coach was the most monstrous, huge, fine, rich, gilt thing that ever I saw. I loitered this evening, and came home late.

24. I was this morning to visit the Duchess of Ormond, who has long desired it, or threatened she would not let me visit her daughters. I sat an hour with her, and we were

good company, when in came the Countess of Bellamont, with a pox. I went out, and we did not know one another, yet hearing me named, she asked, What, is that Dr. Swift? said, she and I were very well acquainted, and fell a railing at me without mercy, as a lady told me that was there; yet I never was but once in the company of that drab of a countess. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined with my neighbour Van. I design, in two days, if possible, to go lodge at Chelsea for the air, and put myself under a necessity of walking to and from London every day. I writ this post to the Bishop of Clogher a long politic letter to entertain him. I am to buy statues and harnese[1] for them, with a vengeance. I have packed and sealed up MD's twelve letters against I go to Chelsea. I have put the last commissions of MD in my account book; but if there be any former ones, I have forgot them. I have Dingley's pocket-book down, and Stella's green silk apron, and the pound of tea; pray send me word if you have any other, and down they shall go. I will not answer your letter yet, saucy boxes. You are with the dean just now, Madam Stella, losing your money. Why don't you name what number you have received? you say you have received my letters, but don't tell the number.

25. I was this day dining in the city with very insignificant, low, and scurvy company. I had a letter from the Archbishop of Dublin, with a long denial of the report raised on him, which yet has been since assured to me from those who say they have it from the first hand; but I cannot believe them. I will show it to the Secretary to morrow. I will not answer yours till I get to Chelsea.

26. Chelsea.[2] I have sent two boxes of lumber to my friend Darteneuf's house, and my chest of Florence and other things to Mrs Vanhomrigh, where I dined to-day. I was this morning with the Secretary, and showed him the Archbishop's letter, and convinced him of his grace's innocence, and I will do the same to Mr Harley. I got here in the stage-coach with Patrick and my portmantua for sixpence, and pay six shillings a week for one silly room with confounded coarse sheets. We have had such a horrible deal of rain, that there is no walking to London, and I must go

[1] "Farnese." (Note in original edition.)

[2] Swift lodged in Church Street, near the river.

as I came until it mends; and besides, the whelp has taken my lodging as far from London as this town could afford, at least half a mile farther than he need; but I must be content. The best is, I lodge just over against Dr. Atterbury's house, and yet perhaps I shall not like the place the better for that. Well, I'll stay till to-morrow before I answer your letter; and you must suppose me always writing at Chelsea from henceforward, till I alter, and say London. This letter goes on Saturday, which will be just a fortnight; so go and cheat Goody Stoyte, &c.

27. Do you know that I fear my whole chest of Florence is turned sour, at least the first two flasks were so, and hardly drinkable. How plaguy unfortunate am I! and the Secretary's own is the best I ever tasted; and I must not tell him, but be as thankful as if it were the best in Christendom. I went to town in the sixpenny stage to-day, and hearing Mr Harley was not at home, I went to see him, because I knew by the message of his lying porter that he was at home. He was very well, and just going out, but made me promise to dine with him; and betwixt that, and indeed strolling about, I lost four pound seven shillings at play —— with a — — — a — a — bookseller, and got but half a dozen books.[1] I will buy no more books now, that's certain. Well, I dined at Mr Harley's, came away at six, shifted my gown, cassock, and periwig, and walked hither to Chelsea, as I always design to do when it is fair. I am heartily sorry to find my friend the Secretary stand a little ticklish with the rest of the ministry: there have been one or two disobliging things that have happened, too long to tell: and t'other day in Parliament, upon a debate of about thirty-five millions that have not been duly accounted for, Mr Secretary, in his warmth of speech, and zeal for his friend Mr Brydges, on whom part of the blame was falling, said, he did not know that either Mr Brydges or the late ministry were at all to blame in this matter; which was very desperately spoken, and giving up the whole cause; for the chief quarrel against the late ministry was the ill management of the treasure, and was more than all the rest together. I had heard of this matter, but Mr Foley beginning

[1] He had taken part in a raffle for books. Such raffles were common; Scott quotes an advertisement from the "Tatler."

to discourse to-day at table, without naming Mr St John, I turned to Mr Harley, and said, if the late ministry were not to blame in that article, he [Mr Harley] ought to lose his head for putting the Queen upon changing them. He made it a jest; but by some words dropped, I easily saw that they take things ill of Mr St John, and by some hints given me from another hand that I deal with, I am afraid the Secretary will not stand long. This is the fate of courts. I will, if I meet Mr St John alone on Sunday, tell him my opinion, and beg him to set himself right, else the consequences may be very bad, for I see not how they can well want him neither, and he would make a troublesome enemy. But enough of politics.

28. Morning. I forgot to tell you, that Mr Harley asked me yesterday, how he came to disoblige the Archbishop of Dublin? upon which (having not his letter about me) I told him what the Bishop had written to me on that subject, and desired I might read him the letter some other time. But after all, from what I have heard from other hands, I am afraid the Archbishop is a little guilty. Here is one Brent Spencer, a brother of Mr Proby's, who affirms it, and says he has leave to do so from Charles Deering, who heard the words; and that Ingoldsby abused the Archbishop, &c. Well, but now for your saucy letter: I have no room to answer it: O yes; enough on t'other side. Are you no sicker? Stella jeers Presto for not coming over by Christmas; but indeed Stella does not jeer but reproach poor poor Presto. And how can I come away, and the First-Fruits not finished? I am of opinion the Duke of Ormond will do nothing in them before he goes, which will be in a fortnight they say: and then they must fall to me to be done in his absence. No, indeed, I have nothing to print: you know they have printed the Miscellanies already. Are they on your side yet? if you have my snuff-box, I'll have your strong box. Hi, does Stella take snuff again? or is it only because it is a fine box?—Not the *Meddle*, but the *Medley*,[1] you fool. Yes, yes, a wretched thing, because it is against you Tories: now I think it very fine, and the Examiner a wretched thing.—Twist your mouth, sirrah. Guiscard, and what you

[1] A Whig newspaper, edited by Mainwaring and Oldmixon, in opposition to the "Examiner."

will read in the narrative, I ordered to be written, and nothing else. The Spectator is written by Steele with Addison's help: 'tis often very pretty. Yesterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago for his Tatlers, about an Indian supposed to write his travels into England. I repent he ever had it. I intended to have written a book on that subject. I believe he has spent it all in one paper, and all the under hints there are mine too; but I never see him or Addison. The Queen is well, but I fear will be no long liver; for I am told she has sometimes the gout in her bowels, (I hate the word bowels.) My ears have been, these three months past, much better than any time these two years: but now they begin to be a little out of order again. My head is better, though not right; but I trust to air and walking. You have got my letter, but what number? I suppose 18. Well, my shin has been well this month. No, Mrs Westley came away without her husband's knowledge, while she was in the country: she has written to me for some tea.—They lie; Mr Harley's wound was very terrible: he had convulsions, and very narrowly escaped. The bruise was nine times worse than the wound: he is weak still. Well, Brooks married; I know all that. I am sorry for Mrs Walls's eye: I hope 'tis better. O yes, you are great walkers: but I have heard them say, Much talkers, Little walkers; and I believe I may apply the old proverb to you:

> If you talked no more than you walked,
> Those that think you wits would be baulked.

Yes, Stella shall have a large printed Bible: I have put it down among my commissions for MD. I am glad to hear you have taken the fancy of intending to read the Bible. Pox take the box: is not it come yet? this is trusting to your young fellows, young women; 'tis your fault: I thought you had such power with Sterne, that he would fly over Mount Atlas to serve you. You say you are not splenetic; but if you be, faith you will break poor Presto's —— I won't say the rest; but I vow to God, if I could decently come over now, I would, and leave all schemes of politics and ambition for ever. I have not the opportunities here of preserving my health by riding, &c. that I have in Ireland;

and the want of health is a great cooler of making one's court. You guess right about my being bit with a direction from Walls, and the letter from MD: I believe I described it in one of my last. This goes to-night; and I must now rise and walk to town, and walk back in the evening. God Almighty bless and preserve poor MD. Farewell.

O faith, don't think, saucy noses, that I'll fill this third side: I can't stay a letter above a fortnight: it must go then; and you would rather see a short one like this than want it a week longer.

My humble service to the Dean, and Mrs Walls, and good kind hearty Mrs Stoyte, and honest Catherine.

LETTER XXII.

Chelsea, April 28, 1711.

At night. I say at night, because I finished my twenty-first this morning here, and put it into the post-office my own self, like a good boy. I think I am a little before you now, young women: I am writing my twenty-second, and have received your thirteenth. I got to town between twelve and one, and put on my new gown and periwig, and dined with Lord Abercorn, where I had not been since the marriage of his son Lord Peasly [Paisley] who has got ten thousand pound with a wife.[1] I am now a country gentleman. I walked home as I went, and am a little weary, and am got into bed: I hope in God the air and exercise will do me a little good. I have been inquiring about statues for Mrs Ashe: I made Lady Abercorn go with me; and will send them word next post to Clogher. I hate to buy for her: I'm sure she'll maunder. I am going to study.

29. I had a charming walk to and from town to-day: I washed, shaved, and all, and changed gown and periwig, by half an hour after nine, and went to the Secretary, who told me how he had differed with his friends in Parliament: I apprehended this division, and told him a great deal of it. I went to court, and there several mentioned it to me as what they much disliked. I dined with the Secretary; and

[1] Anne, daughter of Colonel John Plummer of Blakesware, in the county of Hertford. (Scott.)

we proposed doing some business of importance in the afternoon, which he broke to me first, and said how he and Mr Harley were convinced of the necessity of it; yet he suffered one of his under secretaries to come upon us after dinner, who staid till six, and so nothing was done: and what care I? he shall send to me the next time, and ask twice. To-morrow I go to the election at Westminster school, where lads are chosen for the university: they say 'tis a sight, and a great trial of wits. Our expedition fleet is but just sailed: I believe it will come to nothing.[1] Mr Secretary frets at their tediousness; but hopes great things from it, though he owns four or five princes are in the secret; and, for that reason, I fear it is no secret to France. There are eight regiments; and the admiral is your Walker's brother the midwife.[2]

30. Morn. I am here in a pretty pickle: it rains hard; and the cunning natives of Chelsea have outwitted me, and taken up all the three stage-coaches. What shall I do? I must go to town: this is your fault. I can't walk: I'll borrow a coat. This is the blindside of my lodging out of town; I must expect such inconveniences as these. Faith I'll walk in the rain. Morrow. —At night. I got a gentleman's chaise by chance, and so went to town for a shilling, and lie this night in town. I was at the election of lads at Westminster to-day, and a very silly thing it is; but they say there will be fine doings to-morrow. I dined with Dr Freind, the second master of the school, with a dozen parsons and others: Prior would make me stay. Mr Harley is to hear the election to-morrow; and we are all to dine with tickets, and hear fine speeches. 'Tis terrible rainy weather again: I lie at a friend's in the city.

May 1. I wish you a merry May-day, and a thousand more. I was baulked at Westminster; I came too late: I heard no speeches nor verses.—They would not let me in to their dining-place for want of a ticket; and I would not send in for one, because Mr Harley excused his coming, and Atterbury was not there; and I cared not for the rest: and so my friend Lewis and I dined with Kit Musgrave, if you

[1] The expedition under Brigadier Hill and Sir Hovenden Walker. The fleet was partly wrecked, and returned without effecting anything.

[2] Sir Chamberlain Walker, the man midwife.

know such a man: and the weather mending, I walked gravely home this evening; and so I design to walk and walk till I am well: I fancy myself a little better already. How does poor Stella? Dingley is well enough. Go, get you gone, naughty girl, you are well enough. O dear MD, contrive to have some share of the country this spring: go to Finglas, or Donnybrook, or Clogher, or Killala, or Lowth. Have you got your box yet? yes, yes. Don't write to me again till this letter goes: I must make haste, that I may write two for one. Go to the Bath: I hope you are now at the Bath, if you had a mind to go; or go to Wexford: do something for your living. Have you given up my lodging according to order? I have had just now a compliment from Dean Atterbury's lady, to command the garden and library, and whatever the house affords. I lodge just over against them; but the Dean is in town with his Convocation: so I have my Dean and Prolocutor as well as you, young women, though he has not so good wine, nor so much meat.

2. A fine day, but begins to grow a little warm; and that makes your little fat Presto sweat in the forehead. Pray, are not the fine buns sold here in our town; was it not *Rrrrrrrrrare Chelsea Buns?* I bought one to-day in my walk; it cost me a penny; it was stale, and I did not like it, as the man said, &c. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's; and had a flask of my Florence, which lies in their cellar; and so I came home gravely, and saw nobody of consequence to-day. I am very easy here, nobody plaguing me in a morning; and Patrick saves many a score lies. I sent over to Mrs. Atterbury, to know whether I might wait on her? but she is gone a visiting: we have exchanged some compliments, but I have not seen her yet. We have no news in our town.

3. I did not go to town to-day, it was so terrible rainy; nor have I stirred out of my room till eight this evening; when I crossed the way to see Mrs Atterbury, and thank her for her civilities. She would needs send me some veal, and small beer, and ale, to-day at dinner; and I have lived a scurvy, dull, splenetic day, for want of MD: I often thought how happy I could have been, had it rained eight thousand times more, if MD had been with a body. My Lord

Rochester[1] is dead this morning; they say at one o'clock; and I hear he died suddenly. To-morrow I shall know more.—He is a great loss to us: I cannot think who will succeed him as Lord President. I have been writing a long letter to Lord Peterborow, and am dull.

4. I dined to-day at Lord Shelburn's, where Lady Kerry made me a present of four India handkerchiefs, which I have a mind to keep for little MD, only that I had rather, &c. I have been a mighty handkerchiefmonger, and have bought abundance of snuff ones since I have left off taking snuff. And I am resolved, when I come over, MD shall be acquainted with Lady Kerry: we have struck up a mighty friendship: and she has much better sense than any other lady of your country. We are almost in love with one another: but she is most egregiously ugly; but perfectly well bred, and governable as I please. I am resolved, when I come, to keep no company but MD; you know I kept my resolution last time; and, except Mr Addison, conversed with none but you and your club of Deans and Stoytes. 'Tis three weeks, young women, since I had a letter from you; and yet, methinks, I would not have another for five pound till this is gone; and yet I send every day to the coffee-house, and I would fain have a letter, and not have a letter: and I don't know what, nor I don't know how; and this goes on very slow; 'tis a week to-morrow since I began it. I am a poor country gentleman, and don't know how the world passes. Do you know that every syllable I write I hold my lips just for all the world as if I were talking in our own little language to MD. Faith, I am very silly; but I can't help it for my life. I got home early to-night. My solicitors, that used to ply me every morning, knew not where to find me; and I am so happy not to hear Patrick, Patrick, called a hundred times every morning. But I looked backward, and find I have said this before. What care I? go to the Dean, and roast the oranges.

5. I dined to-day with my friend Lewis, and we were deep in politics how to save the present ministry; for I am afraid of Mr Secretary, as I believe I told you. I went in the evening to see Mr Harley; and, upon my word, I was in perfect

[1] Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, one of the Tory leaders, made Lord President in 1710.

joy. Mr Secretary was just going out of the door; but I made him come back, and there was the old Saturday club, Lord-Keeper, Lord Rivers, Mr Secretary, Mr Harley, and I; the first time since his stabbing. Mr Secretary went away; but I staid till nine, and made Mr Harley show me his breast, and tell all the story: and I showed him the Archbishop of Dublin's letter, and defended him effectually. We were all in mighty good humour.—Lord-Keeper and I left them together, and I walked here after nine, two miles, and I found a parson drunk fighting with a seaman, and Patrick and I were so wise to part them, but the seaman followed him to Chelsea, cursing at him, and the parson slipped into a house, and I know no more. It mortified me to see a man in my coat so overtaken.—A pretty scene for one that just came from sitting with the prime ministers: I had no money in my pocket, and so could not be robbed. However, nothing but Mr Harley shall make me take such a journey again. We don't yet know who will be President in Lord Rochester's room. I measured and found that the penknife would have killed Mr Harley, if it had gone but half the breadth of my thumb nail lower; so near was he to death. I was so curious to ask him what were his thoughts while they were carrying him home in the chair. He said, he concluded himself a dead man. He will not allow that Guiscard gave him the second stab, though my Lord-Keeper, who is blind, and I that was not there, are positive in it. He wears a plaster still as broad as half-a-crown. Smoke how wide the lines are, but faith I don't do it on purpose: but I have changed my side in this new Chelsea bed, and I don't know how, methinks, but it is so unfit, and so awkward, never saw the like.

6. You must remember to enclose your letters in a fair paper, and direct the outside thus:—To Erasmus Lewis, Esq., at my Lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall; I said so before, but it may miscarry, you know, yet I think none of my letters did ever miscarry; faith I think never one; among all the privateers and the storms: O faith, my letters are too good to be lost.

MD's letters may tarry
But never miscarry,

as the old woman used to say. And, indeed, how should they miscarry, when they never come before their time? It was a terrible rainy day; yet I made a shift to steal fair weather over head, enough to go and come in. I was early with the Secretary, and dined with him afterwards. In the morning I began to chide him, and tell him my fears of his proceedings. But Arthur Moore[1] came up and relieved him. But I forgot, for you never heard of Arthur Moore. But when I get Mr Harley alone, I will know the bottom. You will have Dr Raymond over before this letter, and what care you?

7. I hope, and believe, my walks every day do me good. I was busy at home, and set out late this morning, and dined with Mrs Vanhomrigh, at whose lodgings I always change my gown and periwig. I visited this afternoon, and, among others, poor Biddy Floyd,[2] who is very red, but I believe won't be much marked. As I was coming home I met Sir George Beaumont in the Pall Mall, who would needs walk with me as far as Buckingham House. I was telling him of my head: he said he had been ill of the same disorder, and by all means forbid me bohea tea; which he said always gave it him; and that Dr Ratcliffe said it was very bad. Now I had observed the same thing, and have left it off this month, having found myself ill after it several times; and I mention it, that Stella may consider it for her poor own little head: a pound lies ready packed up, and directed for Mrs Walls to be sent by the first convenience. Mr Secretary told me yesterday, that Mr Harley would this week be Lord-Treasurer and a peer, so I expect it every day; yet, perhaps, it may not be till Parliament is up, which will be in a fortnight.

8. I was to-day with the Duke of Ormond, and recommended to him the care of poor Joe Beaumont,[3] who promises me to do him all justice and favour, and give him encouragement: and desired I would give a memorial to Ned Southwell about it, which I will, and so tell Joe when you see him, though he knows it already by a letter I writ to

[1] Brother to the Earl of Drogheda; he was one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade.

[2] See p. 138 above.

[3] See p. 1 above.

Mr Warburton. It was bloody hot walking to-day. I dined in the city, and went and came by water; and it rained so this evening again, that I thought I should hardly be able to get a dry hour to walk home in. I'll send to-morrow to the coffee-house for a letter from MD; but I would not have one, methinks, till this is gone, as it shall on Saturday. I visited the Duchess of Ormond this morning; she does not go over with the duke. I spoke to her to get a lad touched for the evil, the son of a grocer in Capel Street, one Bell, the ladies have bought sugar and plums of him. Mrs Mary used to go there often. This is Patrick's account; and the poor fellow has been here some months with his boy. But the Queen has not been able to touch, and it now grows so warm, I fear she will not at all. Go, go, go to the Dean's, and let him carry you to Donnybrook, and cut asparagus. Has Parvisol sent you any this year?[1] I cannot sleep in the beginnings of the nights, the heat or something hinders me, and I am drowsy in the mornings.

9. Dr Freind came this morning to visit Atterbury's lady and children as physician, and persuaded me to go with him to town in his chariot. He told me he had been an hour before with Sir Cholmley Dering, Charles Dering's nephew, and head of that family in Kent, for which he is knight of the shire. He said he left him dying of a pistol-shot quite through the body, by one Mr Thornhill.[2]—They fought at sword and pistol this morning in Tuttle-Fields [Tothill-Fields]; their pistols so near, that the muzzles touched. Thornhill discharged first, and Dering having received the shot, discharged his pistol as he was falling, so it went into the air. The story of this quarrel is long. Thornhill had lost seven teeth by a kick in the mouth from Dering, who had first knocked him down: this was above a fortnight ago. Dering was next week to be married to a fine young lady. This makes a noise here, but you won't value it. Well, Mr Harley, Lord-Keeper, and one or two more, are to be made lords immediately; their patents are now passing, and I read the preamble to Mr Harley's, full of his praises. Lewis and I dined with Ford; I found the wine: two flasks of my

[1] "From Dr. Swift's garden at Laracor." (Note in original edition.)

[2] Thornhill was tried at the Old Bailey, May 18th, 1711, and found guilty of manslaughter. See below, p. 225.

Florence, and two bottles of six that Dr Raymond sent me of French wine; he sent it to me to drink with Robert Raymond and Mr Harley's brother, whom I had introduced him to; but they never could find time to come: and now I have left the town, and it is too late.—Raymond will think it a cheat. What care I, sirrah?

10. Pshaw, pshaw, Patrick brought me four letters to-day: from Dilly[1] at Bath; Joe; Parvisol; and, what was the fourth, who can tell? Stand away, who'll guess? who can it be? You, old man with a stick, can you tell who the fourth is from? Iss, an please your honour, it is from one Madam MD, Number fourteen. Well; but I can't send this away now, because it was here, and I was in town, but it shall go on Saturday, and this is Thursday night, and it will be time enough for Wexford.—Take my method: I write here to Parvisol to lend Stella twenty pound, and to take her note promissory to pay it in half a year, &c. You shall see, and if you want more, let me know afterwards; and be sure my money shall be always paid constantly too. Have you been good or ill housewives, pray?

11. Joe has written to me to get him a collector's place, nothing less; he says all the world knows of my great intimacy with Mr Harley, and that the smallest word to him will do. This is the constant cant of puppies who are at a distance, and strangers to courts and ministers. My answer is this; which pray send; That I am ready to serve Joe as far as I can; that I have spoken to the Duke of Ormond about his money, as I writ to Warburton; that, for the particular he mentions, it is a work of time, which I cannot think of at present. But if accidents and opportunities should happen hereafter, I would not be wanting; that I know best how far my credit goes; that he is at distance, and cannot judge; that I would be glad to do him good; and, if fortune throws an opportunity in my way, I shall not be wanting. This is my answer; which you may send or read to him. Pray contrive that Parvisol may not run away with my two hundred pound, but get Burton's[2] note, and let the money be returned me by bill. Don't laugh, for I will be suspicious. Teach Parvisol to enclose, and direct the

[1] Dillon Ashe.

[2] "Burton a banker in Dublin." (Note in original edition.)

outside to Mr. Lewis. I will answer your letter in my next, only what I take notice of here excepted. I forgot to tell you, that at the Court of Requests to-day I could not find a dinner I liked, and it grew late, and I dined with Mrs. Van homrigh, &c.

12. Morning. I will finish this letter before I go to town, because I shall be busy, and have neither time nor place there. Farewell, &c. &c.

LETTER XXIII.

Chelsea, May 12, 1711.

I sent you my twenty-second this afternoon in town. I dined with Mr Harley and the old club, Lord Rivers, Lord-Keeper, and Mr Secretary.—They rallied me last week, and said I must have Mr St John's leave, so I writ to him yesterday, that, foreseeing I should never dine again with Sir Simon Harcourt, knight, and Robert Harley, Esq., I was resolved to do it to-day. The jest is, that, before Saturday next, we expect they will be lords; for Mr Harley's patent is drawing to be Earl of Oxford. Mr Secretary and I came away at seven, and he brought me to our town's end in his coach; so I lost my walk. St John read my letter to the company, which was all raillery, and passed purely.

13. It rained all last night and this morning as heavy as lead; but I just got fair weather to walk to town before church. The roads are all over in deep puddle. The hay of our town is almost fit to be mowed. I went to court after church (as I always do on Sundays,) and then dined with Mr Secretary, who has engaged me for every Sunday, and poor MD dined at home upon a bit of veal, and a pint of wine. Is it not plaguy insipid to tell you every day where I dine? yet now I have got into the way of it, I cannot forbear it neither. Indeed, Mr Presto, you had better go answer MD's letter, N. 14. I'll answer it when I please, Mr Doctor. What's that you say? The court was very full this morning, expecting Mr Harley would be declared Earl of Oxford, and have the treasurer's staff. Mr Harley never comes to court at all; somebody there asked me the reason; Why, said I, the Lord of Oxford knows.

He always goes to the Queen by the back stairs I was told for certain, your jackanapes, Lord Santry,[1] was dead; Captain Cammock assured me so; and now he's alive again, they say; but that shan't do; he shall be dead to me as long as he lives. Dick Tighe and I meet and never stir our hats. I am resolved to mistake him for Witherington, the little nasty lawyer that came up to me so sternly at the Castle the day I left Ireland. I'll ask the gentleman I saw walking with him, how long Witherington has been in town.

14. I went to town to-day by water. The hail quite discouraged me from walking, and there is no shade in the greatest part of the way: I took the first boat, and had a footman my companion; then I went again by water, and dined in the city with a printer, to whom I carried a pamphlet in manuscript, that Mr Secretary gave me. The printer sent it to the secretary for his approbation, and he desired me to look it over, which I did, and found it a very scurvy piece. The reason I tell you so is, because it was done by your parson Slap, Scrap, Flap, (what d'ye call him?) Trap, your Chancellor's chaplain. 'Tis called "A Character of the present Set of Whigs," and is going to be printed, and no doubt the author will take care to produce it in Ireland. Dr Freind was with me, and pulled out a twopenny pamphlet just published called "The State of Wit,"[2] giving a character of all the papers that have come out of late. The author seems to be a Whig, yet he speaks very highly of a paper called The Examiner, and says the supposed author of it is Dr Swift. But above all things he praises the Tatlers and Spectators; and I believe Steele and Addison were privy to the printing of it. Thus is one treated by these impudent dogs. And that villain Curl[3] has scraped up some trash, and calls it Dr Swift's Miscellanies, with the name at large, and I can get no satisfaction of him. Nay, Mr Harley told me he had read it, and only laughed at me before Lord-Keeper, and the rest. Since I came home I have been

[1] Lord Santry was a "violent Whig, and distinguished himself by prosecuting Higgins, who might be called the Sacheverell of Ireland." (Scott.)

[2] Said to have been written by Gay. It is reprinted in Scott's edition of Swift.

[3] Edmund Curll, the piratical bookseller.

sitting with the Prolocutor, Dean Atterbury, who is my neighbour over the way; but generally keeps in town with his Convocation. 'Tis late, &c.

15. My walk to town to-day was after ten, and prodigiously hot: I dined with Lord Shelburn, and have desired Mrs Pratt, who lodges there, to carry over Mrs Wall's tea; I hope she will do it, and they talk of going in a fortnight. My way is this: I leave my best gown and periwig at Mrs Vanhomrigh's, then walk up the Pall Mall, through the Park, out at Buckingham House, and so to Chelsea a little beyond the church: I set out about sunset, and get here in something less than an hour: it is two good miles, and just five thousand seven hundred and forty-eight steps; so there is four miles a day walking, without reckoning what I walk while I stay in town. When I pass the Mall in the evening it is prodigious to see the number of ladies walking there; and I always cry shame at the ladies of Ireland, who never walk at all, as if their legs were of no use, but to be laid aside. I have been now almost three weeks here, and I thank God, am much better in my head, if it does but continue. I tell you what, if I was with you, when we went to Stoyte at Donnybrook, we would only take a coach to the hither end of Stephen's Green, and from thence go every step on foot, yes faith, every step; it would do: DD goes as well as Presto. Every body tells me I look better already; for faith I looked sadly, that's certain. My breakfast is milk porridge: I don't love it, faith I hate it, but 'tis cheap and wholesome; and I hate to be obliged to either of those qualities for any thing.

16. I wonder why Presto will be so tedious in answering MD's letters; because he would keep the best to the last I suppose. Well, Presto must be humoured, it must be as he will have it, or there will be an old to do. Dead with heat, are not you very hot? My walks make my forehead sweat rarely; sometimes my morning journey is by water, as it was to-day with one parson Richardson, who came to see me, on his going to Ireland; and with him I send Mrs Wall's tea, and three books[1] I got from the Lords of the Treasury for the college. I dined with Lord Shelburn to-day; Lady

[1] Rymer's "Fœdera," in three volumes, which Swift got for the library of Trinity College, Dublin.

Kerry and Mrs Pratt are going likewise for Ireland.—Lord I forgot, I dined with Mr Prior to-day, at his house, with Dean Atterbury and others; and came home pretty late, and I think I'm in a fuzz, and don't know what I say, never saw the like.

17. Sterne came here by water to see me this morning, and I went back with him to his boat. He tells me, that Mrs Edgworth married a fellow in her journey to Chester: so I believe she little thought of any body's box but her own. I desired Sterne to give me directions where to get the box in Chester, which he says he will to-morrow, and I will write to Richardson to get it up there as he goes by, and whip it over. It is directed to Mrs Curry: you must caution her of it, and desire her to send it you when it comes. Sterne says Jemmy Leigh loves London mightily; that makes him stay so long, I believe, and not Sterne's business, which Mr Harley's accident has put much backward. We expect now every day that he will be Earl of Oxford and Lord-Treasurer. His patent is passing; but they say, Lord-Keeper's not yet, at least his son, young Harcourt, told me so t'other day. I dined to-day privately with my friend Lewis at his lodgings at Whitehall. T'other day at Whitehall I met a lady of my acquaintance, whom I had not seen before, since I came to England: we were mighty glad to see each other, and she has engaged me to visit her, as I design to do. It is one Mrs Colledge; she has lodgings at Whitehall, having been seamstress to King William, worth three hundred a year. Her father was a fanatic joiner,[1] hanged for treason in Shaftsbury's plot. This noble person and I were brought acquainted, some years ago, by Lady Berkeley. I love good creditable acquaintance; I love to be the worst of the company: I am not of those that say, for want of company, welcome trumpery. I was this evening with Lady Kerry and Mrs Pratt at Vauxhall, to hear the nightingales; but they are almost past singing.

[1] Stephen Colledge, called the "Protestant Joiner" from the activity of his proceedings in connection with the sham Popish Plot. He invented a "Protestant flail" to be used against Papists. He was tried for High Treason at Oxford in 1681, and executed after a grossly unfair trial. The place was given to his daughter, doubtless from the same motives which led William III. to reward Titus Oates.

18. I was hunting the Secretary to-day in vain about some business, and dined with Colonel Crowe, late Governor of Barbadoes, and your friend Sterne was the third: he is very kind to Sterne, and helps him in his business, which lies asleep till Mr Harley is Lord-Treasurer, because nothing of moment is now done in the Treasury, the change being expected every day. I sat with Dean Atterbury till one o'clock after I came home; so 'tis late, &c.

19. Do you know that about our town we are mowing already and making hay, and it smells so sweet as we walk through the flowery meads; but the hay-making nymphs are perfect drabs, nothing so clean and pretty as farther in the country. There is a mighty increase of dirty wenches in straw hats since I knew London. I staid at home till five o'clock, and dined with Dean Atterbury: then went by water to Mr Harley's, where the Saturday club was met, with the addition of the Duke of Shrewsbury.[1] I whispered Lord Rivers, that I did not like to see a stranger among us: and the rogue told it aloud: but Mr Secretary said, the Duke writ to have leave: so I appeared satisfied, and so we laughed. Mr Secretary told me the Duke of Buckingham[2] had been talking to him much about me, and desired my acquaintance. I answered, it could not be: for he had not made sufficient advances. Then the Duke of Shrewsbury said, he thought that Duke was not used to make advances. I said I could not help that; for I always expected advances in proportion to men's quality, and more from a Duke than other men. The Duke replied, that he did not mean anything of his quality; which was handsomely said enough; for he meant his pride: and I have invented a notion to believe that nobody is proud. At ten all the company went away; and from ten till twelve Mr Harley and I sat together, where we talked through a great deal of matters I had a mind to settle with him, and then walked, in a fine moonshine

[1] Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, had been a Whig, and a friend of William III. His loyalty was, however, doubtful, and he fell under suspicion in connection with the Assassination Plot. In Anne's reign he deserted the Whigs, and became Lord Chamberlain in 1710. His later years were as dubious as his earlier.

[2] He was notorious for his pride. Scott points out that Swift had "made some advances to Buckingham, by calling on him;" and suggests that as no response was made he conceived a dislike to the duke.

night, to Chelsea, where I got by one. Lord Rivers conjured me not to walk so late; but I would, because I had no other way; but I had no money to lose.

20. By what Lord-Keeper told me last night, I find he will not be made a peer so soon: but Mr Harley's patent for Earl of Oxford is now drawing, and will be done in three days. We made him own it, which he did scurvily, and then talked of it like the rest. Mr Secretary had too much company with him to-day; so I came away soon after dinner. I give no man liberty to swear or talk b—dy, and I found some of them were in constraint, so I left them to themselves. I wish you a merry Whitsuntide, and pray tell me how you pass away your time: but faith, you are going to Wexford, and I fear this letter is too late; it shall go on Thursday, and sooner it cannot, I have so much business to hinder me answering yours. Where must I direct in your absence? Do you quit your lodgings?

21. Going to town this morning, I met in the Pall Mall a clergyman of Ireland, whom I love very well, and was glad to see, and with him a little jackanapes of Ireland too, who married Nanny Swift, uncle Adam's daughter, one Perry; perhaps you may have heard of him. His wife has sent him here to get a place from Lownds; because my uncle and Lownds married two sisters, and Lownds is a great man here in the Treasury: but by good luck I have no acquaintance with him: however, he expected I should be his friend to Lownds, and one word of mine, &c. the old cant. But I will not go two yards to help him. I dined with Mrs Vanhomrigh, where I keep my best gown and periwig to put on when I come to town and be a spark.

22. I dined to-day in the city, and coming home this evening, I met Sir Thomas Mansel and Mr. Lewis in the Park. Lewis whispered me, that Mr Harley's patent for Earl of Oxford was passed in Mr Secretary St John's office; so to-morrow or next day I suppose he will be declared Earl of Oxford, and have the staff. This man has grown by persecutions, turnings out, and stabbing. What waiting, and crowding, and bowing will be at his levee? yet, if human nature be capable of so much constancy, I should believe he will be the same man still, bating the necessary forms of

grandeur he must keep up. 'Tis late sirrahs, and I'll go sleep.

23. Morning. I sat up late last night, and waked late to-day; but will now answer your letter in bed before I go to town and I will send it to-morrow; for perhaps you mayn't go so soon to Wexford.—No, you are not out in your number: the last was Number 14, and so I told you twice or thrice; will you never be satisfied? What shall we do for poor Stella? Go to Wexford, for God's sake: I wish you were to walk there by three miles a-day, with a good lodging at every mile's end. Walking has done me so much good, that I cannot but prescribe it often to poor Stella. Parvisol has sent me a bill for fifty pounds, which I am sorry for, having not written to him for it, only mentioned it two months ago; but I hope he will be able to pay you what I have drawn upon him for; he never sent me any sum before but one bill of twenty pounds, half a year ago. You are welcome as my blood to every farthing I have in the world: and all that grieves me is, I am not richer, for MD's sake, as [I] hope [to be] saved. I suppose you give up your lodgings when you go to Wexford; yet that will be inconvenient too: yet I wish again you were under the necessity of rambling the country till Michaelmas, faith. No, let them keep the shelves, with a pox; yet they are exacting people about those four weeks, or Mrs. Brent may have the shelves, if she please. I am obliged to your Dean for his kind offer of lending me money. Will that be enough to say? A hundred people would lend me money, or to any man who has not the reputation of a squanderer. O faith, I should be glad to be in the same kingdom with MD, however, although you were at Wexford. But I am kept here by a most capricious fate, which I would break through, if I could do it with decency or honour.—To return without some mark of distinction, would look extremely little: and I would likewise gladly be somewhat richer than I am. I will say no more, but beg you to be easy, till Fortune take her course, and to believe that MD's felicity is the great end I aim at in my pursuits. And so let us talk no more on this subject, which makes me melancholy, and that I would fain divert. Believe me, no man breathing at present has less share of happiness in life than I: I do not say I am unhappy at all.

but that every thing here is tasteless to me for want of being as I would be. And so a short sigh, and no more of this. Well, come and let's see what's next, young women. Pox take Mrs Edgworth and Sterne: I will take some methods about that box. What orders would you have me give about the picture? Can't you do with it as if it were your own? No, I hope Manley will keep his place; for I hear nothing of Sir Thomas Frankland's losing his. Send nothing under cover to Mr Addison, but to Erasmus Lewis, Esq., at my Lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall. Direct your outside so.—Poor dear Stella, don't write in the dark, nor in the light neither, but dictate to Dingley; she is a naughty healthy girl, and may drudge for both. Are you good company together? and don't you quarrel too often? Pray, love one another, and kiss one another just now, as Dingley is reading this; for you quarrelled this morning just after Mrs Marget had poured water on Stella's head: I heard the little bird say so. Well, I have answered every thing in your letter that required it, and yet the second side is not full. I'll come home at night, and say more; and to-morrow this goes for certain. Go, get you gone to your own chambers, and let Presto rise like a modest gentleman, and walk to town. I fancy I begin to sweat less in the forehead by constant walking than I used to do; but then I shall be so sunburnt, the ladies won't like me. Come, let me rise, sirrahs, Morrow.—At night. I dined with Ford to-day at his lodgings, and I found wine out of my own cellar, some of my own chest of the great Duke's wine: it begins to turn. They say wine with you in Ireland is half-a-crown a bottle. 'Tis as Stella says, nothing that once grows dear in Ireland ever grows cheap again, except corn, with a pox, to ruin the parson. I had a letter to-day from the Archbishop of Dublin, giving me farther thanks about vindicating him to Mr Harley and Mr St John, and telling me a long story about your Mayor's election,[1] wherein I find he has had a finger, and given way to farther talk about him; but we know nothing of it here yet. This walking to and

[1] The Corporation of Dublin was Whig. The Irish Privy Council rejected "four mayors and eight sheriffs in succession, all regularly elected; on account, doubtless, of their political principles." See Archbishop King's letter to Swift, dated May 15, 1711.

fro, and dressing myself, takes up so much of my time, that I cannot go among company so much as formerly; yet what must a body do? I thank God I yet continue much better since I left the town; I know not how long it may last. I am sure it has done me some good for the present. I do not totter as I did, but walk as firm as a cock, only once or twice for a minute, I dont know how; but it went off, and I never followed it. Does Dingley read my hand as well as ever? Do you, sirrah? Poor Stella must not read Presto's ugly small hand. Preserve your eyes, if you be wise. Your friend Walls's tea will go in a day or two toward Chester by one parson Richardson. My humble service to her, and to good Mrs Stoyte, and Catherine; and pray walk while you continue in Dublin. I expect your next but one will be from Wexford. God bless dearest MD.

24. Morning. Mr Secretary has sent his groom hither to invite me to dinner to-day, &c. God Almighty for ever bless and preserve you both, and give you health, &c. Amen. Farewell, &c.

Don't I often say the same thing two or three times in the same letter, sirrah?

Great wits, they say, have but short memories; that's good vile conversation.

LETTER XXIV.

Chelsea, May 24, 1711.

Morning. Once in my life the number of my letters and of the day of the month is the same; that's lucky, boys; that's a sign that things will meet, and that we shall make a figure together. What, will you still have the impudence to say London, England, because I say Dublin, Ireland? Is there no difference between London and Dublin, saucy boxes? I have sealed up my letter, and am going to town. Morrow, sirrahs.—At night. I dined with the Secretary to-day; we sat down between five and six. Mr Harley's patent passed this morning: he is now Earl of Oxford, Earl Mortimer, and Lord Harley of Wigmore Castle. My letter was sealed, or I would have told you this yesterday; but the public news may tell it you. The Queen, for all her favour,

has kept a rod[1] for him in her closet this week; I suppose he will take it from her though in a day or two. At eight o'clock this evening it rained prodigiously, as it did from five; however, I set out, and in half way the rain lessened, and I got home, but tolerably wet; and this is the first wet walk I have had in a month's time that I am here: but however I got to bed, after a short visit to Atterbury.

25. It rained this morning, and I went to town by water; and Ford and I dined with Mr Lewis by appointment. I ordered Patrick to bring my gown and periwig to Mr Lewis, because I designed to go to see Lord Oxford, and so I told the dog; but he never came, though I staid an hour longer than I appointed: so I went in my old gown, and sat with him two hours, but could not talk over some business I had with him; so he has desired me to dine with him on Sunday, and I must disappoint the Secretary. My Lord set me down at a coffee-house, where I waited for the Dean of Carlisle's chariot to bring me to Chelsea; for it has rained prodigiously all this afternoon. The Dean did not come himself, but sent me his chariot, which has cost me two shillings to the coachman; and so I am got home, and Lord knows what is become of Patrick. I think I must send him over to you; for he is an intolerable rascal. If I had come without a gown, he would have served me so, though my life and preferment should have lain upon it: and I am making a livery for him will cost me four pounds; but I will order the tailor to-morrow to stop till farther orders. My Lord Oxford can't yet abide to be called my lord; and when I called him my lord, he called me Dr Thomas Swift,[1] which he always does when he has a mind to tease me. By a second hand he proposed my being his chaplain, which I by a second hand excused; but we had no talk of it to-day: but I will be no man's chaplain alive. But I must go and be busy.

26. I never saw Patrick till this morning, and that only once, for I dressed myself without him; and when I went to town, he was out of the way. I immediately sent for the tailor, and ordered him to stop his hand in Patrick's clothes

[1] The Treasurer's staff.

[1] Swift's "little parson cousin" who laid claim to a share of the authorship of the "Tale of a Tub."

till farther orders. O, if it were in Ireland, I should have turned him off ten times ago; and it is no regard to him, but myself, that has made me keep him so long. Now I am afraid to give the rogue his clothes. What shall I do? I wish MD were here to entreat for him, just here at the bed's side. Lady Ashburnham has been engaging me this long time to dine with her, and I set to-day apart for it; and whatever was the mistake, she sent me word, she was at dinner and undressed, but would be glad to see me in the afternoon; so I dined with Mrs Vanhomrigh, and would not go see her at all, in a huff. My fine Florence is turning sour with a vengeance, and I have not drunk half of it. As I was coming home to-night, Sir Thomas Mansel and Tom Harley met me in the Park, and made me walk with them till nine, like unreasonable whelps; so I got not here till ten: but it was a fine evening, and the foot-path clean enough already after this hard rain.

27. Going this morning to town, I saw two old lame fellows walking to a brandy shop, and when they got to the door, stood a long time complimenting who should go in first. Though this be no jest to tell, it was an admirable one to see. I dined to-day with my Lord Oxford and the ladies, the new Countess, and Lady Betty,[1] who has been these three days a lady born. My lord left us at seven, and I had no time to speak to him about some affairs; but he promises in a day or two we shall dine alone; which is mighty likely, considering we expect every moment that the Queen will give him the staff, and then he will be so crowded, he will be good for nothing: for aught I know he may have it to-night at council.

28. I had a petition sent me t'other day from one Stephen Gernon, setting forth that he formerly lived with Harry Tenison, who gave him an employment of gauger; and that he was turned out after Harry's death, and came for England, and is now starving, or, as he expresses it, that the staff of life has been of late a stranger to his appetite. To-day the poor fellow called, and I knew him very well, a young slender fellow with freckles in his face; you must remember him; he waited at table as a better sort of servant. I gave

[1] Lady Elizabeth Harley, daughter of the new Earl of Oxford. She married the Marquis of Carmarthen.

him a crown, and promised to do what I could to help him to a service, which I did for Harry Tenison's memory. It was bloody hot walking to-day, and I was so lazy I dined where my new gown was, at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and came back like a fool, and the Dean of Carlisle has sat with me till eleven. Lord Oxford has not the staff yet.

29. I was this morning in town by ten, though it was shaving day, and went to the Secretary about some affairs, then visited the Duke and Duchess of Ormond; but the latter was dressing to go out, and I could not see her. My Lord Oxford had the staff given him this morning; so now I must call him Lord Oxford no more; but Lord-Treasurer: I hope he will stick there; this is twice he has changed his name this week; and I heard to-day in the city (where I dined) that he will very soon have the garter. — Prithee, don't you observe how strangely I have changed my company and manner of living? I never go to a coffeehouse; you hear no more of Addison, Steele, Henley, Lady Lucy, Mrs Finch, Lord Somers, Lord Halifax, &c.[1] I think I have altered for the better. Did I tell you the Archbishop of Dublin has writ me a long letter of a squabble in your town about choosing a Mayor, and that he apprehended some censure for the share he had in it. I have not heard any thing of it here; but I shall not be always able to defend him. We hear your Bishop Hickman is dead; but nobody here will do any thing for me in Ireland; so they may die as fast or slow as they please.—Well, you are constant to your deans, and your Stoyte, and your Walls. Walls will have her tea soon; parson Richardson is either going or gone to Ireland, and has it with him. I hear Mr Lewis has two letters for me: I could not call for them to-day, but will to-morrow; and perhaps one of them may be from our little MD, who knows, man? who can tell? Many more unlikely thing has happened.—Pshaw, I write so plaguy little, I can hardly see it myself. *Write bigger, sirrah*[2] Presto. No, but I won't. O, you are a saucy rogue, Mr Presto, you are so impudent. Come, dear rogues, let Presto go to sleep: I have been with the Dean, and 'tis near twelve.

[1] All these were Whigs.

[2] "These words are written in a large round hand.' (Note in original edition.)

30. I am so hot and lazy after my morning's walk, that I loitered at Mrs Vanhomrigh's, where my best gown and periwig was, and out of mere listlessness dine there very often, so I did to-day; but I got little MD's letter, N. 15 (you see, sirrahs, I remember to tell the number) from Mr Lewis, and I read it in a closet they lend me at Mrs Van's, and I find Stella is a saucy rogue and a great writer, and can write finely still when her hand's in, and her pen good. When I came here to-night, I had a mighty mind to go swim after I was cool, for my lodging is just by the river, and I went down with only my night gown and slippers on at eleven, but came up again; however, one of these nights I will venture.

31. I was so hot this morning with my walk, that I resolve to do so no more during this violent burning weather. It is comical, that now we happen to have such heat to ripen the fruit, there has been the greatest blast that was ever known, and almost all the fruit is despaired of. I dined with Lord Shelburn; Lady Kerry and Mrs Pratt are going to Ireland. I went this evening to Lord-Treasurer, and sat about two hours with him in mixed company; he left us, and went to court, and carried two staves with him, so I suppose we shall have a new Lord-Steward or comptroller to-morrow; I smoked that state secret out by that accident. I won't answer your letter yet, sirrahs, no, I won't, madam.

June 1. I wish you a merry month of June. I dined again with the Vans and Sir Andrew Fountaine. I always give them a flask of my Florence, which now begins to spoil, but 'tis near an end. I went this afternoon to Mrs Vedeau's, and brought away Madam Dingley's parchment and letter of attorney. Mrs Vedeau tells me, she has sent the bill a fortnight ago. I will give the parchment to Ben Tooke, and you shall send him a letter of attorney at your leisure, enclosed to Mr Presto. Yes, I now think your mackarel is full as good as ours, which I did not think formerly. I was bit about the two staves, for there is no new officer made to-day. This letter will find you still in Dublin, I suppose or at Donnybrook, or losing your money at Walls', (how does she do?)

2. I missed this day by a blunder, and dining in the city.

3. No boats on Sunday, never: so I was forced to walk, and so hot by the time I got to Ford's lodging, that I was quite spent; I think the weather is mad. I could not go to church. I dined with the Secretary as usual, and old Colonel Graham that lived at Bagshot Heath, and they said it was Colonel Graham's house. Pshaw, I remember it very well, when I used to go for a walk to London from Moor-Park. What, I warrant you don't remember the Golden Farmer [1] neither, Figgarkick Soley.[2]

4. When must we answer this letter, this N. 15 of our little MD? Heat and laziness and Sir Andrew Fountaine made me dine to-day again at Mrs Van's; and, in short, this weather is insupportable; how is it with you? Lady Betty Butler and Lady Ashburnham sat with me two or three hours this evening in my closet at Mrs Van's. They are very good girls, and if Lady Betty went to Ireland you should let her be acquainted with you. How does Dingley do this hot weather? Stella, I think, never complains of it, she loves hot weather. There has not been a drop of rain since Friday se'ennight. Yes, you do love hot weather, naughty Stella, you do so, and Presto can't abide it. Be a good girl, then, and I'll love you: and love one another, and don't be quarrelling girls.

5. I dined in the city to-day, and went from hence early to town, and visited the Duke of Ormond, and Mr Secretary. They say my Lord-Treasurer has a dead warrant in his pocket, they mean, a list of those who are to be turned out of employment, and we every day now expect those changes. I passed by the treasury to-day, and saw vast crowds waiting to give Lord-Treasurer petitions as he passes by. He is now at the top of power and favour: he keeps no levees yet. I am cruel thirsty this hot weather.—I am just this minute going to swim. I take Patrick down with me to hold my night-gown, shirt, and slippers, and borrow a napkin of my

[1] A name given to a famous highwayman of the day, who masqueraded as a farmer.

[2] This expression, which Scott says he cannot understand, probably stands in the "little language" for "Pilgarlick sirrah." "Pilgarlick" is a contemptuous name the exact implication of which has never been properly explained. "Soley" is doubtless a misreading for "sollah," which is Swift's little language for "sirrah."

landlady for a cap.—So farewell till I come up; but there's no danger, don't be frighted—I have been swimming this half hour and more; and when I was coming out I dived, to make my head and all through wet, like a cold bath; but as I dived, the napkin fell off and is lost, and I have that to pay for. O faith, the great stones were so sharp, I could hardly set my feet on them as I came out. It was pure and warm. I got to bed, and will now go sleep.

6. Morning. This letter shall go to-morrow; so I will answer yours when I come home to-night. I feel no hurt from last night's swimming. I lie with nothing but the sheet over me, and my feet quite bare. I must rise and go to town before the tide is against me. Morrow, sirrahs; dear sirrahs, morrows.—At night. I never felt so hot a day as this since I was born. I dined with Lady Betty Germain, and there was the young Earl of Berkeley and his fine lady. I never saw her before, nor think her near so handsome as she passes for.—After dinner Mr Bertue would not let me put ice in my wine; but said my Lord Dorchester got the bloody flux with it, and that it was the worst thing in the world. Thus are we plagued, thus are we plagued; yet I have done it five or six times this summer, and was but the drier and the hotter for it. Nothing makes me so excessively peevish as hot weather. Lady Berkeley after dinner clapped my hat on another lady's head, and she in roguery put it upon the rails. I minded them not, but in two minutes they called me to the window, and Lady Carteret showed me my hat out of her window five doors off, where I was forced to walk to it, and pay her and old Lady Weymouth a visit, with some more beldames, then I went and drank coffee, and made one or two puns with Lord Pembroke, and designed to go to Lord-Treasurer; but it was too late, and besides I was half broiled, and broiled without butter; for I never sweat after dinner, if I drink any wine. Then I sat an hour with Lady Betty Butler at tea, and every thing made me hotter and drier. Then I walked home, and was here by ten, so miserably hot, that I was in as perfect a passion as ever I was in my life at the greatest affront or provocation. Then I sat an hour till I was quite dry and cool enough to go swim; which I did, but with so much vexation, that I think I have given it over: for I was

every moment disturbed by boats, rot them; and that puppy Patrick, standing ashore, would let them come within a yard or two, and then call sneakingly to them. The only comfort I proposed here in hot weather is gone; for there is no jesting with those boats after 'tis dark: I had none last night. I dived to dip my head, and held my cap on with both my hands, for fear of losing it.—Pox take the boats! Amen. 'Tis near twelve, and so I'll answer your letter (it strikes twelve now) to-morrow morning.

7. Morning. Well, now let us answer MD's letter, N. 15, 15, 15, 15. Now I have told you the number 15, 15; there, impudence, to call names in the beginning of your letter, before you say, How do you do, Mr Presto?—There's your breeding. Where's your manners, sirrah, to a gentleman? Get you gone, you couple of jades.—No, I never sit up late now: but this abominable hot weather will force me to eat or drink something that will do me hurt. I do venture to eat a few strawberries. Why then, do you know in Ireland that Mr St John talked so in Parliament?[1] your Whigs are plaguily bit; for he is entirely for their being all out.—And are you as vicious in snuff as ever? I believe, as you say, it does neither hurt nor good; but I have left it off, and when any body offers me their box, I take about a tenth part of what I used to do, and then just smell to it, and privately fling the rest away. I keep to my tobacco still,[2] as you say; but even much less of that than formerly, only mornings and evenings, and very seldom in the day.—As for Joe, I have recommended his case heartily to my Lord-Lieutenant; and, by his direction, given a memorial of it to Mr Southwell, to whom I have recommended it likewise. I can do no more, if he were my brother. His business will be to apply himself to Southwell. And you must desire Raymond, if Price of Galway comes to town, to desire him to wait on Mr Southwell, as recommended by me for one of the Duke's chaplains, which was all I could do for him; and

[1] Refers to St. John's defence of his friend Brydges, the Whig Paymaster-General.

[2] "He does not mean smoking, which he never practised, but snuffing up cut-and-dry tobacco, which sometimes was just coloured with Spanish snuff, and this he used all his life, but would not own that he took snuff." (Note in original edition.)

he must be presented to the Duke, and make his court, and ply about and find out some vacancy, and solicit early for it. The bustle about your mayor I had before, as I told you, from the Archbishop of Dublin. Was Raymond not come till May 18? so he says fine things of me? certainly he lies. I'm sure I used him indifferently enough, and we never once dined together, or walked, or were in any third place, only he came sometimes to my lodgings, and even there was oftener denied than admitted.—What an odd bill is that you sent of Raymond's? a bill upon one Murry in Chester, which depends entirely not only upon Raymond's honesty, but his discretion; and in money matters he is the last man I would depend on. Why should Sir Alexander Cairnes[1] in London pay me a bill, drawn by God knows who, upon Murry in Chester? I was at Cairnes's, and they can do no such thing. I went among some friends, who are merchants, and I find the bill must be sent to Murry, accepted by him, and then returned back, and then Cairnes may accept or refuse it as he pleases. Accordingly I gave Sir Thomas Frankland the bill, who has sent it to Chester, and ordered the postmaster there to get it accepted, and then send it back, and in a day or two I shall have an answer; and therefore this letter must stay a day or two longer than I intended, and see what answer I get. Raymond should have written to Murry at the same time, to desire Sir Alexander Cairnes to have answered such a bill, if it come. But Cairne's clerks (himself was not at home) said, that they had received no notice of it, and could do nothing; and advised me to send to Murry.—I have been six weeks to-day at Chelsea, and you know it but just now. And so Dean —— thinks I write the Medley. Pox of his judgment; 'tis equal to his honesty. Then you han't seen the Miscellany yet? Why, 'tis a four shilling book: has nobody carried it over?—No, I believe Manley will not lose his place: for his friend in England is so far from being out, that he has taken a new patent since the Post-Office act; and his brother Jack Manley here takes his part firmly; and I have often spoken to Southwell in his behalf, and he seems very well inclined to him. But the Irish folks here in

[1] An eminent banker.

general are horribly violent against him. Besides, he must consider he could not send Stella wine if he were put out. And so he is very kind, and sends you a dozen bottles of wine at a time, and you win eight shillings at a time; and how much do you lose? No, no, never one syllable about that, I warrant you.—Why this same Stella is so unmerciful a writer, she has hardly left any room for Dingley. If you have such summer there as here, sure the Wexford waters are good by this time. I forgot what weather we had May 6th; go look in my journal. We had terrible rain the 24th and 25th, and never a drop since. Yes, yes, I remember Berested's bridge; the coach sosses up and down as one goes that way, just as at Hockley in the Hole. I never impute any illness or health I have to good or ill weather, but to want of exercise, or ill air, or something I have eaten, or hard study, or sitting up; and so I fence against those as well as I can: but who a deuce can help the weather? Will Seymor, the General, was excessively hot with the sun shining full upon him: so he turns to the sun, and says, Hearkee, friend, you had better go and ripen cucumbers than plague me at this rate, &c. Another time fretting at the heat, a gentleman by said, it was such weather as pleased God: Seymor said, perhaps it may; but I'm sure it pleases nobody else. Why, Madam Dingley, the First-Fruits are done. Southwell told me they went to inquire about them, and Lord-Treasurer said they were done, and had been done long ago. And I'll tell you a secret you must not mention, that the Duke of Ormond is ordered to take notice of them in his speech to your Parliament: and I desire you will take care to say on occasion, that my Lord-Treasurer Harley did it many months ago, before the Duke was Lord-Lieutenant. And yet I cannot possibly come over yet: so get you gone to Wexford, and make Stella well.—Yes, yes, I take care not to walk late; I never did but once, and there are five hundred people on the way as I walk. Tisdall is a puppy, and I will excuse him the half hour he would talk with me. As for the Examiner, I have heard a whisper, that after that of this day, which tells what this Parliament has done, you will hardly find them so good. I prophesy they will be trash for the future; and methinks in this day's Examiner the author talks doubtfully, as if he

would write no more.[1] Observe whether the change be discovered in Dublin, only for your own curiosity, that's all. Make a mouth there. Mrs Vedeau's business I have answered, and I hope the bill is not lost. Morrow. 'Tis stewing hot, but I must rise, and go to town between fire and water. Morrow, sirrahs both, morrow.—At night. I dined to-day with Colonel Crowe, governor of Jamaica, and your friend Sterne. I presented Sterne to my Lord Treasurer's brother, and gave him his case, and engaged him in his favour. At dinner there fell the swingingest long shower, and the most grateful to me that ever I saw: it thundered fifty times at least, and the air is so cool, that a body is able to live; and I walked home to-night with comfort, and without dirt. I went this evening to Lord-Treasurer, and sat with him two hours, and we were in very good humour, and he abused me, and called me Dr Thomas Swift fifty times: I have told you he does that when he has a mind to make me mad. Sir Thomas Frankland gave me to-day a letter from Murry, accepting my bill: so all is well: only by a letter from Parvisol, I find there are some perplexities. Joe has likewise written to me to thank me for what I have done for him; and desires I would write to the Bishop of Clogher, that Tom Ashe may not hinder his father from being port-reeve. I have written and sent to Joe several times, that I will not trouble myself at all about Trim. I wish them their liberty; but they do not deserve it: so tell Joe, and send to him. I am mighty happy with this rain: I was at the end of my patience, but now I live again. This cannot go till Saturday; and perhaps I may go out of town with Lord Shelburn and Lady Kerry to-morrow for two or three days. Lady Kerry has written to desire it; but to-morrow I shall know farther.—O this dear rain, I cannot forbear praising it: I never felt myself to be revived so in my life. It lasted from three till five, hard as a horn, and mixed with hail.

8. Morning. I am going to town, and will just finish this there, if I go into the country with Lady Kerry and Lord Shelburn; so morrow, till an hour or two hence. In town,

[1] "And now I conceive the main design I had in writing these papers is fully executed" ("Examiner," No. 45, June 17th, 711). See below, July 17th, 1711.

I met Cairnes, who, I suppose, will pay me the money; though he says, I must send him the bill first, and I will get it done in absence. Farewell, &c. &c.

LETTER XXV.

Chelsea, June 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.

I have been all this time at Wicomb [Wycombe] between Oxford and London, with Lord Shelburn, who has the squire's house at the town's end, and an estate there in a delicious country. Lady Kerry and Mrs Pratt were with us, and we passed our time well enough; and there I wholly disengaged myself from all public thoughts, and every thing but MD, who had the impudence to send me a letter there; but I'll be revenged: I'll answer it. This day the 20th, I came from Wicomb with Lady Kerry after dinner, lighted at Hyde-Park Corner, and walked: it was twenty-seven miles, and we came it in about five hours.

21. I went at noon to see Mr Secretary at his office, and there was Lord-Treasurer: so I killed two birds, &c. and we were glad to see one another, and so forth. And the secretary and I dined at Sir William Wyndham's, who married Lady Catherine Seymour, your acquaintance, I suppose. There were ten of us at dinner. It seems in my absence they had erected a club, and made me one; and we made some laws to-day, which I am to digest, and add to, against next meeting. Our meetings are to be every Thursday: we are yet but twelve: Lord-Keeper and Lord-Treasurer were proposed; but I was against them, and so was Mr Secretary, though their sons are of it, and so they are excluded; but we design to admit the Duke of Shrewsbury. The end of our club is to advance conversation and friendship, and to reward deserving persons with our interest and recommendation. We take in none but men of wit or men of interest; and if we go on as we begin, no other club in this town will be worth talking of. The Solicitor-General, Sir Robert Raymond, is one of our club; and I ordered him immediately to write to your Lord-Chancellor in favour of Dr Raymond; so tell Raymond, if you see him;

but I believe this will find you at Wexford. This letter will come three weeks after the last; so there is a week lost; but that is owing to my being out of town; yet I think it is right, because it goes enclosed to Mr Reading: and why should he know how often Presto writes to MD, pray?—I sat this evening with Lady Butler and Lady Ashburnham, and then came home by eleven, and had a good cool walk; for we have had no extreme hot weather this fortnight, but a great deal of rain at times, and a body can live and breathe. I hope it will hold so. We had peaches to-day.

22. I went late to-day to town, and dined with my friend Lewis. I saw Will. Congreve attending at the Treasury, by order, with his brethren, the commissioners of the wine licences. I had often mentioned him with kindness to Lord-Treasurer; and Congreve told me, that after they had answered to what they were sent for, my lord called him privately, and spoke to him with great kindness, promising his protection, &c. The poor man said, he had been used so ill of late years, that he was quite astonished at my lord's goodness, &c. and desired me to tell my lord so; which I did this evening, and recommended him heartily. My lord assured me he esteemed him very much, and would be always kind to him; that what he said was to make Congreve easy, because he knew people talked as if his lordship designed to turn every body out, and particularly Congreve; which indeed was true, for the poor man told me he apprehended it. As I left my Lord-Treasurer I called on Congreve (knowing where he dined,) and told him what had passed between my lord and me: so I have made a worthy man easy, and that is a good day's work. I am proposing to my lord to erect a society or academy for correcting and settling our language, that we may not perpetually be changing as we do. He enters mightily into it, so does the Dean of Carlisle;[1] and I design to write a letter to Lord-Treasurer with the proposals of it, and publish it; and so I told my lord, and he approves of it. Yesterday's was a sad Examiner, and last week was very indifferent, though some little scraps of the old spirit, as if he had given some hints; but yesterday's is all trash. It is plain the hand is changed.

[1] Atterbury.

23. I have not been in London to-day: for Dr Gastrel and I dined, by invitation, with the Dean of Carlisle, my neighbour; so I know not what they are doing in the world, a mere country gentleman. And are not you ashamed both to go into the country just when I did, and stay ten days just as I did, saucy monkeys? But I never rode; I had no horses, and our coach was out of order, and we went and came in a hired one. Do you keep your lodgings when you go to Wexford? I suppose you do; for you will hardly stay above two months. I have been walking about our town to-night, and it is a very scurvy place for walking. I am thinking to leave it, and return to town, now the Irish folk are gone. Ford goes in three days. How does Dingley divert herself while Stella is riding? work, or read, or walk? Does Dingley ever read to you? Had you ever a book with you in the country? Is all that left off? confess. Well, I'll go sleep, 'tis past eleven, and I go early to sleep; I write nothing at night but to MD.

24. Stratford and I, and Pastoral Philips, (just come from Denmark,) dined at Ford's to-day, who paid his way, and goes for Ireland on Tuesday. The Earl of Peterborow is returned from Vienna without one servant: he left them scattered in several towns of Germany. I had a letter from him, four days ago, from Hanover, where he desires I would immediately send him an answer to his house at Parson's Green, about five miles off. I wondered what he meant, till I heard he was come. He sent expresses, and got here before them. He is above fifty, and as active as one of five-and-twenty. I have not seen him yet, nor know when I shall, or where to find him.

25. Poor Duke of Shrewsbury has been very ill of a fever: we were all in a fright about him: I thank God, he is better. I dined to-day at Lord Ashburnham's with his lady, for he was not at home: she is a very good girl, and always a great favourite of mine. Sterne tells me, he has desired a friend to receive your box in Chester, and carry it over. I fear he will miscarry in his business, which was sent to the treasury before he was recommended; for I was positive only to second his recommendations, and all his other friends failed him. However, on your account, I will do what I can for him to-morrow with the Secretary of the Treasury.

26. We had much company to-day at dinner at Lord-Treasurer's. Prior never fails: he is a much better courtier than I; and we expect every day that he will be a Commissioner of the Customs, and that in a short time a great many more will be turned out. They blame Lord-Treasurer for his slowness in turning people out; but I suppose he has his reasons. They still keep my neighbour Atterbury in suspense about the Deanery of Christchurch, which has been above six months vacant, and he is heartily angry. I reckon you are now preparing for your Wexford expedition; and poor Dingley is full of carking, and caring, scolding. How long will you stay? Shall I be in Dublin before you return? Don't fall and hurt yourselves, nor overturn the coach. Love one another, and be good girls; and drink Presto's health in water, Madam Stella; and in good ale, Madam Dingley.[1]

27. The Secretary appointed me to dine with him to-day, and we were to do a world of business: he came at four, and brought Prior with him, and had forgot the appointment, and no business was done. I left him at eight, and went to change my gown at Mrs Vanhomrigh's; and there was Sir Andrew Fountaine at ombre with Lady Ashburnham and Lady Frederic Schomberg; and Lady Mary Schomberg, and Lady Betty Butler, and others talking; and it put me in mind of the Dean, and Stoyte, and Walls, and Stella at play, and Dingley and I looking on. I staid with them till ten, like a fool. Lady Ashburnham is something like Stella; so I helped her, and wished her good cards. It is late, &c.

28. Well, but I must answer this letter of MD's. Saturday approaches, and I han't written down this side. O faith, Presto has been a sort of lazy fellow: but Presto will remove to town this day se'ennight: the Secretary has commanded me to do so; and I believe he and I shall go for some days to Windsor, where he will have leisure to mind some business we have together. To-day our Society (it must not be called a club) dined at Mr Secretary's; we were but eight, the rest sent excuses, or were out of town. We sat till eight, and made some laws and settlements; and then I went to take

[1] "The Wexford ale is highly esteemed, which is hinted at in this passage; and the Wexford waters were prescribed to Stella." (Note in original edition.)

leave of Lady Ashburnham, who goes out of town to-morrow, as a great many of my acquaintance are already, and left the town very thin. I shall make but short journeys this summer, and not be long out of London. The days are grown sensibly shorter already, and all our fruit blasted. Your Duke of Ormond is still at Chester; and perhaps this letter will be with you as soon as he. Sterne's business is quite blown up; they stand to it to send him back to the Commissioners of the Revenue in Ireland for a reference, and all my credit could not alter it, although I almost fell out with the Secretary of the Treasury, who is my Lord-Treasurer's cousin-german, and my very good friend.[1] It seems every step he has hitherto taken hath been wrong; at least they say so, and that is the same thing. I am heartily sorry for it; and I really think they are in the wrong, and use him hardly; but I can do no more.

29. Steele has had the assurance to write to me, that I would engage my Lord-Treasurer to keep a friend of his in an employment: I believe I told you how he and Addison served me for my good offices in Steele's behalf; and I promised Lord-Treasurer never to speak for either of them again. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined to-day at Mrs Vanhomrigh's. Dilly Ashe has been in town this fortnight: I saw him twice; he was four days at Lord Pembroke's in the country, punning with him; his face is very well. I was this evening two or three hours at Lord-Treasurer's, who called me Dr Thomas Swift twenty times; that's his way of teazing. I left him at nine, and got home here by ten, like a gentleman; and to-morrow morning I'll answer your letters, sirrahs.

30. Morning. I am terribly sleepy always in a morning; I believe it is my walk overnight that disposes me to sleep; faith 'tis now striking eight, and I am but just awake. Patrick comes early, and wakes me five or six times, but I have excuses, though I am three parts asleep. I tell him I sat up late, or slept ill in the night, and often it is a lie. I have now got little MD's letter before me, N. 16, no more, nor no less, no mistake. Dingley says, "This letter won't be above six lines," and I was afraid it was true, though I

[1] Thomas Harley.

saw it filled on both sides. The Bishop of Clogher writ me word you were in the country, and that he heard you were well; I am glad at heart MD rides, and rides, and rides. Our hot weather ended in May, and all this month has been moderate: it was then so hot, I was not able to endure it; I was miserable every moment, and found myself disposed to be peevish and quarrelsome; I believe a very hot country would make me stark mad.—Yes, my head continues pretty tolerable, and I impute it all to walking. Does Stella eat fruit? I eat a little, but I always repent, and resolve against it. No, in very hot weather I always go to town by water, but I constantly walk back, for then the sun is down. And so Mrs Proby goes with you to Wexford; she's admirable company: you'll grow plaguy wise with those you frequent. Mrs Taylor, and Mrs Proby; take care of infection. I believe my two hundred pounds will be paid, but that Sir Alexander Cairnes is a scrupulous puppy: I left the bill with Mr Stratford, who is to have the money.—Now, Madame Stella, what say you? you ride every day; I know that already, sirrah; and if you rid every day for a twelvemonth, you would be still better and better. No, I hope Parvisol will not have the impudence to make you stay an hour for the money; if he does, I'll un-parvisol him; pray let me know. O Lord, how hasty we are; Stella can't stay writing and writing; she must write and go a cockhorse, pray now. Well, but the horses are not come to the door; the fellow can't find the bridle; your stirrup is broken; where did you put the whips, Dingley? Marg'et,[1] where have you laid Mrs Johnson's ribband to tie about her? reach me my mask; sup up this before you go. So, so, a gallop, a gallop; sit fast, sirrah, and don't ride hard upon the stones. Well, now Stella is gone, tell me, Dingley, is she a good girl? and what news is that you are to tell me?—No, I believe the box is not lost: Sterne says it is not.—No, faith, you must go to Wexford without seeing your Duke of Ormond, unless you stay on purpose; perhaps you may be so wise. I tell you this is your sixteenth letter; will you never be satisfied? No, no, I'll walk late no more; I ought less to venture it than other people, and so I was told: but I'll return to lodge in town

[1] Stella's maid.

next Thursday. When you come from Wexford, I would have you send a letter of attorney to Mr Benjamin Tooke, bookseller in London, directed to me; and he shall manage your affair. I have your parchment safely locked up in London. O Madam Stella, welcome home; was it pleasant riding? did your horse stumble? how often did the man light to settle your stirrup? ride nine miles? faith you have galloped indeed. Well, but where's the fine thing you promised me? I have been a good boy, ask Dingley else. I believe you did not meet the fine-thing-man: faith you are a cheat. So you'll see Raymond and his wife in town. Faith that riding to Laracor gives me short sighs, as well as you. All the days I have passed here have been dirt to those. I have been gaining enemies by the scores, and friends by the couples, which is against the rules of wisdom, because they say one enemy can do more hurt than ten friends can do good. But I have had my revenge at least, if I get nothing else. And so let fate govern.——Now I think your letter is answered; and mine will be shorter than ordinary, because it must go to-day. We have had a great deal of scattering rain for some days past, yet it hardly keeps down the dust. ——We have plays acted in our town, and Patrick was at one of them, oh, oh. He was damnably mauled one day when he was drunk; he was at cuffs with a brother footman, who dragged him along the floor upon his face, which looked for a week after as if he had the leprosy; and I was glad enough to see it. I have been ten times sending him over to you; yet now he has new clothes, and a laced hat, which the hatter brought by his orders, and he offered to pay for the lace out of his wages. I am to dine to-day with Dilly, at Sir Andrew Fountaine's, who has bought a new house, and will be weary of it in half a year. I must rise and shave, and walk to town, unless I go with the dean in his chariot at twelve, which is too late; and I have not seen that Lord Peterborow yet. The Duke of Shrewsbury is almost well again, and will be abroad in a day or two: what care you? There it is now; you don't care for my friends. Farewell, my dearest lives and delights, I love you better than ever, if possible, as hope saved, I do, and ever will. God Almighty bless you ever, and make us happy together; I pray for this twice every day; and I hope God will hear

my poor hearty prayers. Remember, if I am used ill and ungratefully, as I have formerly been, 'tis what I am prepared for, and shall not wonder at it. Yet, I am now envied, and thought in high favour, and have every day numbers of considerable men teazing me to solicit for them. And the ministry all use me perfectly well, and all that know them say they love me. Yet I can count upon nothing, nor will, but upon MD's love and kindness. They think me useful; they pretended they were afraid of none but me; and that they resolved to have me; they have often confessed this: yet all makes little impression on me. Pox of these speculations! they give me the spleen; and that is a disease I was not born to.—Let me alone, sirrahs, and be satisfied: I am, as long as MD and Presto are well:

Little wealth,
And much health,
And a life by stealth;

that is all we want; and so farewell, dearest MD; Stella, Dingley, Presto, all together, now and for ever all together. Farewell again and again.

LETTER XXVI.

Chelsea, June 30, 1711.

See what large paper I am forced to take to write to MD; Patrick has brought me none clipped; but faith the next shall be smaller. I dined to-day, as I told you, with Dilly, at Sir Andrew Fountaine's: there were we wretchedly punning, and writing together to Lord Pembroke. Dilly is just such a puppy as ever; and it is so uncouth, after so long an intermission. My twenty-fifth is gone this evening to the post. I think I will direct my next (which is this) to Mr Curry's, and let them send it to Wexford, and then the next enclosed to Reading. Instruct me how I shall do. I long to hear from you from Wexford, and what sort of place it is. The town grows very empty and dull. This evening I have had a letter from Mr Philips, the pastoral poet, to get him a certain employment from Lord-Treasurer. I have now had almost all the Whig poets my solicitors; and I have been

useful to Congreve, Steele, and Harrison; but I will do nothing for Philips; I find he is more a puppy than ever, so don't solicit for him. Besides, I will not trouble Lord-Treasurer, unless upon some very extraordinary occasion.

July 1. Dilly lies conveniently for me when I come to town from Chelsea of a Sunday, and go to the Secretary's; so I called at his lodgings this morning, and sent for my gown, and dressed myself there. He had a letter from the Bishop, with an account that you were set out for Wexford the morning he writ, which was June 26, and he had the letter the 30th; that was very quick. The Bishop says, you design to stay there two months or more. Dilly had also a letter from Tom Ashe, full of Irish news: that your Lady Linden is dead, and I know not what besides, of Dr Coghil[1] losing his drab, &c. The Secretary is gone to Windsor, and I dined with Mrs Vanhomrigh. Lord-Treasurer is at Windsor too: they will be going and coming all summer, while the Queen is there, and the town is empty; and I fear I shall be sometimes forced to stoop beneath my dignity, and send to the ale-house for a dinner. Well, sirrahs, had you a good journey to Wexford? Did you drink ale by the way? were you never overturned? how many things did you forget? do you lie on straw in your new town where you are: Cudsho, the next letter to Presto will be dated from Wexford. What fine company have you there? what new acquaintance have you got? you are to write constantly to Mrs Walls and Mrs Stoyte: and the Dean said, shall we never hear from you? Yes, Mr. Dean, we'll make bold to trouble you with a letter. Then at Wexford; when you meet a lady; Did your waters pass well this morning, madam? Will Dingley drink them too? Yes, I warrant, to get her a stomach. I suppose you are all gamesters at Wexford. Don't lose your money, sirrah, far from home. I believe I shall go to Windsor in a few days; at least, the Secretary tells me so. He has a

[1] Dr. Marmaduke Coghill, judge of the Prerogative Court for Ireland. He judicially decided that a husband might give to his wife "moderate chastisement," with such a switch as that he held in his hand. This judgment from the bench brought about a rupture between the lady to whom he was engaged to be married, whom Swift calls "his drab." Scott adds: "Dr. Coghill, as may be guessed from his opinions, died unmarried."

small house there, with just room enough for him and me; and I would be satisfied to pass a few days there some times. Sirrahs, let me go to sleep, 'till past twelve in our town.

2. Sterne came to me this morning, and tells me he has yet some hopes of compassing his business: he was with Tom Harley, the Secretary of the Treasury, and made him doubt a little he was in the wrong; the poor man tells me, it will almost undo him if he fails. I called this morning to see Will. Congreve, who lives much by himself, is forced to read for amusement, and cannot do it without a magnifying glass. I have set him very well with the ministry, and I hope he is in no danger of losing his place. I dined in the city with Dr. Freind, not among my merchants, but with a scrub instrument of mischief of mine, whom I never mentioned to you, nor am like to do. You are two little saucy Wexfordians, you are now drinking waters. You drink waters! you go fiddlestick. Pray God send them to do you good; if not, faith next summer you shall come to the Bath.

3. Lord Peterborow desired to see me this morning at nine. I had not seen him before since he came home. I met Mrs. Manley there, who was soliciting him to get some pension or reward for her service in the cause, by writing her Atalantis, and prosecution, &c. upon it. I seconded her, and hope they will do something for the poor woman. My lord kept me two hours upon politics: he comes home very sanguine; he has certainly done great things at Savoy and Vienna, by his negotiations: he is violent against a peace, and finds true what I writ to him, that the ministry seems for it. He reasons well; yet I am for a peace. I took leave of Lady Kerry, who goes to-morrow for Ireland; she picks up Lord Shelburne and Mrs Pratt at Lord Shelburne's house. I was this evening with Lord-Treasurer. Tom Harley was there; and whispered me that he began to doubt about Sterne's business. I told him he would find he was in the wrong. I sat two or three hours at Lord-Treasurer's. He rallied me sufficiently upon my refusing to take him into our club; told a judge who was with us, that my name was Thomas Swift. I had a mind to prevent Sir H. Bellasis[1]

[1] Sir Henry Bellasis was sent as Commissioner to Spain to inquire into the condition of the English forces there.

going to Spain, who is a most covetous cur; and I fell a railing against avarice, and turned it so, that he smoked me, and named Bellasis. I went on, and said it was a shame to send him; to which he agreed, but desired I would name some who understood business, and do not love money, for he could not find them. I said, there was something in a treasurer different from other men; that we ought not to make a man a bishop who does not love divinity, or a general who does not love war; and I wondered why the Queen would make a man Lord-Treasurer who does not love money. He was mightily pleased with what I said. He was talking of the First-Fruits of England; and I took occasion to tell him, that I would not for a thousand pounds any body but he had got them for Ireland, who got them for England too. He bid me consider what a thousand pounds was. I said, I would have him to know I valued a thousand pounds as little as he valued a million.—Is it not silly to write all this? But it gives you an idea what our conversation is with mixed company. I have taken a lodging in Suffolk Street, and go to it on Thursday; and design to walk the Park and the town, to supply my walking here: yet I will walk here sometimes too, in a visit now and then to the Dean.[1] When I was almost at home, Patrick told me he had two letters for me, and gave them to me in the dark; yet I could see one of them was from saucy MD. I went to visit the Dean for half an hour; and then came home, and first read the other letter, which was from the Bishop of Clogher, who tells me the Archbishop of Dublin mentioned, in a full assembly of the clergy, the Queen's granting the First-Fruits; said it was done by the Lord-Treasurer; and talked much of my merit in it: but reading yours, I find nothing of that. Perhaps the Bishop lies, out of a desire to please me. I dined with Mrs Vanhomrigh. Well, sirrahs, you are gone to Wexford, but I'll follow you.

4. Sterne came to me again this morning, to advise about reasons and memorials he is drawing up; and we went to town by water together; and having nothing to do, I stole into the city to an instrument of mine, and then went to see poor Patty Rolt, who has been in town these two months

[1] Atterbury, Dean of Carlisle.

with a cousin of hers. Her life passes with boarding in some country town as cheap as she can, and when she runs out, shifting to some cheaper place, or coming to town for a month. If I were rich I would ease her, which a little thing would do. Some months ago I sent her a guinea, and it patched up twenty circumstances. She is now going to Berkhampstead, in Hertfordshire. It has rained and hailed prodigiously to-day, with some thunder. This is the last night I lie at Chelsea; and I got home early, and sat two hours with the Dean, and eat victuals, having had a very scurvy dinner. I'll answer your letter when I come to live in town. You shall have a fine London answer: but first I'll go sleep, and dream of MD.

London, July 5. This day I left Chelsea for good, (that's a genteel phrase,) and am got into Suffolk Street. I dined to-day at our society, and we are adjourned for a month, because most of us go into the country. We dined at Lord-Keeper's with young Harcourt, and Lord-Keeper was forced to sneak off, and dine with Lord-Treasurer, who had invited the Secretary and me to dine with him; but we scorned to leave our company, as George Granville did, whom we have threatened to expel. However, in the evening I went to Lord-Treasurer, and, among other company, found a couple of judges with him. One of them, Judge Powel, an old fellow with grey hairs, was the merriest old gentleman I ever saw, spoke pleasant things, and laughed and chuckled till he cried again. I staid till eleven, because I was not now to walk to Chelsea.

6. An ugly rainy day. I was to visit Mrs Barton, then called at Mrs Vanhomrigh's, where Sir Andrew Fountaine and the rain kept me to dinner; and there did I loiter all the afternoon, like a fool, out of perfect laziness, and the weather not permitting me to walk. But I'll do so no more. Are your waters at Wexford good in this rain? I long to hear how you are established there, how and whom you visit, what is your lodging, what are your entertainments. You are got far southwards; but I think you must eat no fruit while you drink the waters. I eat some Kentish cherries t'other day, and I repent it already. I have felt my head a little disordered. We had not a hot day all June, nor since, which I reckon a mighty happiness.—Have you left a direction with [Mr]

Reading for Wexford? I will, as I said, direct this to Curry's, and the next to Reading; or suppose I send this at a venture straight to Wexford? It would vex me to have it miscarry. I had a letter to-night from Parvisol, that White has paid me most of my remaining money; and another from Joe, that they have had their election at Trim, but not a word of who is chosen portreeve.[1] Poor Joe is full of complaints, says he has enemies, and fears he will never get his two hundred pounds; and I fear so too, although I have done what I could. I'll answer your letter when I think fit, when saucy Presto thinks fit, sirrahs. I an't at leisure yet; when I have nothing to do, perhaps I may vouchsafe. O Lord, the two Wexford ladies; I'll go dream of you both.

7. It was the dismallest rainy day I ever saw. I went to the Secretary in the morning, and he was gone to Windsor. Then it began raining, and I struck in to Mrs Vanhomrigh's, and dined, and staid till night very dull and insipid. I hate this town in summer; I'll leave it for a while, if I can have time.

8. I have a fellow of your town, one Tisdall,[2] lodges in the same house with me. Patrick told me squire Tisdall and his lady lodged here. I pretended I never heard of him; but I knew his ugly face, and saw him at church in the next pew to me; and he often looked for a bow, but it would not do. I think he lives in Capel Street, and has an ugly fine wife in a fine coach. Dr Freind and I dined in the city by invitation, and I drank punch, very good, but it makes me hot. People here are troubled with agues, by this continuance of wet cold weather; but I am glad to find the season so temperate. I was this evening to see Will. Congreve, who is a very agreeable companion.

9. I was to-day in the city, and dined with Mr Stratford, who tells me Sir Alexander Cairnes makes difficulties about paying my bill, so that I cannot give order yet to Parvisol to deliver up the bond to Dr Raymond. To-morrow I shall have a positive answer: that Cairnes is a shuffling scoundrel; and several merchants have told me so. What can one expect from a Scot, and a fanatic? I was at Bateman's, the bookseller's, to see a fine old library he has bought; and

[1] See June 7, 1711.

[2] A Dublin merchant; not Stella's old suitor, the Rev. William Tisdall.

my fingers itched, as yours would do at a china shop; but I resisted, and found everything too dear, and I have fooled away too much money that way already. So go and drink your waters, saucy rogue, and make yourself well; and pray walk while you are there. I have a notion there is never a good walk in Ireland. Do you find all places without trees? Pray observe the inhabitants about Wexford; they are old English; see what they have particular in their manners, names, and language. Magpies have been always there, and no where else in Ireland, till of late years. They say the cocks and dogs go to sleep at noon, and so do the people. Write your travels, and bring home good eyes, and health.

10. I dined to-day with Lord-Treasurer: we did not sit down till four. I dispatched three businesses with him, and forgot a fourth. I think I have got a friend an employment; and besides, I made him consent to let me bring Congreve to dine with him. You must understand I have a mind to do a small thing, only turn out all the Queen's physicians; for in my conscience they will soon kill her among them; and I must talk over that matter with some people. My Lord-Treasurer told me, the Queen and he between them have lost the paper about the First-Fruits; but desires I will let the bishops know it shall be done with the first opportunity.

11. I dined to-day with neighbour Van,[1] and walked pretty well in the Park this evening. — Stella, hussy, don't you remember, sirrah, you used to reproach me about meddling in other folks affairs. I have enough of it now: two people came to me to-night in the Park, to engage me to speak to Lord-Treasurer in their behalf; and I believe they make up fifty who have asked me the same favour. I am hardened, and resolved to trouble him, or any other minister, less than ever. And I observe those who have ten times more credit than I will not speak a word for any body. I met yesterday the poor lad I told you of, who lived with Mr Tenison, who has been ill of an ague ever since I saw him. He looked wretchedly, and was exceeding thankful for half-a-crown I gave him. He had a crown from me before.

12. I dined to-day with young Manley in the city, who is

[1] Mrs. Vanhomrigh.

to get me out a box of books, and a hamper of wine from Hamburgh. I inquired of Mr Stratford, who tells me that Cairnes has not yet paid my two hundred pounds, but shams and delays from day to day. Young Manley's wife is a very indifferent person of a young woman, goggle-eyed, and looks like a fool: yet he is a handsome fellow, and married her for love, after long courtship, and she refused him until he got his last employment. I believe I shall not be so good a boy for writing as I was during your stay at Wexford, unless I may send my letters every second time to Curry's; pray let me know. This, I think, shall go there, or why not to Wexford itself? that's right, and so it shall this next Tuesday, although it costs you tenpence. What care I?

13. This toad of a Secretary is come from Windsor, and I can't find him; and he goes back on Sunday, and I can't see him to-morrow. I dined scurvily to-day with Mr Lewis and a parson; and then went to see Lord-Treasurer, and met him coming from his house in his coach: he smiled, and I shrugged, and we smoked each other; and so my visit is paid. I now confine myself to see him only twice a-week. He has invited me to Windsor, and between two stools, &c. I'll go and live at Windsor, if possible, that's pozzz. I have always the luck to pass my summer in London. I called this evening to see poor Sir Matthew Dudley, a Commissioner of the Customs; I know he is to be out for certain: he is in hopes of continuing. I would not tell him bad news, but advised him to prepare for the worst. Dilly was with me this morning, to invite me to dine at Kensington on Sunday, with Lord Mountjoy, who goes soon for Ireland. Your late Chief Justice Broderick is here, and they say violent as a tiger. How is party among you at Wexford? Are the majority of ladies for the late or present ministry? Write me Wexford news, and love Presto, because he's a good boy.

14. Although it was shaving-day, I walked to Chelsea, and was there by nine this morning; and the Dean of Carlisle[1] and I crossed the water to Battersea, and went in his chariot to Greenwich, where we dined at Dr. Gastrel's, and passed the afternoon at Lewisham, at the Dean of Canterbury's;[2]

[1] Dr. Atterbury.
[2] Dr. Stanhope, who was also Vicar of Lewisham.

and there I saw Moll Stanhope, who is grown monstrously tall, but not so handsome as formerly. It is the first little rambling journey I have had this summer about London, and they are the agreeablest pastimes one can have, in a friend's coach, and to good company. Bank stock is fallen three or four per cent., by the whispers about the town of the Queen's being ill, who is however very well.

15. How many books have you carried with you to Wexford? what, not one single book? oh, but your time will be so taken up; and you can borrow of the parson. I dined to-day with Sir Andrew Fountaine and Dilly, at Kensington, with Lord Mountjoy; and in the afternoon Stratford came there, and told me my two hundred pounds was paid at last; so that business is over, and I am at ease about it: and I wish all your money was in the bank too. I'll have my t'other hundred pounds there, that is in Hawkshaw's hands. Have you had the interest of it paid yet? I ordered Parvisol to do it. What makes Presto write so crooked? I'll answer your letter to-morrow, and send it on Tuesday. Here's hot weather come again, yesterday and to-day; fine drinking waters now. We had a sad pert dull parson at Kensington to-day. I almost repent my coming to town: I want the walks I had.

16. I dined in the city to-day with a hedge acquaintance, and the day passed without any consequence. I'll answer letter to-morrow.

17. Morning. I have put your letter before me, and am going to answer it. Hold your tongue: stand by. Your weather and ours were not alike; we had not a bit of hot weather in June, yet you complain of it on the 19th day. What, you used to love hot weather then? I could never endure it: I detest and abominate it. I would not live in a hot country to be king of it. What a splutter you keep about my bonds with Raymond, and all to affront Presto; Presto will be suspicious of every thing but MD, in spite of your little nose. Soft and fair, Madam Stella, how you gallop away in your spleen and your rage about repenting my journey, and preferment here, and sixpence a dozen, and nasty England, and Laracor all my life. Hey dazy, will you never have done? I had no offers of any living. Lord-Keeper told me some months ago, he would give me one

when I pleased; but I told him, I would not take any from him: and the Secretary told me t'other day, he had refused a very good one for me; but it was in a place he did not like; and I know nothing of getting any thing here, and, if they would give me leave, I would come over just now. Addison, I hear, has changed his mind about going over; but I have not seen him these four months.—O ay, that's true, Dingley; that's like herself: millions of businesses to do before she goes. Yes, my head has been pretty well, but threatening within these two or three days, which I impute to some fruit I ate; but I will eat no more: not a bit of any sort. I suppose you had a journey without dust, and that was happy. I long for a Wexford letter; but must not think of it yet: your last was finished but three weeks ago. It is d—d news you tell me of Mrs F——; it makes me love England less a great deal. I know nothing of the trunk being left or taken; so 'tis odd enough, if the things in it were mine; and I think I was told that there were some things for me, that my mother left particularly to me. I am really sorry for ——; that scoundrel —— will have his estate after his mother's death. Let me know if Mrs Walls has got her tea: I hope Richardson staid in Dublin till it came. Mrs Walls needed not have that blemish in her eye; for I am not in love with her at all.—No, I don't like any thing in the Examiner after the 45th, except the first part of the 46th; all the rest is trash; and if you like them, especially the 47th, your judgment is spoiled by ill company and want of reading; which I am more sorry for than you think: and I have spent fourteen years in improving you, to little purpose. (Mr Tooke has come here, and I must stop.)—At night. I dined with Lord-Treasurer to-day, and he kept me till nine; so I cannot send this to-night, as I intended, nor write some other letters. Green, his surgeon was there, and dressed his breast; that is, put on a plaster, which is still requisite: and I took an opportunity to speak to him of the Queen; but he cut me short with this saying, *Laissez faire à don Antoine;* which is a French proverb, expressing, Leave that to me. I find he is against her taking much physic; and I doubt he cannot persuade her to take Dr Radcliffe. However, she is very well now, and all the story of her illness, except the first day or two, was a lie. We had some business, that company

hindered us from doing, though he is earnest for it, yet would not appoint me a certain day, but bids me come at all times till we can have leisure. This takes up a great deal of my time, and I can do nothing I would do for them. I was with the Secretary this morning, and we both think to go next week to Windsor for some days, to dispatch an affair, if we can have leisure. Sterne met me just now in the street by his lodgings, and I went in for an hour to Jemmy Leigh, who loves London dearly: he asked after you with great respect and friendship. To return to your letter. Your Bishop Mills[1] hates me mortally: I wonder he should speak well of me, having abused me in all places where he went. So you pay your way. Cudsho: you had a fine supper, I warrant; two pullets, and a bottle of wine, and some currants. It is just three weeks to-day since you set out to Wexford; you were three days going, and I don't expect a letter these ten days yet, or rather this fortnight. I got a grant of the Gazette for Ben Tooke[2] this morning, from Mr. Secretary: it will be worth to him a hundred pounds a-year.

18. To-day I took leave of Mrs Barton, who is going into the country; and I dined with Sir John Stanley, where I have not been this great while.—There dined with us Lord Rochester, and his fine daughter, Lady Jane,[3] just growing a top toast. I have been endeavouring to save Sir Matthew Dudley, but fear I cannot. I walked the Mall six times to-night for exercise, and would have done more; but as empty as the town is, a fool got hold of me, and so I came home, to tell you this shall go to-morrow, without fail, and follow you to Wexford like a dog.

19. Dean Atterbury sent to me to dine with him at Chelsea; I refused his coach, and walked, and am come back by seven, because I would finish this letter, and some others I am writing. Patrick tells me, the maid says one Mr. Walls, a clergyman, a tall man, was here to visit me. Is it your Irish archdeacon? I shall be sorry for it; but I shall make a shift to see him seldom enough, as I do Dilly.—What can he do here? or is it somebody else? The Duke of New-

[1] Bishop of Waterford.

[2] Swift means that he got him the post of printer of the official "London Gazette."

[3] Lady Jane Hyde, afterwards the Countess of Essex.

castle[1] is dead by the fall he had from his horse. God send poor Stella her health, and keep MD happy. Farewell, and love Presto, who loves MD above all things ten millions of times. God bless the dear Wexford girls. Farewell again, &c., &c.

LETTER XXVII.

London, July 19, 1711.

I have just sent my 26th, and have nothing to say, because I have other letters to write; (pshaw, I began too high;) but I must lay the beginning like a nest-egg; to-morrow I'll say more, and fetch up this line to be straight. This is enough at present for two dear saucy naughty girls.

20. Have I told you that Walls has been with me, and leaves the town in three days? He has brought no gown with him. Dilly carried him to a play. He has come upon a foolish errand, and goes back as he comes. I was this day with Lord Peterborow, who is going another ramble: I believe I told you so. I dined with Lord-Treasurer, but cannot get him to do his own business with me; he has put me off till to-morrow.

21, 22. I dined yesterday with Lord-Treasurer, who would needs take me along with him to Windsor, although I refused him several times, having no linen, &c. I had just time to desire Lord Forbes to call at my lodging, and order my man to send my things to-day to Windsor, by his servant. I lay last night at the Secretary's lodgings at Windsor, and borrowed one of his shirts to go to court in. The Queen is very well. I dined with Mr Masham; and not hearing any thing of my things, I got Lord Winchelsea to bring me to town. Here I found that Patrick had broke open the closet to get my linen and night-gown, and sent them to Windsor, and there they are; and he not thinking I would return so soon, is gone upon his rambles: so here I am left destitute, and forced to borrow a night-gown of my landlady, and have not a rag to put on to-morrow: faith it gives me the spleen.

23. Morning. It is a terrible rainy day, and rained prodigiously on Saturday night. Patrick lay out last night, and

[1] John Holles, Duke of Newcastle, Lord Privy Seal since 1705.

is not yet returned; faith, poor Presto is a desolate creature; neither servant nor linen, nor any thing.—Night. Lord Forbes' man has brought back my portmantua, and Patrick is come; so I am in Christian circumstances: I shall hardly commit such a frolic again. I just crept out to Mrs Van's, and dined, and staid there the afternoon: it has rained all this day. Windsor is a delicious place: I never saw it before except for an hour about seventeen years ago. Walls has been here in my absence, I suppose to take his leave; for he designed not to stay above five days in London. He says, he and his wife will come here for some months next year; and, in short, he dares not stay now for fear of her.

24. I dined to-day with a hedge friend in the city; and Walls overtook me in the street, and told me he was just getting on horseback for Chester. He has as much curiosity as a cow: he lodged with his horse in Aldersgate Street: he has bought his wife a silk gown, and himself a hat. And what are you doing? what is poor MD doing now? how do you pass your time at Wexford? how do the waters agree with you? let Presto know soon; for Presto longs to know, and must know. Is not Madam Proby curious company? I am afraid this rainy weather will spoil your waters. We have had a great deal of wet these three days. Tell me all the particulars of Wexford; the place the company, the diversions, the victuals, the wants, the vexations. Poor Dingley never saw such a place in her life; sent all over the town for a little parsley to a boiled chicken, and it was not to be had: the butter is stark naught, except an old English woman's; and it is such a favour to get a pound from her now and then. I am glad you carried down your sheets with you, else you must have lain in sackcloth. O Lord!

25. I was this afternoon with Mr Secretary at his office, and helped to hinder a man of his pardon, who is condemned for a rape. The Under Secretary was willing to save him, upon an old notion that a woman cannot be ravished: but I told the Secretary he could not pardon him without a favourable report from the judge; besides he was a fiddler, and consequently a rogue, and deserved hanging for something else; and so he shall swing. What: I must stand up for the honour of the fair sex? 'Tis true, the fellow had lain with her a hundred times before; but what care I for that? what!

must a woman be ravished because she is a whore?—The Secretary and I go on Saturday to Windsor for a week. I dined with Lord-Treasurer, and staid with him till past ten. I was to-day at his levee, where I went against my custom, because I had a mind to do a good office for a gentleman: so I talked with him before my lord, that he might see me, and then found occasion to recommend him this afternoon. I was forced to excuse my coming to the levee, that I did it to see the sight; for he was going to chide me away: I had never been there before but once, and that was long before he was treasurer. The rooms were all full, and as many Whigs as Tories. He whispered me a jest or two, and bid me come to dinner. I left him just now, and 'tis late.

26. Mr Addison and I have at last met again. I dined with him and Steele to-day at young Jacob Tonson's. The two Jacobs think it I who have made the Secretary take from them the printing of the Gazette, which they are going to lose, and Ben Tooke and another are to have it. Jacob came to me t'other day, to make his court; but I told him, it was too late, and that it was not my doing. I reckon they will lose it in a week or two. Mr Addison and I talked as usual, and as if we had seen one another yesterday; and Steele and I were very easy, though I writ him lately a biting letter, in answer to one of his, where he desired me to recommend a friend of his to Lord-Treasurer. Go, get you gone to your waters, sirrah. Do they give you a stomach? Do you eat heartily?—We have had much rain to-day and yesterday.

27. I dined to-day in the city, and saw poor Patty Rolt, and gave her a pistole to help her a little forward against she goes to board in the country. She has but eighteen pounds a-year to live on, and is forced to seek out for cheap places. Sometimes they raise their price, and sometimes they starve her, and then she is forced to shift. Patrick, the puppy, put too much ink in my standish, and carrying too many things together, I spilled it on my paper and floor. The town is dull, and wet, and empty: Wexford is worth two of it; I hope so at least, and that poor little MD finds it so. I reckon upon going to Windsor to-morrow with Mr Secretary, unless he changes his mind, or some other business prevents him. I shall stay there a week I hope.

28. Morning. Mr Secretary sent me word he will call at

my lodgings by two this afternoon, to take me to Windsor, so I must dine no where; and I promised Lord-Treasurer to dine with him to-day; but I suppose we shall dine at Windsor at five, for we make but three hours there. I am going abroad, but have left Patrick to put up my things, and to be sure to be at home half an hour before two.——

Windsor, at night. We did not leave London till three, and dined here between six and seven; at nine I left the company, and went to see Lord-Treasurer, who is just come. I chid him for coming so late; he chid me for not dining with him; said, he staid an hour for me. Then I went and sat an hour with Mr Lewis till just now, and 'tis past eleven. I lie in the same house with the Secretary, one of the prebendary's houses. The Secretary is not come from his apartment in the castle. Do you think that abominable dog Patrick was out after two to-day, and I in a fright every moment for fear the chariot should come; and when he came in he had not put up one rag of my things: I never was in a greater passion, and would certainly have cropt one of his ears, if I had not looked every moment for the Secretary, who sent his equipage to my lodging before, and came in a chair from Whitehall to me, and happened to stay half an hour later than he intended. One of Lord-Treasurer's servants gave me a letter to-night; I found it was from *****, with an offer of fifty pounds to be paid me in what manner I pleased; because, he said, he desired to be well with me. I was in a rage: but my friend Lewis cooled me, and said, it is what the best men sometimes meet with; and I have been not seldom served in the like manner, although not so grossly. In these cases I never demur a moment; nor ever found the least inclination to take any thing. Well, I'll go try to sleep in my new bed, and to dream of poor Wexford MD, and Stella that drinks water, and Dingley that drinks ale.

29. I was at court and church to-day, as I was this day se'ennight; I generally am acquainted with about thirty in the drawing-room, and am so proud I make all the lords come up to me; one passes half an hour pleasant enough. We had a dunce to preach before the Queen to-day, which often happens. Windsor is a delicious situation, but the town is scoundrel. I have this morning got the Gazette for Ben Tooke and one Barber a printer; it will be about three

hundred pounds a-year between them. T'other fellow was printer of the Examiner, which is now laid down. I dined with the Secretary, we were a dozen in all, three Scotch lords, and Lord Peterborow. The Duke of Hamilton [1] would needs be witty, and hold up my train as I walked up stairs. It is an ill circumstance, that on Sundays much company meet always at the great tables. Lord-Treasurer told at court, what I said to Mr Secretary on this occasion. The Secretary showed me his bill of fare, to encourage me to dine with him. Poh, said I, show me a bill of company, for I value not your dinner. See how this is all blotted, I can write no more here, but to tell you I love MD dearly, and God bless them.

30. In my conscience I fear I shall have the gout. I sometimes feel pains about my feet and toes; I never drank till within these two years, and I did it to cure my head. I often sit evenings with some of these people, and drink in my turn; but I am now resolved to drink ten times less than before; but they advise me to let what I drink be all wine, and not to put water to it. Tooke and the printer staid to-day to finish their affair, and treated me and two of the Under-Secretaries, upon their getting the Gazette. Then I went to see Lord-Treasurer, and chid him for not taking notice of me at Windsor: he said, he kept a place for me yesterday at dinner, and expected me there; but I was glad I did not come, because the Duke of Buckingham was there, and that would have made us acquainted; which I have no mind to. However, we appointed to sup at Mr Masham's, and there staid till past one o'clock; and that is late, sirrahs: and I have much business.

31. I have sent a noble haunch of venison this afternoon to Mrs Vanhomrigh: I wish you had it, sirrahs: I dined gravely with my landlord the Secretary. The Queen was abroad to-day in order to hunt, but finding it disposed to rain she kept in her coach: she hunts in a chaise with one horse, which she drives herself, and drives furiously, like

[1] Other editions print "Duke Hamilton," a ridiculous form. It is true that Swift always writes "Duke Hamilton" or "D. Hamilton;" but then he always omits the of in all other titles (*e.g.* "D. Ormond," "Bp. Clogher"), and there is no reason why we should retain the abbreviation in the case of this one nobleman.

Jehu, and is a mighty hunter, like Nimrod. Dingley has heard of Nimrod, but not Stella, for it is in the Bible. I was to-day at Eton, which is but just cross the bridge, to see my Lord Kerry's son, who is at school there. Mr Secretary has given me a warrant for a buck; I can't send it to MD. It is a sad thing faith, considering how Presto loves MD, and how MD would love Presto's venison for Presto's sake. God bless the two dear Wexford girls.

Aug. 1. We had for dinner the fellow of that haunch of venison I sent to London; 'twas mighty fat and good, and eight people at dinner; that was bad. The Queen and I were going to take the air this afternoon, but not together; and were both hindered by a sudden rain. Her coaches and chaises all went back, and the guards too: and I scoured into the market-place for shelter. I intended to have walked up the finest avenue I ever saw, two miles long, with two rows of elms on each side. I walked in the evening a little upon the terrace, and came home at eight: Mr Secretary came soon after, and we were engaging in deep discourse, and I was endeavouring to settle some points of the greatest consequence; and had wormed myself pretty well into him, when his Under-Secretary came in (who lodges in the same house with us) and interrupted all my scheme. I have just left him; 'tis late, &c.

2. I have been now five days at Windsor, and Patrick has been drunk three times that I have seen, and oftener I believe. He has lately had clothes that have cost me five pounds, and the dog thinks he has the whip hand of me; he begins to master me; so now I am resolved to part with him, and will use him without the least pity. The Secretary and I have been walking three or four hours to-day. The Duchess of Shrewsbury asked him, was not that Dr— Dr—, and she could not say my name in English, but said Dr Presto, which is Italian for swift. Whimsical enough, as Billy Swift says. I go to-morrow with the Secretary to his house at Buckleberry,[1] twenty-five miles from hence, and return early

[1] Bucklebury, seven miles from Newbury, an estate which belonged to St. John through his wife Frances Winchcombe. She was descended from John Winchescombe or Winchcombe, a famous weaver of the town of Newbury, who marched with a hundred of his workmen at his own expense to fight against the Scots in 1513. The ballad of "Jack

on Sunday morning. I will leave this letter behind me locked up, and give you an account of my journey when I return. I had a letter yesterday from the Bishop of Clogher, who is coming up to Dublin to his Parliament. Have you any correspondence with him at Wexford? Methinks I now long for a letter from you, dated Wexford, July 24, &c. O Lord, that would be so pretending; and then says you, Stella can't write much, because it is bad to write when one drinks the waters; and I think, says you, I find myself better already, but I cannot tell yet, whether it be the journey or the waters. Presto is so silly to-night; yes he be; but Presto loves MD dearly, as hope saved.

3. Morning. I am to go this day at noon, as I told you, to Buckleberry; we dine at twelve, and expect to be there in four hours; I cannot bid you good night now, because I shall be twenty-five miles from this paper to-night, and so my journal must have a break; so good morrow, &c.

4, 5. I dined yesterday at Buckleberry, where we lay two nights, and set out this morning at eight, and were here at twelve; in four hours we went twenty-six miles. Mr Secretary was a perfect country gentleman at Buckleberry; he smoked tobacco with one or two neighbours; he inquired after the wheat in such a field; he went to visit his hounds, and knew all their names; he and his lady saw me to my chamber just in the country fashion. His house is in the midst of near three thousand pounds a year he had by his lady, who is descended from Jack Newbury, of whom books and ballads are written; and there is an old picture of him in the house. She is a great favourite of mine. I lost church to-day; but I dressed, and shaved, and went to court, and would not dine with the secretary, but engaged myself to a private dinner with Mr Lewis, and one friend more. We go to London to-morrow; for Lord Dartmouth, the other Secretary, is come, and they are here their weeks by turns.

6. Lord-Treasurer comes every Saturday to Windsor, and goes away on Monday or Tuesday. I was with him this morning at his levee, for one cannot see him otherwise here, he is so hurried: we had some talk, and I told him I would

of Newbury" was written by Thomas Deloney, a writer of ballads and story books, who lived in the first half of the seventeenth century.

stay this week at Windsor by myself, where I can have more leisure to do some business that concerns them. Lord-Treasurer and the Secretary thought to mortify me; for they told me, they had been talking a great deal of me to-day to the Queen, and she said, she had never heard of me; I told them, that was their fault, and not hers, &c. and so we laughed. I dined with the Secretary, and let him go to London at five without me; and here am I all alone in the prebendary's house, which Mr Secretary has taken; only Mr Lewis is in my neighbourhood, and we shall be good company. The Vice-Chamberlain,[1] and Mr Masham, and the Green Cloth,[2] have promised me dinners. I shall want but four till Mr Secretary returns. We have a music meeting in our town to-night. I went to the rehearsal of it, and there was Margarita and her sister, and another drab, and a parcel of fiddlers; I was weary, and would not go to the meeting, which I am sorry for, because I heard it was a great assembly. Mr Lewis came from it, and sat with me till just now: and 'tis late.

7. I can do no business, I fear, because Mr Lewis, who has nothing or little to do here, sticks close to me. I dined to-day with the gentlemen ushers, among scurvy company; but the Queen was hunting the stag till four this afternoon, and she drove in her chaise above forty miles, and it was five, before we went to dinner. Here are fine walks about this town. I sometimes walk up the avenue.

8. There was a drawing-room to-day at court: but so few company, that the Queen sent for us into her bed-chamber, where we made our bows, and stood about twenty of us round the room, while she looked at us round with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some that were nearest her, and then she was told dinner was ready, and went out. I dined at the Green Cloth, by Mr Scarborow's invitation, who is in waiting. It is much the best table in England, and costs the Queen a thousand pounds a month while she is at Windsor or Hampton Court; and is the only mark of magnificence or hospitality I can see in the Queen's family: it is designed to entertain foreign

[1] Thomas Coke.

[2] Committee of management of the royal household presided over by the Lord Steward.

ministers, and people of quality, who come to see the Queen, and have no place to dine at.

9. Mr Coke, the Vice-Chamberlain, made me a long visit this morning, and invited me to dinner, but the toast, his lady, was unfortunately engaged to Lady Sunderland. Lord-Treasurer stole here last night, but did not lie in his lodgings in the castle; and after seeing the Queen, went back again. I just drank a dish of chocolate with him. I fancy I shall have reason to be angry with him very soon: but what care I? I believe I shall die with ministries in my debt. This night I received a certain letter from a place called Wexford from two dear naughty girls of my acquaintance; but faith I won't answer it here, no in troth. I will send this to Mr Reading, supposing it will find you returned; and I hope better for the waters.

10. Mr Vice-Chamberlain lent me his horses to ride about and see the country this morning. Dr Arbuthnot, the Queen's physician and favourite, went out with me to show me the places: we went a little after the Queen, and overtook Miss Forester,[1] a maid of honour, on her palfrey, taking the air: we made her go along with us. We saw a place they have made for a famous horse-race to-morrow, where the Queen will come. We met the Queen coming back, and Miss Forester stood, like us, with her hat off while the Queen went by. The doctor and I left the lady where we found her, but under other conductors, and we dined at a little place he has taken, about a mile off.—When I came back, I found Mr Scarborow had sent all about to invite me to the Green Cloth, and lessened his company on purpose to make me easy. It is very obliging, and will cost me thanks. Much company is come to town this evening, to see to-morrow's race. I was tired with riding a trotting mettlesome horse a dozen miles, having not been on horseback this twelvemonth. And Miss Forester did not make it easier; she is a silly true maid of honour, and I did not like her, although she be a toast, and was dressed like a man.

11. I will send this letter to-day. I expect the Secretary by noon. I will not go to the race, unless I can get room

[1] Apparently already married to Sir John Downing.

in some coach. It is now morning. I must rise, and fold up, and seal my letter. Farewell, and God preserve dearest MD.

I believe I shall leave this town on Monday.

LETTER XXVIII.

Windsor, Aug. 11, 1711.

I sent away my twenty-seventh this morning in an express to London, and directed to Mr Reading: this shall go to your lodgings, where I reckon you will be returned before it reaches you. I intended to go to the race to-day, but was hindered by a visit, I believe I told you so in my last. I dined to-day at the Green Cloth, where every body had been at the race but myself, and we were twenty in all; and very noisy company: but I made the Vice-Chamberlain and two friends more sit at a side-table to be a little quiet. At six I went to see the Secretary, who is returned; but Lord-Keeper sent to desire I would sup with him, where I staid till just now; Lord-Treasurer and Secretary were to come to us, but both failed. 'Tis late, &c.

12. I was this morning to visit Lord-Keeper, who made me reproaches that I had never visited him at Windsor. He had a present sent him of delicious peaches, and he was champing and champing, but I durst not eat one; I wished Dingley had some of them, for poor Stella can no more eat fruit than Presto. Dilly Ashe is come to Windsor; and after church I carried him up to the drawing-room, and talked to the Keeper and Treasurer, on purpose to show them to him, and he saw the Queen and several great lords, and the Duchess of Montague; he was mighty happy, and resolves to fill a letter to the Bishop.[1] My friend Lewis and I dined soberly with Dr Adams, the only neighbour prebendary. One of the prebendaries here is lately a peer, by the death of his father. He is now Lord Willoughby of Brook, and will sit in the House of Lords with his gown. I supped to-night at Masham's with Lord-Treasurer, Mr Secretary, and Prior. The Treasurer made us stay till

[1] Of Clogher.

twelve before he came from the Queen, and 'tis now past two.

13. I reckoned upon going to London to-day; but by an accident the Cabinet Council did not sit last night, and sat to-day, so we go to-morrow at six in the morning. I missed the race to-day by coming too late, when every body's coach was gone, and ride I would not; I felt my last riding three days after. We had a dinner to-day at the Secretary's lodgings without him: Mr Hare, his Under Secretary, Mr Lewis, Brigadier Sutton, and I, dined together, and I made the Vice-Chamberlain take a snap with us, rather than stay till five for his lady, who was gone to the race. The reason why the Cabinet Council was not held last night was, because Mr Secretary St John would not sit with your Duke of Somerset. So to-day the Duke was forced to go to the race while the Cabinet was held. We have music meetings in our town, and I was at the rehearsal t'other day, but I did not value it, nor would go to the meeting. Did I tell you this before?

London, 14. We came to town this day in two hours and forty minutes: twenty miles are nothing here. I found a letter from the Archbishop of Dublin, sent me the Lord knows how. He says some of the Bishops will hardly believe that Lord-Treasurer got the Queen to remit the First-Fruits before the Duke of Ormond was declared Lord-Lieutenant; and that the Bishops have written a letter to Lord-Treasurer to thank him. He has sent me the address of the Convocation, ascribing, in good part, that affair to the Duke, who had less share in it than MD; for if it had not been for MD, I should not have been so good a solicitor. I dined to-day in the city, about a little bit of mischief with a printer.—I found Mrs Vanhomrigh all in combustion, squabbling with her rogue of a landlord; she has left her house, and gone out of her neighbourhood a good way. Her eldest daughter is come of age, and going to Ireland to look after her fortune, and get it in her own hands.

15. I dined to-day with Mrs Van, who goes to-night to her new lodgings. I went at six to see Lord-Treasurer, but his company was gone, contrary to custom, and he was busy, and I was forced to stay some time before I could see him. We were together hardly an hour, and he went away, being

in haste. He desired me to dine with him on Friday, because there would be a friend of his that I must see: my Lord Harley told me, when he was gone, that it was Mrs Masham[1] his father meant, who is come to town to lie in, and whom I never saw, though her husband is one of our society. God send her a good time; her death would be a terrible thing.—Do you know, that I have ventured all my credit with these great ministers, to clear some understandings between them; and, if there be no breach, I ought to have the merit of it? 'Tis a plaguy ticklish piece of work, and a man hazards losing both sides. 'Tis a pity the world does not know my virtue.—I thought the clergy in convocation in Ireland would have given me thanks for being their solicitor, but I hear of no such thing. Pray talk occasionally on that subject, and let me know what you hear. Do you know the greatness of my spirit, that I value their thanks not a rush? but at my return shall freely let all people know, that it was my Lord-Treasurer's action, wherein the Duke of Ormond had no more share than a cat. And so they may go whistle, and I'll go sleep.

16. I was this day in the city, and dined at Pontack's[2] with Stratford and two other merchants.—Pontack told us, although his wine was so good, he sold it cheaper than others, he took but seven shillings a flask. Are not these pretty rates? The books he sent for from Hamburg are come, but not yet got out of the Custom-house. My library will be at least double when I come back. I shall go to Windsor again on Saturday, to meet our society, who are to sup at Mr Secretary's; but I believe I shall return on Monday, and then I will answer your letter, that lies safe here underneath:—I see it; lie still; I'll answer you, when the ducks have eaten up the dirt.

17. I dined to-day at Lord-Treasurer's with Mrs Masham, and she is extremely like one Mrs Malolly, that was once my

[1] Abigail Hill, bedchamber woman to the Queen, married to Mr. Masham, Groom of the Chamber to Prince George. She was a relative of the Duchess of Marlborough, who obtained her post at court for her, but she became the principal means of undermining the influence of the latter with the Queen, and of bringing in Harley, who was her cousin, and the Tories.

[2] Regarded as the best tavern and ordinary of the time. It was situated in Abchurch Lane in the City.

landlady in Trim. She was used with mighty kindness and respect, like a favourite. It signifies nothing going to this Lord-Treasurer about business, although it be his own.—He was in haste, and desires I will come again, and dine with him to-morrow. His famous lying porter is fallen sick, and they think he will die: I wish I had all my half-crowns again. I believe I have told you, he is an old Scotch fanatic, and the damn'dest liar in his office alive. I have a mind to recommend Patrick to succeed him: I have trained him up pretty well. I reckon for certain you are now in town. The weather now begins to alter to rain

Windsor, 18. I dined to-day with Lord-Treasurer, and he would make me go with him to Windsor, although I was engaged to the Secretary, to whom I made my excuses: we had in the coach besides, his son and son-in-law, Lord Harley and Lord Dupplin, who are two of our society, and seven of us met by appointment, and supped this night with the Secretary. It was past nine before we got here; but a fine moonshiny night. I shall go back, I believe, on Monday. 'Tis very late.

19. The Queen did not stir out to-day, she is in a little fit of the gout. I dined at Mr Masham's; we had none but our Society members, six in all, and I supped with Lord-Treasurer. The Queen has ordered twenty thousand pounds to go on with the building at Blenheim, which has been starved till now, since the change of the ministry. I suppose it is to reward his last action of getting into the French lines.[1] Lord-Treasurer kept me till past twelve.

London, 20. It rained terribly every step of our journey to-day; I returned with the Secretary after a dinner of cold meat, and went to Mrs Van's, where I sat the evening. I grow very idle, because I have a great deal of business. Tell me how you passed your time at Wexford; and an't you glad at heart you have got safe home to your lodgings at St Mary's, pray? and so your friends come to visit you: and Mrs Walls is much better of her eye: and the Dean is just as he used to be: and what does Walls say of London? 'tis a reasoning coxcomb. And Goody Stoyte, and Hannah what d'ye call her; no, her name en't Hannah, Catherine I

[1] Before Bouchain.

mean; they were so glad to see the ladies again; and Mrs Manley wanted a companion at ombre.

21. I writ to-day to the Archbishop of Dublin, and enclosed a long politic paper by itself. You know the Bishops are all angry, that (smoke the wax-candle drop at the bottom of this paper) I have let the world know the First-Fruits were got by Lord-Treasurer before the Duke of Ormond was governor. I told Lord-Treasurer all this, and he is very angry; but I pacified him again by telling him they were fools, and they knew nothing of what passed here, but thought all was well enough, if they complimented the Duke of Ormond. Lord-Treasurer gave me t'other day a letter of thanks he received from the Bishops of Ireland, signed by seventeen, and says he will write them an answer. The Dean of Carlisle sat with me to-day till three, and I went to dine with Lord-Treasurer, who dined abroad, so did the secretary, and I was left in the suds. 'Twas almost four, and I got to Sir Matthew Dudley, who had half dined. Thornhill,[1] who killed Sir Cholmley Dering, was murdered by two men on Turnham Green last Monday night: as they stabbed him, they bid him remember Sir Cholmley Dering. They had quarelled at Hampton Court, and followed and stabbed him on horseback. We have only a Grub-Street paper of it, but I believe it is true. I went myself through Turnham Green the same night, which was yesterday.

22. We have had terrible rains these two or three days. I intended to dine at Lord-Treasurer's, but went to see Lady Abercorn, who is come to town, and my Lord; and I dined with them, and visited Lord-Treasurer this evening. His porter is mending. I sat with my lord about three hours, and am come home early to be busy. Passing by White's chocolate-house, my brother Masham called me, and told me his wife was brought to-bed of a boy, and both very well. (Our society, you must know, are all brothers.) Dr Garth told us, that Mr Henley is dead of an appolexy. His brother-in-law, Earl Poulet, is gone down to the Grange to take care of his funeral. The Earl of Danby, the Duke of Leeds' eldest grandson, a very hopeful young man of about twenty is dead at Utrecht of the small-pox. I long to know whether

[1] See above, p. 173.

you begin to have any good effect by your waters. Methinks this letter goes on slowly; 'twill be a fortnight next Saturday since it was begun, and one side not filled. O fy for shame, Presto. Faith, I'm so tosticated to and from Windsor, that I know not what to say; but faith, I'll go to Windsor again on Saturday, if they ask me, not else. So lose your money again, now you are come home; do, sirrah.

Take your magnifying glass, Madam Dingley.

You shan't read this, sirrah Stella; don't read it for your life, for fear of your dearest eyes.

There's enough for this side; these ministers hinder me.

Pretty, dear, little, naughty, saucy MD.

Silly, impudent, loggerhead Presto.

23. Dilly and I dined to-day with Lord Abercorn, and had a fine fat haunch of venison, that smelt rarely on one side, and after dinner Dilly won half-a-crown of me at backgammon, at his lodgings, to his great content. It is a scurvy empty town this melancholy season of the year, but I think our weather begins to mend. The roads are as deep as in winter. The grapes are sad things, but the peaches are pretty good, and there are some figs. I sometimes venture to eat one, but always repent it. You say nothing of the box sent half a year ago. I wish you would pay me for Mrs Walls's tea. Your mother is in the country, I suppose. Pray send me the account of MD, Madam Dingley, as it stands since November, that is to say, for this year, (excluding the twenty pounds lent Stella for Wexford,) for I cannot look in your letters. I think I ordered that Hawkshaw's interest should be paid to you. When you think proper, I will let Parvisol know you have paid that twenty pounds, or part of it; and so go play with the Dean, and I will answer your letter to-morrow. Good night, sirrahs, and love Presto, and be good girls.

24. I dined to-day with Lord-Treasurer, who chid me for not dining with him yesterday; for it seems I did not understand his invitation; and their club of the ministry dined together, and expected me. Lord Radnor and I were walking the Mall this evening; and Mr Secretary met us, and took a turn or two, and then stole away, and we both believed it was to pick up some wench; and to-morrow he will be at the cabinet with the Queen; so goes the world.

Prior has been out of town these two months, nobody knows where, and is lately returned. People confidently affirm he has been in France, and I half believe it. It it said, he was sent by the ministry, and for some overtures toward a peace. The Secretary pretends he knows nothing of it. I believe your Parliament will be dissolved. I have been talking about the quarrels between your Lords and Commons with Lord-Treasurer; and did, at the request of some people, desire that the Queen's answer to the Commons' address might express a dislike to some principles, &c. but was answered dubiously. And so now to your letter, fair ladies. I know drinking is bad; I mean writing is bad in drinking the waters; and was angry to see so much in Stella's hand. But why Dingley drinks them I cannot imagine; but truly she'll drink waters as well as Stella: Why not? I hope you now find the benefit of them since you are returned: pray let me know particularly. I am glad you are forced upon exercise, which, I believe, is as good as the waters for the heart of them. 'Tis now past the middle of August; so by your reckoning you are in Dublin. It would vex me to the dogs, that letters should miscarry between Dublin and Wexford, after 'scaping the salt seas. I will write no more to that nasty town in haste again, I warrant you. I have been four Sundays together at Windsor, of which a fortnight together; but I believe I shall not go to-morrow, for I will not, unless the Secretary asks me. I know all your news about the mayor: it makes no noise here at all, but the quarrel of your Parliament does; it is so very extraordinary, and the language of the Commons so very pretty. The Examiner has been down this month, and was very silly the five or six last papers; but there is a pamphlet come out, in answer to a Letter to the Seven Lords who examined Gregg.[1] The answer is by the real author of the Examiner, as I believe, for it is very well written.[2] We had Trapp's poem on the Duke of Ormond printed here, and the printer sold just

[1] A clerk of Harley's, who was convicted of treasonable correspondence with the French government. The Whig lords who examined him endeavoured to throw suspicion on Harley. He was hanged April 2nd, 1708.

[2] "Some Remarks upon a Pamphlet entitled A Letter to the Seven Lords of the Committee appointed to examine Gregg." Written by Swift himself.

eleven of them. 'Tis a dull piece, not half so good as Stella's; and she is very modest to compare herself with such a poetaster. I am heartily sorry for poor Mrs Parnell's[1] death; she seemed to be an excellent good-natured young woman, and I believe the poor lad is much afflicted; they appeared to live perfectly well together. Dilly is not tired at all with England, but intends to continue here a good while; he is mighty easy to be at distance from his two sisters-in-law. He finds some sort of scrub acquaintance: goes now and then in disguise to a play; smokes his pipe; reads now and then a little trash, and what else the Lord knows. I see him now and then; for he calls here, and the town being thin, I am less pestered with company than usual. I have got rid of many of my solicitors, by doing nothing for them: I have not above eight or nine left, and I'll be as kind to them. Did I tell you of a knight, who desired me to speak to Lord-Treasurer to give him two thousand pounds, or five hundred pounds a-year, until he could get something better? I honestly delivered my message to the Treasurer, adding, the knight was a puppy, whom I would not give a groat to save from the gallows. Cole Reading's father-in-law has been two or three times at me to recommend his lights to the ministry; assuring me, that a word of mine would, &c. Did not that dog use to speak ill of me, and profess to hate me? He knows not where I lodge, for I told him I lived in the country; and I have ordered Patrick to deny me constantly to him.—Did the Bishop of London die in Wexford? poor gentleman! did he drink the waters? were you at his burial? was it a great funeral? so far from his friends! But he was very old: we shall all follow. And yet it was a pity, if God pleased. He was a good man; not very learned; I believe he died but poor. Did he leave any charity legacies? who held up his pall? was there a great sight of clergy? do they design a tomb for him? are you sure it was the Bishop of London? because there is an elderly gentleman here that we give the same title to: or did you fancy all this in your water, as others do strange things in their wine? They say these waters trouble the head, and make people imagine what never came to pass. Do you make no more of killing a

[1] Wife of the poet, Archdeacon Parnell.

bishop? are these your Whiggish tricks?—Yes, yes, I see you are in a fret. O faith, says you, saucy Presto, I'll break your head; what, can't one report what one hears, without being made a jest and a laughing-stock? are these your English tricks, with a murrain?—and Sacheverell will be the next bishop?—he would be glad of an addition of two hundred pounds a-year to what he has; and that is more than they will give him, for ought I see. He hates the new ministry mortally, and they hate him, and pretend to despise him too. They will not allow him to have been the occasion of the late change; at least some of them will not; but my Lord-Keeper owned it to me t'other day. No, Mr Addison does not go to Ireland this year: he pretended he would; but he is gone to Bath with Pastoral Philips for his eyes.—So now I have run over your letter; and I think this shall go to-morrow, which will be just a fortnight from the last, and bring things to the old form again after your rambles to Wexford, and mine to Windsor. Are there not many literal faults in my letters? I never read them over, and I fancy there are. What do you do then? do you guess my meaning; or are you acquainted with my manner of mistaking? I lost my handkerchief in the Mall to-night with Lord Radnor; but I made him walk with me to find it, and find it I did not. Tisdall (that lodges with me) and I have had no conversation, nor do we pull off our hats in the streets.—There is a cousin of his, (I suppose,) a young parson, that lodges in the house too; a handsome genteel fellow. Dick Tighe and his wife lodged over against us; and he has been seen, out of our upper windows, beating her two or three times; they are both gone to Ireland, but not together; and he solemnly vows never to live with her. Neighbours do not stick to say she has a tongue: in short, I am told, she is the most urging, provoking devil that ever was born; and he a hot whiffling puppy, very apt to resent. I'll keep this bottom till to-morrow: I'm sleepy.

25. I was with the Secretary this morning, who was in a mighty hurry, and went to Windsor in a chariot with Lord-Keeper; so I was not invited, and am forced to stay at home; but not at all against my will; for I could have gone, and would not. I dined in the city with one of my printers, for whom I got the Gazette, and am come home early; and

have nothing to say to you more, but finish this letter, and not send it by the bellman. Days grow short, and the weather grows bad, and the town is splenetic, and things are so oddly contrived, that I cannot be absent; otherwise I would go for a few days to Oxford, as I promised. They say, 'tis certain that Prior has been in France; nobody doubts it: I had not time to ask the Secretary, he was in such haste. Well, I will take my leave of dearest MD for a while; for I must begin my next letter to-night: consider that, young women; and pray be merry, and good girls, and love Presto. There is now but one business the ministry wants me for; and when that is done, I will take my leave of them. I never got a penny from them, nor expect it. In my opinion, some things stand very ticklish; I dare say nothing at this distance. Farewell, dear sirrahs, dearest lives: there is peace and quiet with MD, and nowhere else. They have not leisure here to think of small things, which may ruin them; and I have been forward enough. Farewell again, dearest rogues: I am never happy, but when I write or think of MD. I have enough of courts and ministers; and wish I were at Laracor; and if I could with honour come away this moment, I would. Bernage came to see me to-day; he is just landed from Portugal, and come to raise recruits; he looks very well, and seems pleased with his station and manner of life: he never saw London nor England before; he is ravished with Kent, which was his first prospect when he landed. Farewell again, &c. &c.

LETTER XXIX.

London, Aug. 25, 1711.

I have got a pretty small gilt sheet of paper to write to MD. I have this moment sent my 28th by Patrick, who tells me he has put it in the post-office. 'Tis directed to your lodgings: if it wants more particular direction, you must set me right. It is now a solar month and two days since the date of your last, N. 18, and I reckon you are now quiet at home, and thinking to begin your 19th, which will be full of your quarrel between the two houses: all which I know already. Where shall I dine to-morrow? can you tell? Mrs

Vanhomrigh boards now, and cannot invite one; and there I used to dine when I was at a loss; and all my friends are gone out of town, and your town is now at the fullest with your parliament and convocation. But let me alone, sirrahs; for Presto is going to be very busy; not Presto, but t'other I.

26. People have so left the town, that I am at loss for a dinner. It is a long time since I have been at London upon a Sunday; and the ministers are all at Windsor. It cost me eighteenpence in coach hire before I could find a place to dine in. I went to Frankland's, and he was abroad; and the drab his wife looked out of window, and bowed to me without inviting me up; so I dined with Mr. Coote, my Lord Montrath's brother; my lord is with you in Ireland. This morning at five my Lord Jersey[1] died of the gout in his stomach, or apoplexy, or both: he was abroad yesterday, and his death was sudden: he was Chamberlain to King William, and a great favourite, turned out by the Queen as a Tory, and stood now fair to be Privy-Seal; and by his death will, I suppose, make that matter easier, which has been a very stubborn business at court, as I have been informed. I never remembered so many people of quality to have died in so short a time.

27. I went to-day into the city to thank Stratford for my books, and dine with him, and settle my affairs of my money in the bank, and receive a bill for Mrs Wesley, for some things to buy for her; and the d— a one of all these could I do. The merchants were all out of town, and I was forced to go to a little hedge place for my dinner. May my enemies live here in summer! and yet I am so unlucky, that I cannot possibly be out of the way at this juncture. People leave the town so late in summer, and return so late in winter, that they have almost inverted the seasons. It is autumn this good while in St James's Park; the limes have been losing their leaves, and those remaining on the trees are all parched. I hate this season, where every thing grows worse and worse. The only good thing of it is the fruit, and that I dare not eat.—Had you any fruit at Wexford? a few cherries, and

[1] Edward, first Earl of Jersey, who had held several diplomatic appointments under William III., and was, it is said, designed for one of the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht.

durst not eat them. I do not hear we have yet got a new Privy-Seal. The Whigs whisper, that our new ministry differ among themselves, and they begin to talk out Mr Secretary. They have some reason for their whispers, although I thought it was a greater secret. I do not much like the posture of things; I always apprehended, that any falling out would ruin them, and so I have told them several times. The Whigs are mighty full of hopes at present; and whatever is the matter, all kind of stocks fall. I have not yet talked with the Secretary about Prior's journey. I should be apt to think it may foretell a peace; and that is all we have to preserve us. The Secretary is not come from Windsor; but I expect him to-morrow. Burn all politics!

28. We begin to have fine weather, and I walked to-day to Chelsea, and dined with the Dean of Carlisle, who is laid up with the gout. It is now fixed that he is to be Dean of Christ Church, in Oxford. I was advising him to use his interest to prevent any misunderstanding between our ministers; but he is too wise to meddle, though he fears the thing and consequences as much as I. He will get into his own warm quiet deanery, and leave them to themselves; and he is in the right. When I came home to-night, I found a letter from Mr Lewis, who is now at Windsor; and in it, forsooth, another which looked like Presto's hand; and what should it be, but a 19th from MD? O faith, I 'scaped narrowly, for I sent my 28th but on Saturday; and what should I have done if I had two letters to answer at once? I did not expect another from Wexford, that's certain. Well, I must be contented; but you are dear saucy girls, for all that, to write so soon again, faith; an't you?

29. I dined to-day with Lord Abercorn, and took my leave of them; they set out to-morrow for Chester; and, I believe, will now fix in Ireland.—They have made a pretty good journey of it. His eldest son is married to a lady with ten thousand pounds; and his second son has, t'other day, got a prize in the lottery of four thousand pounds, beside two small ones of two hundred pounds each: nay, the family was so fortunate, that my lord bestowing one ticket, which is a hundred pounds, to one of his servants, who had been his page, the young fellow got a prize, which has made it another hundred. I went in the evening to Lord-Treasurer,

who desires I will dine with him to-morrow, when he will show me the answer he designs to return to the letter of thanks from your bishops in Ireland. The Archbishop of Dublin desired me to get myself mentioned in the answer which my lord would send; but I sent him word I would not open my lips to my lord upon it. He says, it would convince the bishops of what I have affirmed, that the First-Fruits were granted before the Duke of Ormond was declared governor; and I writ to him, that I would not give a farthing to convince them. My Lord-Treasurer began a health to my lord Privy-Seal; Prior punned, and said it was so privy, he knew not who it was; but I fancy they have fixed it all, and we shall know to-morrow. But what care you who is Privy Seal, saucy sluttikins?

30. When I went out this morning, I was surprised with the news, that the Bishop of Bristol is made Lord Privy Seal. You know his name is Robinson, and that he was many years envoy in Sweden. All the friends of the present ministry are extreme glad, and the clergy above the rest. The Whigs will fret to death to see a civil employment given to a clergyman. It was a very handsome thing in my Lord-Treasurer, and will bind the church to him for ever. I dined with him to-day, but he had not written his letter; but told me, he would not offer to send it without showing it to me; he thought that would not be just, since I was so deeply concerned in the affair. We had much company; Lord Rivers, Marr, and Kinnoul, Mr Secretary, George Granville, and Masham; the last has invited me to the christening of his son to-morrow se'ennight; and on Saturday I go to Windsor with Mr Secretary.

31. Dilly and I walked to-day to Kensington to Lady Mountjoy, who invited us to dinner. He returned soon to go to the play, it being the last that will be acted for some time: he dresses himself like a beau, and no doubt makes a fine figure. I went to visit some people at Kensington. Ophy Butler's wife there lies very ill of an ague, which is a very common disease here, and little known in Ireland. I am apt to think we shall soon have a peace, by the little words I hear thrown out by the ministry. I have just thought of a project to bite the town. I have told you, that it is now known that Mr Prior has been lately in France. I

will make a printer of my own sit by me one day, and I will dictate to him a formal relation of Prior's journey,[1] with several particulars, all pure invention; and I doubt not but it will take.

Sept. 1. Morning. I go to-day to Windsor with Mr Secretary; and Lord-Treasurer has promised to bring me back. The weather has been fine for some time, and I believe we shall have a great deal of dust.—At night. Windsor. The Secretary and I, and Brigadier Sutton, dined to-day at Parson's Green, at my Lord Peterborow's house, who has left it and his gardens to the secretary during his absence. It is the finest garden I have ever seen about this town, and abundance of hot walls for grapes, where they are in great plenty, and ripening fast. I durst not eat any fruit, but one fig; but I brought a basket full to my friend Lewis here at Windsor. Does Stella never eat any? what, no apricots at Donnybrook? nothing but claret and ombre? I envy people maunching and maunching peaches and grapes, and I not daring to eat a bit. My head is pretty well, only a sudden turn any time makes me giddy for a moment, and sometimes it feels very stuffed; but if it grows no worse, I can bear it very well. I take all opportunities of walking; and we have a delicious park here just joining to the castle, and an avenue in the great park very wide, and two miles long, set with a double row of elms on each side. Were you ever at Windsor? I was once a great while ago; but had quite forgotten it.

2. The Queen has the gout, and did not come to chapel, nor stir out from her chamber, but received the Sacrament there, as she always does the first Sunday in the month. Yet we had a great court, and among others, I saw your Ingoldsby, who, seeing me talk very familiarly with the Keeper, Treasurer, &c. came up and saluted me, and began a very impertinent discourse about the siege of Bouchain. I told him I could not answer his questions, but I would bring him one that should; so I went and fetched Sutton, (who brought over the express about a month ago,) and

[1] Published as "A New Journey to Paris, together with some Secret Transactions between the French King and an English Gentleman. By the Sieur du Baudrier. Translated from the French." See below, Sept. 11.

delivered him to the general, and bid him answer his questions; and so I left them together. Sutton, after some time, came back in rage; finds me with Lord Rivers and Masham, and there complains of the trick I had played him, and swore he had been plagued to death with Ingoldsby's talk. But he told me, Ingoldsby asked him what I meant by bringing him; so I suppose he smoked me a little. So we laughed, &c. My Lord Willoughby, who is one of the chaplains, and Prebendary of Windsor, read prayers last night to the family; and the Bishop of Bristol, who is Dean of Windsor, officiated last night at the cathedral. This they do to be popular, and it pleases mightily. I dined with Mr Masham, because he lets me have a select company. For the court here have got by the end a good thing I said to the secretary some weeks ago. He showed me his bill of fare to tempt me to dine with him; poh, said I, I value not your bill of fare; give me your bill of company. Lord-Treasurer was mightily pleased, and told it every body, as a notable thing. I reckon upon returning to-morrow; they say the Bishop will then have the privy-seal delivered him at a great council.

3. Windsor still. The council was held so late to-day, that I do not go back to town till to-morrow. The Bishop was sworn privy-counsellor; and had the privy-seal given him: and now the patents are passed for those who were this long time to be made lords or earls. Lord Raby, who is Earl of Strafford, is on Thursday to marry a namesake of Stella's; the daughter of Sir H. Johnson in the city; he has threescore thousand pounds with her, ready money; besides the rest at the father's death. I have got my friend Stratford to be one of the directors of the South Sea Company, who were named to-day. My Lord-Treasurer did it for me a month ago: and one of those whom I got to be printer of the Gazette, I am recommending to be printer to the same company. He treated Mr Lewis and me to-day at dinner. I supped last night and this with Lord-Treasurer, Keeper, &c. and took occasion to mention the printer. I said, it was the same printer, whom my Lord-Treasurer has appointed to print for the South Sea Company; he denied, and I insisted on it; and I got the laugh on my side.

London, 4. I came as far as Brentford in Lord Rivers's

chariot, who had business with Lord-Treasurer; then I went into Lord-Treasurer's: we stopped at Kensington, where Lord-Treasurer went to see Mrs Masham, who is now what they call in the straw. We got to town by three, and I lighted at Lord-Treasurer's, who commanded me not to stir: but I was not well; and when he went up, I begged the young lord to excuse me, and so went into the city by water, where I could be easier, and dined with the printer, and dictated to him some part of Prior's Journey to France. I walked from the city, for I take all occasions of exercise. Our journey was horrid dusty.

5. When I went out to-day, I found it had rained mightily in the night, and the streets were as dirty as winter; it is very refreshing after ten days dry.—I went into the city and dined with Stratford, thanked him for his books, gave him joy of his being director, of which he had the first notice by a letter from me. I ate sturgeon, and it lies on my stomach. I almost finished Prior's Journey at the printer's, and came home pretty late with Patrick at my heels.

7. Morning. But what shall we do about this letter of MD's, N. 19? not a word answered yet, and so much paper spent? I cannot do any thing in it, sweethearts, till night.—At night, O Lord, O Lord, the greatest disgrace that ever was has happened to Presto. What do you think? but when I was going out this forenoon a letter came from MD, N. 20, dated at Dublin. O dear, O dear; O sad, O sad!—Now I have two letters together to answer: here they are, lying together. But I will only answer the first; for I came in late. I dined with my friend Lewis at his lodgings, and walked at six to Kensington to Mr Masham's son's christening. It was very private; nobody there but my Lord-Treasurer, his son, and son-in-law, that is to say Lord Harley, and Lord Dupplin, and Lord Rivers, and I. The Dean of Rochester christened the child, but soon went away. Lord-Treasurer and Lord Rivers were godfathers, and Mrs Hill, Mrs Masham's sister, godmother. The child roared like a bull, and I gave Mrs Masham joy of it; and she charged me to take care of my nephew, because Mr Masham being a brother of our Society, his son you know is consequently a nephew. Mrs Masham sat up dressed in bed, but not as they do in Ireland with all smooth about her, as if she was cut off in the

middle; for you might see the counterpain (what d'ye call it?) rise above her hips and body. There's another name of the counterpain, and you'll laugh now, sirrahs. George Granville came in at supper, and we staid till eleven, and Lord-Treasurer set me down at my lodging in Suffolk Street. Did I ever tell you that Lord-Treasurer hears ill with the left ear, just as I do? He always turns the right; and his servants whisper him at that only. I dare not tell him that I am so too, for fear he should think I counterfeited, to make my court.

6. You must read this before the other; for I mistook, and forgot to write yesterday's journal, it was so insignificant: I dined with Dr. Cockburn, and sat the evening with Lord-Treasurer, till ten o'clock. On Thursdays he has always a large select company, and expects me. So good night for last night, &c.

8. Morning. I go to Windsor with Lord-Treasurer to-day, and will leave this behind me to be sent to the post. And now let us hear what says the first letter, No. 19. You are still at Wexford, as you say, Madam Dingley. I think no letter from me ever yet miscarried. And so Inish-Corthy,[1] and the River Slainy; fine words those in a lady's mouth. Your hand like Dingley's? you scrambling, scattering, sluttikin! *Yes, mighty like indeed, is not it?*[2] Pisshh, don't talk of writing or reading till your eyes are well, and long well; only I would have Dingley read sometimes to you, that you may not quite lose the desire of it. God be thanked that the ugly numbing is gone. Pray use exercise when you go to town. What game is that ombra[3] which Dr Elwood and you play at? is it the Spanish game ombre? Your card purse! you a card purse? you a fiddlestick. You have luck indeed; and luck in a bag. What a devil is that eight shilling tea-kettle? copper, or tin japanned? It is like your Irish politeness, raffling for tea-kettles. What a splutter you keep to convince me that Walls has no taste? My head continues pretty well. Why do you write, dear sirrah Stella,

[1] Enniscorthy.

[2] "These words in *italics* are written in strange misshapen letters, inclining to the right hand, in imitation of Stella's writing." (Note in original edition.)

[3] "In Stella's spelling." (Note in original edition.)

when you find your eyes so weak that you cannot see? what comfort is there in reading what you write, when one knows that? So Dingley can't write because of the clutter of new company come to Wexford? I suppose the noise of their hundred horses disturbs you; or, do you lie in one gallery, as in an hospital? What, you are afraid of losing in Dublin the acquaintance you have got in Wexford; and chiefly the Bishop of Raphoe,[1] an old, doting, perverse coxcomb? Twenty at a time at breakfast. That is like five pounds at a time, when it was never but once. I doubt, Madam Dingley, you are apt to lie in your travels, though not so bad as Stella; she tells thumpers, as I shall prove in my next, if I find this receives encouragement.—So Dr Elwood[2] says, There are a world of pretty things in my works. A pox on his praises! an enemy here would say more. The Duke of Buckingham would say as much, though he and I are terribly fallen out; and the great men are perpetually inflaming me against him: they bring me all he says of me, and, I believe, make it worse, out of roguery.—No, 'tis not your pen is bewitched, Madam Stella, but your old, *scrawling, splay-foot, pot-hooks, s, f,* ay, that's it: there the s, f, f, there, there, that's exact. Farewell, &c.

Our fine weather is gone, and I doubt we shall have a rainy journey to-day. Faith, 'tis shaving day, and I have much to do.

When Stella says her pen was bewitched, it was only because there was a hair in it. You know the fellow they call God-help-it had the same thoughts of his wife, and for the same reason. I think this is very well observed, and I unfolded the letter to tell you it.

Cut off those two notes above; and see the nine pounds endorsed, and receive the other; and send me word how my accounts stand, that they may be adjusted by Nov. 1. Pray be very particular: but the twenty pounds I lend you is not to be included; so make no blunder. I won't wrong you; nor you shan't wrong me; that's the short. O Lord, how stout Presto is of late! but he loves MD more than his life a thousand times, for all his stoutness; tell him that; and that I'll swear it, as hope saved, ten millions of times, &c. &c.

[1] John Pooley.
[2] Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin.

I open my letter once more to tell Stella, that, if she does not use exercise after her waters, it will lose all the effects of them: I should not live if I did not take all opportunities of walking. Pray, pray, do this to oblige poor Presto.

LETTER XXX.

Windsor, Sept. 8, 1711.

I made the coachman stop, and put in my twenty-ninth at the post-office at two o'clock to-day, as I was going to Lord-Treasurer, with whom I dined, and came here by a quarter past eight; but the moon shone, and so we were not in much danger of overturning; which, however, he values not a straw, and only laughs when I chid at him for it. There was nobody but he and I, and we supped together, with Mr Masham and Dr Arbuthnot, the Queen's favourite physician, a Scotchman. I could not keep myself awake after supper, but did all I was able to disguise it, and thought I came off clear; but at parting he told me, I had got my nap already. It is now one o'clock; but he loves sitting up late.

9. The Queen is still in the gout, but recovering; she saw company in her bed-chamber after church; but, the crowd was so great, I could not see her. I dined with my brother, Sir William Wyndham, and some others of our Society, to avoid the great tables on Sunday at Windsor, which I hate. The usual company supped to-night at Lord-Treasurer's, which was Lord-Keeper, Mr Secretary, George Granville, Masham, Arbuthnot, and I. But showers have hindered me from walking to-day, and that I don't love.—Noble fruit, and I dare not eat a bit. I ate one fig to-day, and sometimes a few mulberries, because it is said they are wholesome, and you know a good name does much. I shall return to town to-morrow, though I thought to have staid a week, to be at leisure for something I am doing. But I have put it off till next; for I shall come here again next Saturday, when our society are to meet at supper at Mr Secretary's. My life is very regular here: on Sunday morning I constantly visit Lord-Keeper, and sup at Lord-Treasurer's with the same set of company. I was not

sleepy to-night; I resolved I would not; yet it is past midnight at this present writing.

London, 10. Lord-Treasurer and Masham and I left Windsor at three this afternoon: we dropped Masham at Kensington with his lady, and got home by six. It was seven before we sat down to dinner, and I staid till past eleven. Patrick came home with the Secretary: I am more plagued with Patrick and my portmanteau than with myself. I forgot to tell you, that, when I went to Windsor, on Saturday, I overtook Lady Giffard and Mrs Fenton[1] in a chariot going, I suppose, to Sheen. I was then in a chariot too, of Lord-Treasurer's brother, who had business with the Treasurer; and my lord came after, and overtook me at Turnham Green, four miles from London, and then the brother went back, and I went in the coach with Lord-Treasurer: so it happened that those people saw me, and not with Lord-Treasurer. Mrs F. was to see me about a week ago; and desired I would get her son into the Charterhouse.

11. This morning the printer sent me an account of Prior's Journey; it makes a twopenny pamphlet; I suppose you will see it, for I dare engage it will run; 'tis a formal grave lie, from the beginning to the end. I writ all but about the last page, that I dictated, and the printer writ. Mr Secretary sent to me to dine where he did; it was at Prior's; when I came in Prior showed me the pamphlet, seemed to be angry, and said, here is our English liberty: I read some of it, and said I liked it mightily, and envied the rogue the thought; for, had it come into my head, I should have certainly done it myself. We staid at Prior's till past ten, and then the Secretary received a packet with the news of Bouchain being taken, for which the guns will go off to-morrow. Prior owned his having been in France, for it was past denying; it seems he was discovered by a rascal at Dover, who had positive orders to let him pass. I believe we shall have a peace.

12. It is terrible rainy weather, and has cost me three shillings in coaches and chairs to-day, yet I was dirty into the bargain. I was three hours this morning with the Secre-

[1] Swift's sister Jane.

tary about some business of moment, and then went into the city to dine. The printer tells me he sold yesterday a thousand of Prior's Journey, and had printed five hundred more. It will go rarely, I believe, and is a pure bite. And what is MD doing all this while? got again to their cards, their Walls, their deans, their Stoytes, and their claret? Pray present my service to Mr Stoyte and Catherine. Tell Goody Stoyte she owes me a world of dinners, and I will shortly come over and demand them.—Did I tell you of the Archbishop of Dublin's last letter? He had been saying in several of his former that he would shortly write to me something about myself, and it looked to me as if he intended something for me: at last out it comes, and consists of two parts. First, he advises me to strike in for some preferment now I have friends; and secondly, he advises me, since I have parts, and learning, and a happy pen, to think of some new subject in divinity not handled by others, which I should manage better than any body. A rare spark this, with a pox! but I shall answer him as rarely. Methinks he should have invited me over, and given me some hopes or promises. But, hang him! and so good night, &c.

13. It rained most furiously all this morning till about twelve, and sometimes thundered; I trembled for my shillings, but it cleared up, and I made a shift to get a walk in the Park, and then went with the Secretary to dine with Lord-Treasurer. Upon Thursdays there is always a select company; we had the Duke of Shrewsbury, Lord Rivers, the two Secretaries, Mr Granville, and Mr Prior. Half of them went to council at six; but Rivers, Granville, Prior, and I, staid till eight. Prior was often affecting to be angry at the account of his journey to Paris; and, indeed, the two last pages, which the printer got somebody to add, are so romantic, they spoil all the rest. Dilly Ashe pretended to me that he was only going to Oxford and Cambridge for a fortnight, and then would come back. I could not see him, as I appointed t'other day; but some of his friends tell me, he took leave of them as going to Ireland; and so they say at his lodging. I believe the rogue was ashamed to tell me so, because I advised him to stay the winter, and he said he would. I find he had got into a good set of scrub acquaintance, and I thought passed his time very merrily;

but I suppose he languished after Balderig, and the claret of Dublin: and, after all, I think he is in the right; for he can eat, drink, and converse better there than here. Bernage was with me this morning: he calls now and then; he is in terrible fear of a peace. He said, he never had his health so well as in Portugal. He is a favourite of his colonel.

14. I was mortified enough to-day, not knowing where in the world to dine, the town is so empty; I met H. Coote, and thought he would invite me, but he did not: Sir John Stanley did not come into my head; so I took up with Mrs Van, and dined with her and her damned landlady, who, I believe, by her eyebrows, is a bawd. This evening I met Addison and Pastoral Philips in the Park, and supped with them at Addison's lodgings; we were very good company; and yet know no man half so agreeable to me as he is. I sat with them till twelve, so you may think 'tis late, young women; however, I would have some little conversation with MD before your Presto goes to bed, because it makes me sleep and dream, and so forth. Faith this letter goes on slowly enough, sirrahs, but I can't write much at a time till you are quite settled after your journey you know, and have gone all your visits, and lost your money at ombre. You never play at chess now, Stella. That puts me in mind of Dick Tighe; I fancy I told you he used to beat his wife here: and she deserved it; and he resolves to part with her; and they went to Ireland in different coaches. O Lord, I said all this before, I'm sure. Go to bed, sirrahs.

Windsor, 15. I made the Secretary stop at Brentford, because we set out at two this afternoon, and fasting would not agree with me. I only designed to eat a bit of bread and butter, but he would light, and we ate roast beef like dragons. And he made me treat him and two more gentlemen; faith it cost me a guinea; I don't like such jesting, yet I was mightily pleased with it too. To-night our Society met at the Secretary's, there were nine of us; and we have chosen a new member, the Earl of Jersey, whose father died lately. 'Tis past one, and I have stolen away.

16. I design to stay here this week by myself, about some business that lies on my hands, and will take up a great deal of time. Dr Adams, one of the canons, invited me to-day to

dinner. The tables are so full here on Sunday, that it is hard to dine with a few, and Dr Adams knows I love to do so; which is very obliging. The Queen saw company in her bed-chamber; she looks very well, but she sat down. I supped with Lord-Treasurer as usual, and staid till past one as usual, and with our usual company, except Lord-Keeper, who did not come this time to Windsor. I hate these suppers mortally; but I seldom eat any thing.

17. Lord-Treasurer and Mr Secretary stay here till to-morrow; some business keeps them, and I am sorry for it, for they hinder me a day. Mr Lewis and I were going to dine soberly with a little court friend at one. But Lord Harley and Lord Dupplin kept me by force, and said we should dine at Lord-Treasurer's, who intended to go at four to London; I staid like a fool, and went with the two young lords to Lord-Treasurer; who very fairly turned us all three out of doors. They both were invited to the Duke of Somerset, but he was gone to a horse-race, and would not come till five: so we were forced to go to a tavern, and send for wine from Lord-Treasurer's, who at last we were told did not go to town till the morrow, and at Lord-Treasurer's we supped again; and I desired him to let me add four shillings to the bill I gave him. We sat up till two, yet I must write to little MD.

18. They are all gone early this morning; and I am alone to seek my fortune; but Dr Arbuthnot engages me for my dinners; and he yesterday gave me my choice of place, person, and victuals for to-day. So I chose to dine with Mrs Hill, who is one of the dressers, and Mrs Masham's sister; no company but us three, and to have a shoulder of mutton, a small one, which was exactly, only there was too much victuals besides; and the Dr's wife was of the company. And to-morrow Mrs Hill and I are to dine with the doctor. I have seen a fellow often about court, whom I thought I knew; I asked who he was, and they told me it was the gentleman porter; then I called him to mind; he was Killy's acquaintance, (I won't say yours,) I think his name is Lovet, or Lovel, or something like it. I believe he does not know me, and in my present posture I shall not be fond of renewing old acquaintance; I believe I used to see him with the Bradleys; and by the way, I have not seen Mrs

Bradley since I came to England. I left your letter in London, like a fool; and cannot answer it till I go back, which will not be until Monday next: so this will be above a fortnight from my last; but I will fetch it up in my next; so go and walk to the Dean's for your health this fine weather.

19. The Queen designs to have cards and dancing here next week, which makes us think she will stay here longer than we believed. Mrs Masham is not well after her lying-in: I doubt she got some cold: she is lame in one of her legs with a rheumatic pain. Dr Arbuthnot and Mrs Hill go to-morrow to Kensington to see her, and return the same night. Mrs Hill and I dined with the Doctor to-day. I rode out this morning with the Doctor to see Cranburn, a house of Lord Ranelagh's, and the Duchess of Marlborough's lodge, and the Park; the finest places they are for nature, and plantations, that ever I saw; and the finest riding upon artificial roads, made on purpose for the Queen. Arbuthnot made me draw up a sham subscription for a book, called a History of the Maids of Honour since Harry the Eighth, showing they make the best wives, with a list of all the Maids of Honour since, &c. to pay a crown in hand, and t'other crown upon delivery of the book; and all in the common forms of those things. We got a gentleman to write it fair, because my hand is known, and we sent it to the maids of honour when they came to supper. If they bite at it, 'twill be a very good court jest; and the queen will certainly have it; we did not tell Mrs Hill.

20. To-day I was invited to the Green Cloth by Colonel Godfrey, who married the Duke of Marlborough's sister,[1] mother to the Duke of Berwick by King James: I must tell you those things that happened before you were born: but I made my excuses, and young Harcourt (Lord-Keeper's son) and I dined with my next neighbour Dr Adams. Mrs Masham is better, and will be here in three or four days. She had need; for the Duchess of Somerset is thought to gain ground daily.—We have not yet sent you over all your bills; and I think we have altered your money-bill. The Duke of Ormond is censured here by those in power for very wrong management in the affair of the mayoralty. He

[1] Arabella Churchill, Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York, and by whom King James II. had several children.

is governed by fools; and has usually much more sense than his advisers, but never proceeds by it. I must know how your health continues after Wexford. Walk and use exercise, sirrahs both; and get somebody to play at shuttle-cock with you, Madame Stella, and walk to the dean's and Donnybrook.

21. Colonel Godfrey sent to me again to-day; so I dined at the Green Cloth, and we had but eleven at dinner, which is a small number there, the court being always thin of company till Saturday night. This new ink and pen make a strange figure; *I must write larger, yes, I must, or* Stella *won't be able to read this.*[1] S. S. S. there's your S s for you, Stella. The maids of honour are bit, and have all contributed their crowns, and are teazing others to subscribe for the book. I will tell Lord-Keeper and Lord-Treasurer to-morrow; and I believe the Queen will have it. After a little walk this evening, I squandered away the rest of it in sitting at Lewis's lodging, while he and Dr Arbuthnot played at picquet. I have that foolish pleasure, which I believe nobody has beside me, except old Lady Berkeley. But I fretted when I came away; I will loiter so no more, for I have a plaguy deal of business upon my hands, and very little time to do it. The pamphleteers begin to be very busy against the ministry: I have begged Mr Secretary to make examples of one or two of them; and he assures me he will. They are very bold and abusive.

22. This being the day the ministry comes to Windsor, I ate a bit or two at Mr Lewis's lodgings, because I must sup with Lord-Treasurer; and at half an hour after one, I led Mr. Lewis a walk up the avenue, which is two miles long: we walked in all about five miles, but I was so tired with his slow walking, that I left him here, and walked two miles towards London, hoping to meet Lord-Treasurer, and return with him, but it grew darkish, and I was forced to walk back, so I walked nine miles in all, and Lord-Treasurer did not come till after eight, which is very wrong, for there was no moon, and I often tell him how ill he does to expose himself so, but he only makes a jest of it. I supped with him, and staid till now, when it is half an hour after two. He is as

[1] "These words in *italics* are written enormously large." (Note in original edition.)

merry, and careless, and disengaged, as a young heir at one-and-twenty. 'Tis late indeed.

23. The Secretary did not come last night, but at three this afternoon; I have not seen him yet, but I verily think they are contriving a peace as fast as they can, without which it will be impossible to subsist. The Queen was at church to-day, but was carried in a chair. I and Mr. Lewis dined privately with Mr. Lowman, clerk of the kitchen. I was to see Lord-Keeper this morning, and told him the jest of the maids of honour, and Lord-Treasurer had it last night. That rogue Arbuthnot puts it all upon me. The court was very full to-day; I expected Lord-Treasurer would have invited me to supper, but he only bowed to me, and we had no discourse in the drawing-room. 'Tis now seven at night, and I am at home, and I hope Lord-Treasurer will not send for me to supper; if he does not, I will reproach him, and he will pretend to chide me for not coming. So farewell till I go to bed, for I am going to be busy. 'Tis now past ten, and I went down to ask the servants about Mr Secretary; they tell me the queen is yet at council, and that she went to supper, and came out to the council afterwards. 'Tis certain they are managing a peace. I will go to bed, and there's an end. 'Tis now eleven, and a messenger is come from Lord-Treasurer to sup with them, but I have excused myself, and am glad I am in bed, for else I should sit up till two, and drink till I was hot. Now I'll go sleep.

London, 24. I came to town by six with Lord-Treasurer, and have staid till ten. That of the Queen's going out to sup, and coming in again, is a lie, as the Secretary told me this morning, but I find the ministry are very busy with Mr Prior, and I believe he will go again to France. I am told so much, that we shall certainly have a peace very soon. I had charming weather all last week at Windsor, but we have had a little rain to-day, and yesterday was windy. Prior's Journey sells still; they have sold two thousand, although the town is empty. I found a letter from Mrs Fenton here, desiring me, in Lady Gifford's name, to come and pass a week at Sheen, while she is at Moor Park. I will answer it with a vengeance; and now you talk of answering, there is MD's N. 20 is yet to be answered: I had put it up so safe I could hardly find it; but here it is, faith, and I am afraid

I cannot send this till Thursday, for I must see the Secretary to-morrow morning, and be in some other place in the evening.

25. Stella writes like an emperor, and gives such an account of her journey, never saw the like. Let me see; stand away, let us compute; you staid four days at Inish-Corthy; two nights at Mrs Proby's mother's; and yet was but six days in journey; for your words are, "We left Wexford this day se'ennight, and came here last night." I have heard them say that travellers may lie by authority. Make up this, if you can. How far is it from Wexford to Dublin? how many miles did you travel in a day?[1] Let me see—thirty pounds in two months, is nine score pounds a year; a matter of nothing in Stella's purse. I dreamed Billy Swift was alive, and that I told him you writ me word he was dead, and that you had been at his funeral, and I admired at your impudence, and was in mighty haste to run and let you know what lying rogues you were. Poor lad, he is dead of his mother's former folly and fondness, and yet now I believe, as you say, that her grief will soon wear off. O yes, Madam Dingley, mightily tired of the company, no doubt of it, at Wexford! and your description of it is excellent; clean sheets, but bare walls; I suppose then you lay upon the walls. Mrs Walls has got her tea, but who pays me the money? come, I shall never get it, so I make a present of it to stop some gaps, &c. Where's the thanks of the house? so, that's well; why, it cost four-and-thirty shillings English. —You must adjust that with Mrs Walls; I think that is so many pence more with you.—No, Leigh and Sterne, I suppose, were not at the water-side; I fear Sterne's business will not be done; I have not seen him this good while. I hate him for the management of that box, and I was the greatest fool in nature for trusting to such a young jackanapes; I will speak to him once more about it, when I see him. Mr Addison and I met once more since, and I supped

[1] "The doctor was always a bad reckoner, either of money or anything else; and this is one of his rapid computations. For as Stella was seven days in journey, although Dr. Swift says only six, she might well have spent four days at Inish-Corthy, and two nights at Mrs Proby's mother's, the distance from Wexford to Dublin being but two easy days' journey." (Note in original edition.)

with him: I believe I told you so somewhere in this letter. The Archbishop chose an admirable messenger in Walls to send to me, yet I think him fitter for a messenger than any thing. The d— she has![1] I did not observe her looks. Will she rot out of modesty with Lady Gifford? I pity poor Jenny[2]—but her husband is a dunce, and with respect to him, she loses little by her deafness. I believe, Madam Stella, in your accounts you mistook one liquor for another, and it was a hundred and forty quarts of wine, and thirty-two of water.—This is all written in the morning, before I go to the Secretary, as I am now doing. I have answered your letter a little shorter than ordinary; but I have a mind it should go to-day, and I will give you my journal at night in my next, for I'm so afraid of another letter before this goes: I will never have two together again unanswered. What care I for Dr Tisdall and Dr Raymond, or how many children they have? I wish they had a hundred a-piece. Lord-Treasurer promises me to answer the bishops' letter to-morrow, and show it me; and I believe it will confirm all I said, and mortify those that threw the merit on the Duke of Ormond. For I have made him jealous of it; and t'other day, talking of the matter, he said, I am your witness you got it for them before the Duke was Lord-Lieutenant. My humble service to Mrs Walls, Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine. Farewell, &c.

What do you do when you see any literal mistakes in my letters? how do you set them right? for I never read them over to correct them. Farewell again.

Pray send this note to Mrs Brent, to get the money when Parvisol comes to town, or she can send to him.

LETTER XXXI.

London, Sept. 25, 1711.

I dined in the city to-day, and at my return I put my 30th into the post-office; and when I got home, I found for me one of the noblest letters I ever read; it was from ——, three sides and a half in folio, on a large sheet of paper; the

[1] "Somewhat or other which Stella's mother had consented to." (Note in original edition.)

[2] Mrs. Fenton.

two first pages made up of satire upon London, and crowds and hurry, stolen from some of his own school-boy's exercises: the side and a half remaining is spent in desiring me to recommend Mrs South, your commissioner's widow, to my Lord-Treasurer for a pension. He is the prettiest, discreetest fellow that ever my eyes beheld, or that ever dipped pen into ink. I know not what to say to him. A pox on him, I have too many such customers on this side already. I think I will send him word that I never saw my Lord-Treasurer in my life: I am sure I industriously avoided the name of any great person when I saw him, for fear of his reporting it in Ireland. And this recommendation must be a secret too, for fear the Duke of Bolton should know it, and think it was too mean. I never read so d—d a letter in my life: a little would make me send it over to you.—I must send you a pattern, the first place I cast my eyes on, I will not pick and choose. *In this place*, (meaning the Exchange in London,) *which is the compendium of old Troynovant, as that is of the whole busy world, I got such a surfeit, that I grew sick of mankind, and resolved for ever after to bury myself in the shady retreat of*——. You must know that London has been called by some Troynovant, or New Troy. Will you have any more? Yes, one little bit for Stella, because she'll be fond of it. *This wondrous theatre* (meaning London) *was no more to me than a desert, and I should less complain of solitude in a Connaught shipwreck, or even the great bog of Allen.* A little scrap for Mrs. Marget,[1] and then I have done. *Their royal fanum, wherein the idol Pecunia is daily worshipped, seemed to me to be just like a hive of bees working and labouring under huge weights of cares.* Fanum is a temple, but he means the Exchange; and Pecunia is money: so now Mrs Marget will understand her part. One more paragraph, and I—Well, come, don't be in such a rage, you shall have no more. Pray, Stella, be satisfied; 'tis very pretty: and that I must be acquainted with such a dog as this!—Our peace goes on fast. Prior was with the Secretary two hours this morning: I was there a little after he went away, and was told it. I believe he will soon be dispatched again to France; and I will put somebody to

[1] Stella's maid.

write an account of his second journey: I hope you have seen the other. This latter has taken up my time with storming at it.

26. Bernage has been with me these two days; yesterday I sent for him to let him know, that Dr Arbuthnot is putting in strongly to have his brother made a captain over Bernage's head. Arbuthnot's brother is but an ensign; but the doctor has great power with the Queen: yet he told me, he would not do any thing hard to a gentleman who is my friend; and I have engaged the Secretary and his colonel for him. To-day he told me very melancholy, that the other had written from Windsor (where he went to solicit) that he has got the company; and Bernage is full of the spleen. I made the Secretary write yesterday a letter to the colonel in Bernage's behalf. I hope it will do yet; and I have written to Dr Arbuthnot to Windsor, not to insist on doing such a hardship. I dined in the city at Pontack's, with Stratford; it cost me seven shillings: he would have treated, but I did not let him. I have removed my money from the bank to another fund. I desire Parvisol may speak to Hawkshaw to pay in my money when he can; for I will put it in the funds; and, in the mean time, borrow so much of Mr Secretary, who offers to lend it me. Go to the Dean's, sirrahs.

27. Bernage was with me again to-day, and is in great fear, and so was I; but this afternoon, at Lord-Treasurer's, where I dined, my brother, George Granville, Secretary at War, after keeping me a while in suspense, told me, that Dr Arbuthnot had waved the business, because he would not wrong a friend of mine; that his brother is to be a lieuenant, and Bernage is made a captain. I called at his lodging, and the soldier's coffee-house, to put him out of pain, but cannot find him; so I have left word, and shall see him to-morrow morning, I suppose. Bernage is now easy; he has ten shillings a-day, beside lawful cheating. However, he gives a private sum to his colonel; but it is very cheap: his colonel loves him well, but is surprised to see him have so many friends. So he is now quite off my hands. I left the company early to-night, at Lord-Treasurer's; but the Secretary followed me, to desire I would go with him to W—. Mr Lewis's man came in before I could finish that word beginning with a W, which ought to be Windsor, and brought

me a very handsome rallying letter from Dr Arbuthnot, to tell me he had, in compliance to me, given up his brother's pretensions in favour of Bernage, this very morning; that the Queen had spoken to Mr Granville to make the company easy in the other's having the captainship. Whether they have done it to oblige me or no, I must own it so. He says, he this very morning begged her majesty to give Mr Bernage the company. I am mighty well pleased to have succeeded so well; but you will think me tedious, although you like the man, as I think.

Windsor, 28. I came here a day sooner than ordinary, at Mr Secretary's desire, and supped with him and Prior, and two private ministers from France, and a French priest.[1] I know not the two ministers' names; but they are come about the peace. The names the Secretary called them, I suppose, were feigned; they were good rational men. We have already settled all things with France, and very much to the honour and advantage of England; and the Queen is in mighty good humour. All this news is a mighty secret; the people in general know that a peace is forwarding. The Earl of Strafford is to go soon to Holland, and let them know what we have been doing: and then there will be the devil and all to pay; but we'll make them swallow it with a pox. The French ministers staid with us till one, and the Secretary and I sat up talking till two; so you will own 'tis late, sirrahs, and time for your little saucy Presto to go to bed and sleep adazy; and God bless poor little MD: I hope they are now fast asleep, and dreaming of Presto.

29. Lord-Treasurer came to-night, as usual, at half an hour after eight, as dark as pitch. I am weary of chiding him; so I commended him for observing his friend's advice, and coming so early, &c. I was two hours with Lady Oglethorp to-night, and then supped with Lord-Treasurer, after dining at the Green Cloth: I staid till two; this is the effect of Lord-Treasurer's being here; I must sup with him, and he keeps cursed hours. Lord-Keeper and the Secretary were absent; they cannot sit up with him. This long sitting up makes the periods in my letters so short. I design to

[1] The secret envoys were Mesnager and the Abbé Du Bois. The priest was the Abbé Gualtier.

stay here all the next week, to be at leisure by myself, to finish something of weight I have upon my hands, and which must soon be done. I shall then think of returning to Ireland, if these people will let me; and I know nothing else they have for me to do. I gave Dr Arbuthnot my thanks for his kindness to Bernage, whose commission is now signed. Methinks I long to know something of Stella's health, how it continues after Wexford waters.

30. The Queen was not at Chapel to-day, and all for the better, for we had a dunce to preach: she has a little of the gout. I dined with my brother Masham, and a moderate company, and would not go to Lord-Treasurer's till after supper at eleven o'clock, and pretended I had mistaken the hour; so I ate nothing: and a little after twelve the company broke up, the Keeper and Secretary refusing to stay; so I saved this night's debauch. Prior went away yesterday with his Frenchmen, and a thousand reports are raised in this town. Some said they knew one to be the Abbe de Polignac: others swore it was the Abbe du Bois. The Whigs are in a rage about the peace; but we'll wherret them, I warrant, boys. Go, go, go to the dean's and don't mind politics, young women, they are not good after the waters; they are stark naught: they strike up into the head. Go, get two black aces, and fish for a manilio.

Oct. 1. Sir John Walters,[1] an honest drunken fellow, is now in waiting, and invited me to the Green Cloth to-day, that he might not be behind hand with Colonel Godfrey, who is a Whig. I was engaged to the Mayor's feast with Mr Masham; but waiting to take leave of Lord-Treasurer, I came too late, and so returned sneaking to the Green Cloth, and did not see my Lord-Treasurer neither; but was resolved not to lose two dinners for him. I took leave to-day of my friend and solicitor Lord Rivers, who is commanded by the Queen to set out for Hanover on Thursday. The Secretary does not go to town till to-morrow; he and I, and two friends more, drank a sober bottle of wine here at home, and parted at twelve; he goes by seven to-morrow morning, so I shall not see him. I have power over his cellar in his absence, and make little use of it. Lord Dartmouth and my

[1] M.P. for Oxford and Comptroller of the Board of Green Cloth.

friend Lewis stay here this week; but I can never work out a dinner from Dartmouth. Masham has promised to provide for me: I squired his lady out of her chaise to-day, and must visit her in a day or two. So you have had a long fit of the finest weather in the world; but I am every day in pain that it will go off. I have done no business to-day: I am very idle.

2. My friend Lewis and I, to avoid over much eating and great tables, dined with honest Jemmy Eckershall, clerk of the kitchen, now in waiting; and I bespoke my dinner: but the cur had your acquaintance Lovet, the gentleman porter, to be our company. Lovet, towards the end of dinner, after twenty wrigglings, said he had the honour to see me formerly at Moor Park, and thought he remembered my face. I said, I thought I remembered him, and was glad to see him, &c. and I escaped for that much, for he was very pert. It has rained all this day, and I doubt our good weather is gone. I have been very idle this afternoon, playing at twelvepenny picquet with Lewis: I won seven shillings, which is the only money I won this year: I have not played above four times, and I think always at Windsor. Cards are very dear: there is a duty on them of sixpence a pack, which spoils small gamesters.

3. Mr Masham sent this morning to desire I would ride out with him, the weather growing again very fine. I was very busy, and sent my excuses; but desired he would provide me a dinner. I dined with him, his lady, and her sister, Mrs Hill, who invites us to-morrow to dine with her, and we are to ride out in the morning. I sat with Lady Oglethorp till eight this evening, then was going home to write; looked about for the woman that keeps the key of the house: she told me Patrick had it. I cooled my heels in the cloisters till nine, then went in to the music meeting, where I had been often desired to go; but was weary in half an hour of their fine stuff, and stole out so privately, that every body saw me; and cooled my heels in the cloisters again till after ten: then came in Patrick. I went up, shut the chamber door, and gave him two or three swinging cuffs on the ear, and I have strained the thumb of my left hand with pulling him, which I did not feel until he was gone. He was plaguily afraid and humbled.

4. It was the finest day in the world, and we got out before eleven, a noble caravan of us. The Duchess of Shrewsbury in her own chaise with one horse, and Miss Touchet with her; Mrs Masham and Mrs Scarborow, one of the dressers, in one of the queen's chaises: Miss Forester and Miss Scarborow, two maids of honour, and Mrs Hill on horseback. The Duke of Shrewsbury, Mr Masham, George Fielding, Arbuthnot, and I, on horseback too. Mrs Hill's horse was hired for Miss Scarborow, but she took it in civility, her own horse was galled and could not be rid, but kicked and winced: the hired horse was not worth eighteenpence. I borrowed coat, boots, and horse, and in short we had all the difficulties, and more than we used to have in making a party from Trim to Longfield's.[1] My coat was light camlet, faced with red velvet, and silver buttons. We rode in the great park and the forest about a dozen miles, and the Duchess and I had much conversation; we got home by two, and Mr Masham, his lady, Arbuthnot and I, dined with Mrs Hill. Arbuthnot made us all melancholy, by some symptoms of bloody ur—e: he expects a cruel fit of the stone in twelve hours; he says he is never mistaken, and he appears like a man that was to be racked to-morrow. I cannot but hope it will not be so bad; he is a perfectly honest man, and one I have much obligation to. It rained a little this afternoon, and grew fair again. Lady Oglethorp sent to speak to me, and it was to let me know that Lady Rochester desires she and I may be better acquainted. 'Tis a little too late; for I am not now in love with Lady Rochester: they shame me out of her, because she is old. Arbuthnot says, he hopes my strained thumb is not the gout; for he has often found people so mistaken. I do not remember the particular thing that gave it me, only I had it just after beating Patrick, and now it is better: so I believe he is mistaken.

5. The Duchess of Shrewsbury sent to invite me to dinner; but I was abroad last night when her servant came, and this morning I sent my excuses, because I was engaged, which I was sorry for. Mrs Forester taxed me yesterday about the History of the Maids of Honour; but I told her fairly it was

[1] Mr. Longfield lived at Killibride, about four miles from Trim.

no jest of mine; for I found they did not relish it altogether well: and I have enough already of a quarrel with that brute Sir John Walters, who has been railing at me in all companies ever since I dined with him; that I abused the Queen's meat and drink, and said nothing at the table was good, and all a d——d lie; for after dinner, commending the wine, I said, I thought it was something small. You would wonder how all my friends laugh at this quarrel. It will be such a jest for the Keeper, Treasurer, and Secretary. ——I dined with honest Colonel Godfrey, took a good walk of an hour on the terrace, and then came up to study; but it grows bloody cold, and I have no waistcoat here.

6. I never dined with the chaplains till to-day; but my friend Gastrel and the Dean of Rochester had often invited me, and I happened to be disengaged: it is the worst provided table at court. We ate on pewter: every chaplain, when he is made a dean, gives a piece of plate, and so they have got a little, some of it very old. One who was made Dean of Peterborow (a small deanery) said, he would give no plate; he was only Dean of Pewterborow. The news of Mr Hill's miscarriage in his expedition came to-day, and I went to visit Mrs Masham and Mrs Hill, his two sisters, to condole with them. I advised them by all means to go to the music meeting to-night, to show they were not cast down, &c. and they thought my advice was right, and went. I doubt Mr Hill and his admiral made wrong steps; however, we lay it all to a storm, &c. I sat with the Secretary at supper; then we both went to Lord-Treasurer's supper, and sat till twelve. The Secretary is much mortified about Hill; because this expedition was of his contriving, and he counted much upon it; but Lord-Treasurer was just as merry as usual, and old laughing at Sir John Walters and me falling out. I said, nothing grieved me, but that they would take example, and perhaps presume upon it, and get out of my government; but that I thought I was not obliged to govern bears, though I governed men. They promise to be as obedient as ever, and so we laughed;—and so I go to bed; for it is colder still, and you have a fire now, and are at cards at home.

7. Lord Harley and I dined privately to-day with Mrs Masham and Mrs Hill, and my brother Masham. I saw Lord Halifax at court, and we joined and talked; and the

Duchess of Shrewsbury came up and reproached me for not dining with her. I said, that was not so soon done; for I expected more advances from ladies, especially duchesses: she promised to comply with any demands I pleased; and I agreed to dine with her to-morrow, if I did not go to London too soon, as I believe I shall before dinner. Lady Oglethorp [1] brought me and the Duchess of Hamilton together to-day in the drawing-room, and I have given her some encouragement, but not much. Every body has been teazing Walters. He told Lord-Treasurer that he took his company from him that were to dine with him: my lord said, I will send you Dr Swift: Lord-Keeper bid him take care what he did; for, said he, Dr. Swift is not only all our favourite, but our governor. The old company supped with Lord-Treasurer, and got away by twelve.

London, 8. I believe I shall go no more to Windsor, for we expect the Queen will come in ten days to Hampton Court. It was frost last night, and cruel cold to-day. I could not dine with the duchess, for I left Windsor half an hour after one with Lord-Treasurer, and we called at Kensington, where Mrs Masham was got to see her children for two days. I dined, or rather supped, with Lord-Treasurer, and staid till after ten. Tisdall and his family are gone from hence, upon some wrangle with the family. Yesterday I had two letters brought me to Mr Masham's; one from Ford, and t'other from our little MD, N. 21. I would not tell you till to-day, because I would not. I won't answer it till the next, because I have slipped two days by being at Windsor, which I must recover here. Well, sirrahs, I must go to sleep. The roads were as dry as at midsummer to-day. This letter shall go to-morrow.

9. Morning. It rains hard this morning. I suppose our fair weather is now at an end. I think I'll put on my waistcoat to-day: shall I? Well, I will then, to please MD. I think of dining at home to-day upon a chop and a pot. The town continues yet very thin. Lord Strafford is gone to Holland, to tell them what we have done here toward a peace. We shall soon hear what the Dutch say, and how they take it. My humble service to Mrs Walls, Mrs Stoyte,

[1] Wife of Sir Theophilus Oglethorp and mother of General Oglethorp, Dr. Johnson's friend.

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[1] Wife of
Dr. Johnson'

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